Robert Lancaster.

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

THE eldest son of the fifth Marquess of Londonderry, Charles Stuart Viscount Castlereagh is the youngest of our M.F.H. We must indeed now speak of him in that capacity in the past tense, for he has lately retired from the Mastership of the Hurworth, which post he held for two seasons, though, with his fondness for hunting, and from the promise he showed during his brief tenure of office, it is hoped he may yet be found at the head of a pack of fox-hounds. Born in 1852, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Lord Seaham (the title he was known by before his father's accession to the Marquisate) began hunting a pack of harriers while almost a boy, and his hunting tastes have grown with his years. He is a good rider, very fond of hounds in the kennel, and promises to make a huntsman should he elect at some future time to carry the horn. Subscribers to the Hurworth of all classes—gentlemen, yeomen, and farmers—are the losers by Lord Castlereagh's retirement, and he carried away with him nothing but their regrets and their good-will.

We believe we are correct in saying that Lord Castlereagh prefers hunting to any other sport, but that does not prevent him from being good at cricket, and very fond of polo. Indeed, the Polo Club has no more zealous playing member, and he is generally to be seen at all the matches at Lillie Bridge. Unexpectedly called on to contest the Southern Division of Durham at the last general election, Lord Castlereagh, putting aside his private feelings, readily responded to the wishes of the constituency, and fought a good though unsuccessful battle. He is extremely popular in society, frank in address and manner, with the gallant bearing of all of his name and race.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XV.

Following his vocation as a vulpecide, which, to do him justice, he had adopted rather from an inate love of hunting to the death, whether by fair means or foul, the wild animal, than for the mere sake of earning the parish reward, this was just the season of the year when Tom Franks could pursue his craft with the least labour to himself and the most fatal result to the foxes. Every earth in the country was known to him from Heytor to Durestone, and every solitary tor or hollow granite clitter under which a vixen would be likely to lay up her cubs, he seemed to scent from afar, and, with the instinct of a vulture, to pounce on the hidden prey.

Then, many a keeper on the outskirts of the moor, in some exceptional cases with their master's approval, but more frequently without it, was Tom's secret ally; and he had been known to boast that he could 'do more wi' they velveteers over a pint o' whit-ale or 'a glass o' grog than the Squire could du wi 's golden guinea.' Neither was this an empty boast; for when a litter was discovered by one of these men in some deep and cavernous clitter, Tom and his terriers were privately sent for, and then the dungeon must be a deep one indeed if the whole litter were not taken alive.

While Tom bore the odium of the deed, and contentedly pouched a crown a head for each of the cubs, the keeper despatched the lot to Leadenhall Market, where his rascality was certain to be rewarded by a handsome percentage on that outlay. Foxes, since those days, have kept pace with the population; and, as hounds have increased, so have they; but it may well be doubted if sport has been improved by the increase, or rather, to speak to the point, does not experience prove that the number has spoiled the sport?

When again, it may be asked, will such runs be seen as those witnessed, not quite forty years ago, with Sir Walter Carew's and the Rev. John Russell's hounds at Chumleigh, when in twelve consecutive hunting days, that is, in one fortnight, the shortest run was twelve miles from point to point, as the crow flies? Now, a ten-mile run is a rare event, much less the fifteen or twenty miles of olden times; then, five and twenty brace killed was voted enough for a four-day-a-week pack; whereas now, if only sixty brace of noses can be counted on his kennel door, the master is miserable.

It will, perhaps, be objected that the shorter runs of the present day are due to the better pace of the modern hound rather than to any inferiority of the staying power of the fox; but there are men alive now—men whose knowledge of hunting places them in the same rank with a Meynell, an Osbaldestone, or a Kintore—who will bear witness that both Carew's and Russell's hounds were as hard-driving and as fast a lot as ever were followed by a Pytchley field.

Besides, from Chumleigh they had a glorious wild, rough grass

country to hunt, over which hounds are wont to fly with only half a scent, and where it needs the best blood of a Katerfelto to live with the leading hounds.

No! the number of foxes bred, with the care they get, has been the ruin of long runs; which, with the exception of a few such memorable events as those from Greatwood and Waterloo, the latter with Anstruther Thomson, the former with the Duke of Beaufort, have now become, like the visits of angels, few and far between. The dog-fox of the present day is no longer compelled, like the Lotharios of old, to travel into some far-distant land to seek for a wife; but, finding a bountiful supply within easy reach of his own haunts, he learns nothing of the country beyond their limits, abandons himself to polygamy, and, with plenty of game near at hand, becomes at once a *bon-vivant* and a regular rake.

No wonder then that, leading a life of such ease and luxury, he should be found utterly unable, in his hour of trial, to fight a long battle and face a strange country before a pack of modern hounds, inured to hard work and flushed with blood. The odds are he dies in his parish.

Not such were the long, lanky, half-starved, wild animals Tom Franks had to deal with in the region of Dartmoor; they could travel like wolves, and unless hounds were in racing form their kennel door would present but a sorry spectacle at the end of the season.

'There b'ant many stronger 'arths in all the moor than they be 'tu Dagworthy Cleaves,' said Tom, as Frank and he were threading their way through a dense covert of gale bushes adjoining the Dart river; 'and ef the old vixen hath but a shifted her cubs vrom 'Lizzel 'ood tu thikky holt, 'tis all over wi' handling 'em alive.'

'But surely,' said Frank, in a tone of strong remonstrance, 'you 'would'nt be so cruel as to murder them all underground; you'll 'get nothing, you know, by that, if you can't show them dead or 'alive to the churchwardens.'

'Like enow; they b'ant over vree wi' their cash, nit they 'warners, thoff 'tis out o' other volks' pockets I reckon the money 'd ha' to come, arter all. But there, yeu zee, they varmints be 'bad neighbours tu a poor man; and, faix, ef yeu spare them, they 'ban't likely to spare yeu. Why, a vik wid zo zoon tak' an old 'geuse off her nist by dayslight, as yeu wid a stubberd off a tree.'

'But,' said Frank, 'if she does occasionally make a mistake, and 'carries off an old goose instead of a young one, I should like to 'know if my father ever forgets to pay for such damage? It strikes 'me, Tom, you might play a better game by serving the gentlemen 'than those close-fisted churchwardens. A litter saved and a few 'good runs from Whitewood and Langham Marsh would bring you 'more crowns in a week than you'd earn from the parish in a whole 'year. It would be cleaner money, too—money for sport, not for 'murder.'

'Naw, naw! that wid never du,' replied the moorman, without

'a moment's hesitation. 'I 'ant a got a hoss to ride a hunting like 'yeu gen'lemen; and ef I was to gie up killing o' they varmint, I 'should'nt zee a bit o' sport mysel' vrom wan year's end to anither.'

This was no mere excuse on Tom's part; for, above ground or below it, with a couple of cross-bred hounds to hold the line, terriers of the true moor type, the terrible screw, and sometimes a gun in hand, the passionate delight he exhibited in pursuing and killing a fox was a feeling strong as death in the man, and altogether independent of the pay awarded by the parish.

'Naw,' continued Tom, pointing with his long hazel rod in the direction of Benjay Tor, 'I'd rather live up in thikky there tor and 'zee a bit o' hunting than live in the finedest houze tu Plymouth and 'zee none. That I wid, begorz!'

Frank and he had now reached the river-side, when the moorman, who had already announced his intention of paying a visit of inspection to the earths in Lizzel Wood, bounded over the 'stepping-stones' (which Nature, in lieu of a bridge, seemed to have provided expressly for his feet and those of the water-ouzel), and landed dry-shod on the Spitchwick side. Several of the boulders being conically shaped, and partially capped with slippery moss, the utmost precision of foot and eye were necessary to escape a ducking; for in springing from one to the other, if he had not pitched exactly on the apex of each stone, that fate would have been his to a certainty.

It was with no little surprise that, in taking his last leap to the bank, the moorman found Frank close on his heels; for he had made up his mind the stepping-stones would prove a stopper to the less experienced foot of the lad, and that he should shake him off at this point. But Frank, too, was moor-bred; and having come to the conclusion that the only chance of saving the litter, should one be found in the shallow earths of Lizzel Wood, would depend on his accompanying Tom and making terms with him on the spot; neither the slippery-headed stones, nor the wild water, rushing like a mill-race through the broad chasms between them, deterred him for an instant; but, like a squirrel springing from tree to tree, over he shot from rock to rock with perfect safety.

'That baint the vust time yeu've a crossed they stones, young 'gen'leman,' said the good-natured moorman, well pleased to witness the active and decisive way in which the boy faced the difficulty; 'then yeu baint going a vishing, be yeu? Well, I zim yeu widn't 'du much tu 't while the sun bidth zo high; late or 'arly's the on'y 'time the big uns will look at a fly in thes month.'

'I promised to catch a dish of trout for our dinner to-day, and 'they've brought a frying-pan to cook them in on purpose,' said Frank; 'so I should have liked to keep my word. But if you 'are going after that litter in Lizzel Wood, I'd give up a hundred 'days' fishing for one glimpse at a fox; so, if you don't mind, I'll 'go along with you.'

'Zo du 'ee, zur, and welcome; and ef us be lucky enow to fang 'they foxes, I'll borra a spurt-net up to Pound's Gate, and zoon

'catch 'ee a score or two o'trout in the little Webber; zo you'll ha' 'yeur vish to vry arter all.'

At any other time Frank would have denounced such an offer indignantly, and stigmatised the act of using a net as the grossest of all poaching; but now, not less for the sake of the manly sport in which his father so much delighted, and which seemed to be bred in his own bone, than for the horror he felt at the foul play practised against the wily animal on that side of the moor, he very discreetly raised no objection to Tom's plan. Not one was he to say with Vich-Alpine's rebel chieftain,

> 'Who ever reck'd where, how, or when,
> The prowling fox was trapped or slain;'

far other notions of what was due to the vulpine race had been impressed upon him from his earliest years, and the more he saw of fox-hunting, the more he respected the gallant animal capable of showing such wondrous sport. So strong was this feeling upon him that he set his heart to convert Tom to a better faith.

'And what will you do with them, Tom,' inquired he, 'supposing 'you are lucky enough to bag the whole litter alive?'

'Why, carry 'em fust to the churchwarners, and then zell 'em to 'the kippers, to be zure; they'll mak', ef they'm but tew months old, 'a crown a head, wan wi' t'other.'

'Not more than that, man? You bring them to my father, and 'see if he don't give you twice as much, and blow out your hide into 'the bargain with as much beef and cider as you can carry under 'your belt.'

'Wid he r'aly now,' cried the half-fed moorman, catching eagerly at the prospect of being regaled on the substantial fare for which Watercombe was so famous; for, come who would to that house with any story having reference to a fox, an otter, or a stray hound, he was ordered into the servants' hall, where the hospitality of the Squire suffered no discredit at Matthew's hands. For a moment Tom was lured by the tempting vision; but when the recollection of the successful war he had so long waged against foxes, and the countless victims he had sacrificed, crossed his mind, the old suspicious look, like the glint of a fox's eye, almost instantly returned. 'He'd be more like to gie me the hoss-whip, I reckon, than 'a belly-full o' beef or a pint o' cider,' continued the moorman; 'tisn't wance nor 'tisn't twice Squire hath a zed, "He hoped Tom '"Franks wid ride to hell on a pig's back;" and as vor Ben Head, 'he fall'th to cussing and sinking, and zaying the devil's prayers 'upon me, as ef they was like to zave the voxes or 's own life either. 'Naw, they've a teeled many a trap vor poor Tom, but they ain't a 'going to catch un tu Watercombe, ef he knowth it.'

'That may be very true of the past, Tom. You've given my 'father good reason to abuse you; but if you were to turn over a 'new leaf, and, instead of marring the sport of so many, do your 'best to promote it, there's no man living would take you by the

'hand sooner than my father; Ben Head, too, would then be your 'best friend instead of, as he is now, your bitterest enemy.'

Tom, however, shook his head, as if he were a sinner beyond forgiveness; adding abruptly, 'Us'll tell about that anithur time.'

They had now crossed over to the upper portion of the rugged ravine through which, after it quits Ponsworthy Bridge, the Webber frets and struggles among the countless number of huge granite boulders that bar its course at every turn. Dagworthy Cleaves lay directly in front of them; and, just as they were surmounting a woody knoll and preparing to descend into the hollow gorge between it and Lizzel Wood, a wild uproar rang upon their ears, as if some desperate sylvan fray were going on in the glen below.

'Begorz!' exclaimed the moorman, coming to a sudden standstill on the top of a furze-bank and trembling with excitement, 'ef that 'ain't Passon Davy and his gre't otter-hounds, I'll ate vire! Hark'ee, 'don't 'ee hear, mun, a roaring like wisht-hounds, and that's he, fai', 'a blowing ov's horn like a mazed man!'

Long before the sound had attracted Tom's attention he had had the work of the world to keep back the ragged and restless lot trotting at his heels. They had heard the din from afar; and although many a blow from the long hazel rod fell heavily on their hides, their pricked ears and eager looks were not to be suppressed at such a time. Attributing their impatience to the near vicinity of the fox-earths, Tom continued rating them soundly.

'To heels, I tell 'ee, Duster and Dainty; and yeu, Bolter' (this was a long-faced, wire-haired, yellow terrier) 'back, I zay; what 'be 'bout, forging ahead zo, yeu cussed fule!'

On hearing the twang of the horn, however, the lot could stand it no longer; heedless of rod and rate, hounds and terriers dashed off like demons, and in one instant were springing head-over-heels down the precipitous cover overhanging the stream. Tom gave one yell after them, but he might as well have halloed to a hurricane; and, perceiving at once the futility of doing so, he turned and said with a somewhat mortified air to Frank, 'Us may zo well zeek vor a niddle 'in long-veathers as vor they cubs in Lizzel 'ood, wi'out tarriers: 'zo, let's arter 'em, I zay, and zee a bit o' sport wi' the Passon's cry.'

'With all my heart,' replied Frank, leaping off the furze-bank with a feeling of unfeigned relief at the unexpected reprieve thus obtained by the foxes. 'The foiling of the valley by these hounds,' thought he, 'will probably alarm the old vixen, and by to-morrow 'the litter will be safely shifted to some distant earth.'

The roar of wild harmony that now rose from the river, awaking a thousand echoes and shaking the old oak-trees to their topmost twigs, filled Frank with a transport of delight; for never before had he listened to a chorus so rich and so musical as that of those deep-mouthed hounds. Tom Franks, too, was in his element. 'Mak'th 'a man's heart fairly dance, doth that meusic,' said he, as the thunder rolled in a grand volume through the rocky vale and stirred the moorman's heart to its very core.

On a bend of the river not a hundred yards below the chase, which was pouring downstream like an avalanche, Tom and Frank took their station, and, clambering to the top of two massive boulders, peered into the tide with watchful eyes. So deep, however, was the narrow channel that the otter slipped by them without being viewed, and then, landing in a thicket, headed back for that vast pile of granite rocks known as Dagworthy Cleaves. The hounds, almost on his back, came tearing after him, some in and some out of the water, like a lot of dragons; and although the current, speeding onwards, carried with it the grateful scent, they turned short just where the otter landed, hit off the line, and dashed into the cover without a moment's check. A wild cheer—almost a yell—burst from the moorman's lips as the sharp treble notes of the terriers told him they were driving hard and close on their game.

'That's Bolter and Tear-'em a trimming ov un now, and they'll warm hes jacket vor un, zee if they don't. But where 'be the hunters tu?' he said, looking round him inquiringly, as if utterly at a loss to account for the nonappearance of a human being. Frank and he still kept their places, high-mounted on those granite watch-towers, where they were the better able to catch an occasional view of the chase, as it swept over the open spots in the hanging wood. Again Tom asked the question with increasing perplexity, 'Whatever's come to th' Passon? and 'Robin Hannivor, tew? Never knowed 'em a lanyard vrom th' 'hounds avore.'

This time, however, the Parson answered for himself, by putting in an appearance that brought Tom's knees to a staggering point and made him even doubt the credibility of his own eyesight. The Parson was stark-naked; and coming to a standstill on the top of a boulder, with an otter-pole in one hand and a horn in the other, he looked 'the noble savage' all over—the wild man of the woods in Nature's own garb. In listening attitude he stood, as if trying to make out which way the hounds were turning; nor was he at all aware of the presence of the two spectators, who, recognising him at once, and marvelling more and more as to the cause of his nudity, remained for some seconds speechless with amazement. In another instant, however, he caught sight of them; but, so far from exhibiting any discomposure, he shouted aloud, 'Glad to see you both, 'that I am! But how came you to let him slip by? That was not 'like you, Tom.'

'I'd a kipt un agen, sartainly, if I'd a zeed un,' replied the moorman, in self-defence. 'But, gude now, whatever have 'ee do'd wi' 'yeur clothes—have 'ee been robbed, or what's come to 'em, zur?'

'No, Tom, I've not fallen among thieves; but I've been nearly 'drowned by this thief of an otter—stepped on a slippery stone and 'fell headlong into a bottomless pool. My clothes must be quite 'dry by this time; for it's a good four hours since I took my plunge, 'and then I stripped and spread them on the surface of a rock facing 'the sun. They're dry enough now, no doubt; but I don't mean 'to trouble them till I've killed this otter.'

'Then, I reckon, yeu ban't going to do that yit awhile,' said Tom, suddenly perceiving a lull in the cry, and knowing that the hounds had thrown up in close proximity to Dagworthy Cleaves. 'He's a 'go' to ground zafe enow up in thikky there dungeon; zo 'tis 'gude-bye to un now I zim.'

'Don't be so sure of that, Tom,' replied the Parson. 'I've bolted 'him six times already out of that clitter, and I'll bolt him again and 'kill him, too, before I put one rag to my back; so forra'd, my lads, 'let's up and at him!'

Parson Davy, happily for him, had retained his shoes, or he must have torn his feet to shreds, as he sprang like a mountain-cat up the granite surface of that rough and declivitous hill. Above the common height and of a spare muscular frame, hardened by exercise and tough as bell-wire, the Parson in his ordinary walk covered a good four feet of ground at every stride; and there were few men in the West who could venture to vie with him in activity and endurance, in cover-fagging and long days with otter-hounds. Possessing good features, a bright pleasant smile, and scarcely yet thirty years of age, marvellous to relate, he was still a bachelor; and so completely devoted was he to the charms of Diana that, had the 'goddess of the 'silver bow' competed for the prize and he had been the judge, the golden apple would never have fallen to the lot of Venus, nor the Greeks have gloried in the fall of Troy.

In scaling the rugged heights, lissome and accustomed as Frank and Tom were to such places, they found their master in Parson Davy; for, breath enough had he to rattle his horn lustily on the topmost stone of Dagworthy Cleaves, while they, a hundred yards below, were straining and panting in their upward course. Not a terrier nor even a hound was in sight; but far down, in the cavernous depths of the clitter, a hollow, rumbling, subterranean murmur, like that of a volcano previous to eruption, could be distinctly heard. They were hard at him, then, ten fathoms down; with ten thousand tons of superincumbent primæval rock interposing between the daylight above and the chase below. Still the struggle was going on desperately; and the Parson, as he bent his ear to the chinks of two mighty boulders, could tell how it was surging to and fro, now near the surface and now farther away, but he said nothing, not even in a whisper, to the two breathless companions who had now joined him.

A dead silence, too, was observed by them; for if the otter was headed in his attempt to bolt, death, as they well knew, in the innermost depths of the earth, would be his inevitable fate. The Parson and Tom were equally proud of their Dartmoor terriers, and gloried in knowing that, till the wild beast bolted or was killed, not one of them would show his face. For a full half-hour the din of the distant war never ceased; but at length, the quarters becoming too hot for him, Tom, who had stationed himself between the clitter and the river, viewed him stealthily emerging from the base of a boulder and making straight for the water. Two of the terriers, however, Bolter and Prince, emerged almost simultaneously from the same

spot and, quick as lightning, were on him ere he gained the stream; seizing him, then, near each ear, they clung to him, like limpets to a rock, till the hounds came up and finished the fray.

'What o'clock is it, Tom?' inquired the Parson, as he held the otter, head and tail, aloft in the air, and then gave a rattling whoo-whoop to encourage the circle of hounds baying around him. 'My 'watch struck work at eleven o'clock, when I got my sousing, and I 'hav'nt a notion what time it is.'

'The zun's now right over Benjay Tor; zo I reckon 'tis about 'ten minutes arter vour,' replied Tom, who, never having carried a watch, used the moor for his dial and the tors for the figures, indicating at once the position of the sun and the time of day. Nor was the acute and observant moorman often wrong in his calculation.

'After four!' exclaimed Frank with unfeigned surprise. 'Why that 'was the time fixed for our picnic dinner at Holne Chase. I shall 'lose it, and get into everlasting disgrace into the bargain.'

'Then you and I are in the same boat,' said the Parson, 'for I 'promised to join a party at the 'Birds' this very afternoon; but 'never mind: hang the dinner! We don't find a good otter every day, 'and I'll see if I can't appease our hostess by giving that sweet little 'blue-eyed angel, Mary Cornish, this skin for a muff.'

It was lucky the Parson was too much engaged in the 'worry' to note the cloud that passed over Frank's face at that moment; had he done so, he could not have failed to observe that he had unconsciously touched a very tender string, and that, in fact, the boy was far gone, if not over head and ears, in love with that fair girl.

To re-habilitate himself in his clothes, now thoroughly dried by sun and air, occupied the Parson but a few minutes; and in less than half-an-hour from that time, Frank and he, seated on either side of Mrs. Cornish, were discussing the mysteries of a squab-pie; while Tom Franks, on the outskirts of the party, was pitching, with hearty goodwill, into a shoulder of lamb—a feast of the gods to him, who so rarely tasted such dainty fare.

MR. E. H. BUDD, AND THE CRICKET OF EARLIER DAYS.

By the Author of 'The Cricket Field.'

In the obituary of the 'Times' I lately read—

'At his house at Elcombe, near Swindon, Edward Hayward Budd, Esq., in the ninety-first year of his age.'

Some few elderly gentlemen yet live to identify this with the once celebrated E. H. Budd, a name as well known as W. G. Grace among the cricketers of his day.

Mr. Budd played in all the great matches of the M.C.C. from the year 1805 to 1825, from about the twentieth to the fortieth year of his age. He played—and not his last match—against Cheltenham College when as old as sixty-five. 'We always used to say,'

observed Mr. W. Ward, 'that Budd was the finest man that ever 'stepped on Lord's.' This I can easily believe. He was forty-five when first I saw him. He stood 5 feet 10 inches high, and weighed 12 stone nearly all his life; and beyond all other men I ever saw he was clean made, a fine frame, wide at hips as well as shoulders, with the cleanest ankles, and those tapering arms from muscular shoulders which mark (what Budd was also known to be) the quickest and most powerful of pugilistic hitters. There was also a *vivida vis animi* about him—a restless vivacity. You might see by his eye that he must make a fine shot. 'You may truly write,' says one who knew him as well as I did, 'that more natural quick-'ness—a better hand and eye for field sports—you never saw in any 'man.'

Such was E. H. Budd, for twenty years a clerk in the War Office, near which place many a day a well-appointed drag might have been seen, loaded with some fine impatient fellows, determined not to leave behind the best of their eleven when bound for Woolwich Common or for Epsom Downs. No wonder that the name of our old friend and opponent in Lansdown, Purton, and Kingscote matches—matches in which his name was not only an admiration, but a terror, for, 'You's half out afore you goes in, some 'of you,' said old John Sparks—no wonder this name conjures up scenes of cricket in olden time.

As to the scene, the Lord's of Budd's early days is not the modern Lord's. Now, imagine a paled-in field, more like the Oval, though smaller, where now is Dorset Square. This was the original 'Lord's,' though not the first London cricket ground. The first London cricket ground was where now is Finsbury Square; the second was in White Conduit Fields, a servant of which club, Thomas Lord, made his first 'Lord's Ground' by Dorset Square. He afterwards had a second for about two years (1811–14) at South Bank, Regent's Park, from which he was driven by the course taken by the canal; and the present 'Lord's' is the third of that name, opened in 1814.

Budd boasted of having won the 20*l.* offered, too confidently, by Lord to any one who hit out of his old ground. Budd, like Mr. Thornton, not only had great power of hitting, but was fond of exerting it. Lord Frederic said, 'Budd always wanted to win the 'game off one hit.' But not so. Budd hit less for the game than the gallery. He acknowledged this weakness, saying, 'I did so delight in 'making the ring stand wider and wider for my hard hitting.' Mr. Budd's bat weighed three pounds, and Mr. W. Ward played with a bat of four pounds; this, with underhand bowling, admitted of such drives as that of which Budd boasted: a hit for 9 on Woolwich Common, with a good man after it. The light bat now in use is very ill-suited to slows, or to any kind of underhand bowling. You want more weight, especially at the point, than for a cutting game.

Mr. Budd always played in the old costume—nankeen knee-breeches and with two pairs of silk stockings, the upper pair rolled down to protect the ankles. In my Oxford days (from 1833-36) pads and

gloves were almost unknown. One or two men only wore perhaps a padded finger-stall or guard for their ankle. Neither Mr. Herbert Jenner nor Wenman wore gloves when I saw them keep wicket against Redgate in 1836. But you would say, 'Budd 'did not encounter the hard bowling of the present day.' There were two of the hardest bowlers ever known. Budd played against Brown of Brighton, whom Mr. Ward brought forward to match Osbaldeston's bowling, which was too swift to be hit before bounds, and gave him an easy victory at single-wicket. I think Brown, who, like Mr. Curwan, bowled with a sling, if not with a jerk of the arm, was as swift a bowler as I have ever seen, though Budd said Mr. Marcon was quite as fast.

Then how did mortal legs stand it? No doubt some must have suffered; though this bowling, if fast, was less erratic and easier to avoid than Wisden's or Jackson's. Budd said he had sometimes been very painfully hit, and that in one single-wicket match in particular, for 50*l.* a side, with Mr. Brand, he purposely hit his own wicket down both innings—the first at 70, the second at 100 runs, because he had been too badly hit on the legs to risk letting the game last till the morrow. This was a strange match; Budd never was out, and Brand never scored! William Beldham was the foremost professional of Budd's day. He died about seven years since, ninety-six years of age. Beldham also, without either leggings or gloves, scored 72 against Brown, in the old days of rough grounds, when fifty-two years old. But during nearly the whole twenty years that Budd played, slows, veritable slows, were bowled at one end in almost every match, and be sure not bad slows either; for William Clarke told me that he learnt all he knew from Lambert, and that both Lambert of Surrey and Warsop of Nottingham came up to his idea of first-rate bowlers. Barker also said that in Clarke we only saw, after lying dormant for twenty-five years, a sample of what the old bowling had been when superseded by the overhand bowling. Budd's bowling was like Clarke's, delivered from the hip with a deal of curl and spin from the end of his fingers. It rose abruptly and very high. He once bowled me out with a ball hardly possible to play. It rose actually over my shoulder, and tipped the further side of the bails. His accuracy could not be surpassed. He did not bowl a ball in an innings that might not from its pitch have hit the wicket. If such was his bowling at fifty years of age—and Lord Frederic Beauclerk and Lillywhite both lost their spin before they lost their accuracy, the invariable effect of age upon bowlers—I can easily believe that Budd was a better bowler still when younger, though I do not believe he had ever the command and variety of Clarke. Batting and fielding were Budd's forte, though he had ceased to be a very hard hitter when I first saw him, and this I had observed to be commonly the case with older players; for hard hitters are usually those who go in for hard hitting, and for this hard hitting, when older, they feel less care or confidence. Budd said his average was 29 an innings in all the great matches.

In fielding, he generally stood at middle wicket, and, as he was

famed for catching, running, and throwing accurately, we need say no more.

As to running, both he and Lord Frederic ran many matches, and Budd claimed to be the faster of the two. He related that one evening in a coffee-house room, a gentleman from the country spoke of running, and said he had run 100 yards in 9 seconds, with a coat over his arm! As Budd suggested a little error in the watch, he was asked if he knew anything about running, and challenged to run for 25*l*. The next morning saw them both at Lord's, soon followed by a third, who proposed to hold the stakes. 'Yes,' thought Budd, 'but who is to hold you?' So he proposed to put the money on the stool, and the runner first in could help himself to it. The end of the matter was, that Budd won by nearly 10 yards; although 10 seconds was the least he could ever name for 100 yards.

Yet, proud as Budd was of his cricket, he always said boxing was what he could do best, an art he often practised with 'Gentleman 'Jackson;' the same Jackson of whom Tom Moore wrote, 'Rooms 'in Bond Street, a line of carriages at his door, and 2,000*l*. a year— 'all show how Jackson's is the fashion.'

When the Allied Sovereigns visited England, Lord Elgin's marbles created so much interest, that it was proposed to compare the muscles and the attitudes with those of modern days, and Budd was one of those chosen to put on the gloves; and, not quite as Byron wrote in ridicule of the occasion—

'And all the bruisers out of all St. Giles's,'

West, the President of the Royal Academy, came with Lord Elgin, and all admired the attitudes which a set-to between Budd and others naturally produced. As to Gentleman Jackson, the 'dear 'Jackson'—so addressed in some of Byron's letters—Budd said he could vouch for the fact that an M.P. received Jackson at dinner, under another name, much to the satisfaction of the lady who had reflected on her husband's pugilistic acquaintance, and yet mistook him for a gentleman.

During his later years Budd did a little farming, and bred and trained dogs. In this art he was first-rate. No one in the county was a better shot; and, from that congeniality of tastes which prevails among sportsmen, Budd was a most welcome, as he was always a most entertaining guest in the shooting season.

We have already alluded to Mr. Osbaldeston as one of the fastest of bowlers. He was only surpassed in speed by Brown, whom Mr. Ward brought forward on purpose to stop Mr. Osbaldeston's boasted single-wicket matches. No one talked long with Budd of old times without hearing no little of the achievements of 'the 'Squire,' and, above all, of a certain very remarkable match made with Lord Frederic Beauclerc.

His Lordship had made a p. p. match to play with Howard, a fast bowler, against Lambert and Osbaldeston. 'On the day appointed,' said Budd, 'I went to Lord Frederic and said that, as he knew 'Osbaldeston was ill, of course he would put off the match.' "No,

'"no," said his Lordship; "play or pay are the terms agreed on,
'"and I shall claim the stakes."

'With this awkward reply I went back to my friend, expecting
'the stakes to be forfeited, instead of which Osbaldeston exclaimed,
'"Lambert shall play them both, and if he wins he shall have the
'"stakes." Lord Frederic received this decision with very blank
'looks. "You can't mean it," said he. "Yes, my Lord, we do
'"mean it; and, what is more, Lambert says you are anything but
'"safe." The end of the matter was that Lambert did beat them both. He was a most dangerous man to encounter when thus upon his mettle. 'He always,' said Beldham, 'seemed to hit what 'no one else could.' A tall and very powerful man, he stood very forward, covering a space of ground before him, and kept swaying his bat with long reach in a way, said Budd, that really tried the nerves of a slow bowler. In this match first the M.C.C. found that a law was required to make wide balls score. For Wides had been too rare for legislation with the old bowling; but in this match Lambert purposely bowled wides, sometimes to the on and sometimes to the off, to put his Lordship out of temper, and, as often happens, out of good form and straight play too. One may imagine also the state of disgust and discouragement with which any two men must play when so unequally opposed to one, with a sick man sitting by in a chair, for so it was, looking on.

Mr. Ward told me that when Osbaldeston had found his match in Brown, a party who came as usual to chaff on Osbaldeston's side expecting an easy victory, soon turned round and found a sphere for their wit at his expense. This made him so angry, that he at once went to the pavilion and scratched his name off the list of members, and thus gave great offence.

'Some time after' said Budd, 'he returned to a better mind; and
'I ventured to ask Lord Frederic and Mr. Ward if Osbaldeston could
'not be re-admitted. They replied, that they were sorry to refuse me,
'after all the support I had for years given to the game, but the
'offence was too great, and my friend must abide by his own act and
'deed.'

Osbaldeston died in 1866, in his eightieth year. I used to see him a little before that time at Brighton, and, from his spare frame and short stature, could hardly have believed he was one of the fastest of bowlers. True, Mr. Curwan and Tarrant were light-weights too, but Osbaldeston was faster than either.

As a proof of Budd's strength, he related: 'While once at Good-
'wood, the Duke of Richmond said he should like to see me run;
'so, desirous of making a little sport for the Duke, I said, "I will
'"run any man on the ground sixty yards to his hundred and carry
'"any one you shall name." Immediately some one offered to
'take my bet, and the joke was that he named Hazelby as my
'jockey!' This gentleman many of my readers will remember, and if so will easily believe that even at that time he weighed eighteen stone. Budd won the race.

Budd was a genial and good-tempered man. Still, on one occasion,

he had to take his own part, rather against the law of the land. 'A 'great fellow was one day at Lord's, a city merchant, who, on some 'dispute about a bet, said, "It's a lie—and you are no gentleman!" 'Forthwith I knocked him down. Some said it served him right; 'but one, Mr. Barton, a lawyer, came up to me kindly, and said, '"Pray stop; he is a very rich fellow, and you will be ruined by an '"action." Several friends of the other party interfered, and at 'last it was settled by my undertaking to provide a fish dinner and 'wine for the party at an adjoining hotel.

'I sent to Billingsgate for a peck of periwinkles and a gallon of 'British wine from the Haymarket, and on the day named, after a 'game of cricket, a dinner of periwinkles only was served. Before 'the covers were removed, the guests wondered why a large pin 'was laid for each man at table. The injured individual was now 'more angry than ever; and as he said I had not fulfilled my con-'tract, he would still bring his action; but, fortunately, I heard no 'more of it.' No one knew any better, but periwinkles are not fish.

Men who speak so confidently of their friends' power to throw a cricket ball 100 yards both ways will be interested in hearing that the only bet I ever knew on this feat was lost.

'Captain Barclay,' said Budd, 'a few days before Christmas, 'about the year 1820, wrote to me to find a man to throw 100 yards 'both ways. Captain Barclay had wagered 100*l.* with Lord Ken-'nedy that he would find a man to do it. The man I found threw '100 yards the day before the match; but the next day was severely 'cold, and the man was chilled, and could only throw 97 yards.'

On this occasion Budd had too little time to look for the right man, for among cricketers there was a comparatively small choice in those days. Old Clapshaw, the bat-maker, had before told me of this match. It was on him that Budd depended, and he had too little time to look out.

Though interested all my life in such feats, I never but on two occasions could find a witness to the ball being thrown 100 yards both ways—once when thrown by Arnold of Cambridge, and once by Mr. W. G. Grace. The oft-quoted throw of 125 yards by Mr. Fawcett of Brighton College was (if at all) thrown only one way in strong wind; but the ground was never measured! Still, an eminent player of the same college, with two friends, threw *one way and on a very still day*, 102, 105, and 107 yards respectively at the same time. A gentleman of our Sussex eleven will back himself to throw 110 yards both ways, and I have good reason to believe he can do it.

But Budd's history and our scene at Lord's fifty years since would be incomplete without one sad story, which shall be told in Budd's own words:—

'Among very many other chance acquaintances I found at cricket 'was one middle-aged gentleman, of quiet and rather abstracted 'manner, who usually spoke to me as interested in my play, riding 'round Lord's on a very beautiful white pony. The intimacy 'increased, of course entirely by advances on his part, till he invited

'me to dinner, and I found that my friend was Mr. Henry Fauntle-
'roy, the banker of Berners Street. I felt almost as much puzzled
'as I was flattered by this attention. Here was a man well known
'in City circles, with no habits in common with mine—what did
'this all mean? He knew nothing of the game, and had, apparently,
'no sporting tastes of any kind; yet I met others, chiefly young
'men like myself, at his table, and we were all handsomely enter-
'tained; though one thing struck me as very remarkable, namely,
'that our host invariably fell asleep over the table. My invitations
'were more and more frequent, till at last I was requested to come
'at any time, a knife and fork always ready for me; and Mr.
'Fauntleroy by degrees began to open his mind to me on many
'subjects. One day he said,

'"Budd, I was married this morning: you know to whom."

'"Impossible! Had you only spoken to me, this should not have
'"been."

'"Yes; but I must otherwise have fought the brother; and that
'"was not in my way. However, the lady and I parted at the
'"church door."

'Such were the terms of our intimacy, when, while shooting at
'Osbaldeston's, in Yorkshire, in 1824, and having seen nothing in
'any newspaper to prepare me for the news, I received a few lines
'from Mr. Fauntleroy, begging that, if what I was then engaged in
'was not too important, I would at once come and see a broken-
'hearted fellow-creature.

'Osbaldeston's coverts were no little attraction to me; but in the
'shortest time practicable I was on the mail—in Berners Street—
'and thence directed onwards, utterly bewildered and astounded, to
'Coldbath Fields Prison. Fauntleroy made a clean breast to me at
'once. The bank had been in difficulties; he had forged powers of
'attorney, and sold out the stock of his clients, expecting to replace
'on a fall of prices—prices kept rising. Dividends had to be paid, to
'conceal the loss of stock. Thus one forgery necessitated another
'to cover it, till stock to an immense amount (it cost the Bank of
'England 363,000*l.* to replace it) had been transferred and sold.
'He said he was well aware that proof of his guilt was certain, and
'he gave himself up for lost.

'My poor friend felt much relieved and comforted by my so
'promptly coming to see him, and unburthened his mind as to the
'years of agony he had endured. His fondness for me was soon
'explained. It was in my youthful vivacity and spirits that he
'chiefly found diversion; and as to his sleeping over the wine, and
'waking fitfully, why, he never slept in his bed, but enjoyed this
'little imaginary security, and snatched a few minutes of repose with
'youthful friends around him.

'I immediately formed a plan for getting him out of prison, by
'having a rope thrown over the wall, and my brother's stable was to
'be the place of concealment till the scent was cold. All this time I
'forgot I was investing him, a very different man, with my own

'activity and spirit. For Fauntleroy was a heavy man, and at that 'time heavy at heart too; besides, the parson had been at him, which 'made him more desponding still.'

'But I heard, Mr. Budd, he offered 20,000*l.* to the jailer to connive 'at a plan for his escape?'

'He never could have commanded such a sum: 800*l.*, I believe, 'he did offer. My wife made him a silk purse to wear with notes 'next his skin. No doubt it was for these notes, raised, I think, 'from sale of wine and furniture. But the offer was refused. You 'remember all the particulars of the story from the papers. There 'is a villa at the north-west corner of Lord's. There lived a 'lady, a cousin of Fauntleroy, for whom he was trustee. It un-'luckily happened that, from some little difficulty, the trust fund was 'ordered to be paid into Chancery, and Fauntleroy's co-trustees 'went down to the bank before he was aware of it, or could do any-'thing to replace her stock. There was the turning point.

'I was the last who saw him on the morning of his execution. In 'the afternoon, while sitting alone, with what feelings you may 'imagine, in my house, No. 29, Alpha Road, near Lord's, the servant 'announced Mr. Vicary. Vicary was the master of Coldbath 'Fields Prison.

'"What can you want now, Mr. Vicary?" I exclaimed. "Is my '"poor friend come to life again?"

'"Mr. Budd, you will admit I gave you every indulgence while '"Mr. Fauntleroy was alive. Pray answer me one question: Are '"there any of my turnkeys I cannot trust? My mind is ill at ease."

'"Oh! if that is all, you can trust them a great deal too well, or '"he were alive at this very hour."

'"I thank you, sir. And in return I will tell you that we suspected '"from the first that you had a plan for his escape, and we kept watch '"accordingly, and am but too glad that was not attempted, for—'"*you—were to have been shot!*"' Life was held cheaper in those days.

London began to lose its charm for Mr. Budd about this time. He soon after accepted a pension from the War Office, and was only occasionally seen at Lord's; but for twenty-five years after he was always a star, and one of some magnitude, in West of England cricket matches.

One word more of Fauntleroy. I am writing in a coat made by one Mr. Paul, lately deceased, who was proud of having made a suit of black for the celebrated Mr. Fauntleroy to be hanged in, and said, 'The poor gentleman, as he tried them on, was just as particular, and 'we took the black silk knee-breeches back for a trifling alteration, 'just as if he were going to live.' I daily pass a house at the corner of Hampton Place, Western Road, Brighton, where Fauntleroy lived. 'Four horses,' said an old inhabitant, 'might often have been seen at 'the door, for one of the very rapid journeys by which Mr. Fauntleroy 'commanded both his business in Berners Street and the sea breezes of 'Brighton.'

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our readers will require something more than a mere passing notice of the name which heads this brief tribute to the memory of one of the leading sportsmen of his age. It is not solely because four Derbies, besides most of the other great trophies of the Turf, have fallen to his share that we especially direct attention to his connection with the racing world for a period considerably exceeding that attained by the majority of his contemporaries. Other sportsmen have achieved almost similar distinctions, but there their connection with the history of racing ends. Sir Joseph was part and parcel of the scenes in which he mingled, and no mere shadow, known as the owner of some famous horses, and remembered only as 'belonging to' such celebrities. He combined with real love of the sport and enthusiasm in its pursuit a clear head, consummate judgment, and the will and the power to mould to his own ends what he took so energetically in hand. He bred or selected his own horses, and possessed remarkable tact in estimating their early abilities; so that his entries in important stakes were felicitously made, and not haphazard, as is too frequently the case with lavish patrons of racing. After he determined upon deserting Alec Taylor's stable for the sake of greater privacy and convenience in a private establishment, he selected men admirably fitted for their posts as trainers; trustworthy, reliable servants, content to work under his own supervision, and to subordinate the 'stable mind' to that of its master. Their services were required merely *as* trainers, and were not called into requisition in the management and conduct of trials, which Sir Joseph invariably superintended himself. No one could 'put horses together' more cleverly; and though he made mistakes, they were few in comparison with those of his more sanguine but less experienced contemporaries. More than this, he was quick in making himself acquainted with the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of animals, knew how they should be ridden, and was an excellent judge of racing in all its varieties. Consequently, riding to his orders (always personally given to, and clearly impressed upon, his jockey) was generally attended with success; and, though severe in his notions of obedience and discipline, he was always ready to make allowances for his servants. He displayed an admirable command of temper and forbearance when Wells scaled overweight for Blue Gown in the Doncaster Champagne, and, though evidently most deeply annoyed, passed the matter quietly over, and readily forgave his favourite jockey. No master could be more kind or considerate to his servants; and if he erred, it was on the side of prodigal liberality, as on one occasion when he presented Wells with a cheque for the value of the Derby stakes, or put on Job Marson a most handsome sum to nothing for his Guineas or Derby mount. No one else would have pardoned Wells his latter extravagant eccen-

tricities of dress and manner; and after the seizure which prevented his reappearance in the saddle he continued to take the liveliest interest in his well-doing, and was never wearied of continuing his former liberality. Close and cautious in his dealings with the Ring, Sir Joseph kept his own counsel, and was impatient to a degree of any interference with his transactions so far as his own animals were concerned; occasionally giving intruders upon his plans a sharp rap on the knuckles by withdrawing his horses when he was unable to obtain a fair price against them. Yet, except upon rare occasions, it could not be said of him that he kept his horses dangling in the market for every fly to blow upon; and if they were not timely struck out, it was not through any desire or intention of allowing bookmakers to milk the public. The best proof of this lies in the fact that no racing man, excepting perhaps Mr. Merry, ever had such a large following on the Turf, and the popular 'cherry and black' had only to show on a racecourse to meet with support from a large section. Sir Joseph was a heavy bettor when his prospects of success were reasonably bright; but his love of speculation never degenerated into the plunging mania of a school which he utterly despised, and always maintained to be a reproach to the Turf. His attempted reforms were conceived in a spirit of earnestness and devotion to the true interests of racing, not perceived or admitted at the time of his celebrated 'proposals;' but he quite outlived the accusations of peevishness and arrogant dictation launched against him by the young England school of the period, and future legislators may be glad to revert for guidance to the opinions so clearly enunciated in his famous letter to the 'Times.' If any were entitled to attention through a long and varied experience on the Turf, Sir Joseph Hawley was surely the chief among them; though he might have erred in his judgment as to the right season for inviting his colleagues to the consideration of his proposed reforms. Few have passed through a career marked by so many stirring incidents without, at some time or another, incurring odium and unpopularity; and, doubtless, more than one of Sir Joseph's actions in his earlier career savoured most strongly of the indiscretion almost invariably attaching to the inexperienced heats of youth; but the ghosts of The Ban and Breba scandals have long since been laid, if we may judge from the full tide of enthusiasm among the masses setting towards the 'lucky baronet' up to the date of his final retirement from the active pursuits of the Turf a short time since. His racing string had long since dwindled down to insignificant proportions in comparison with that which swept along the gallops of Cannons Heath in the palmy days of the great Kingsclere stable; but the dispersion of the Leybourne Grange Stud was the signal for a monster gathering at Middle Park; and the prices realised by mares and stallions showed how thoroughly the breeding world endorsed his judgment and appreciated its results in the production of such animals as Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Pero Gomez. It might be invidious even to hint at the possibility that chance had anything to do with their origin; but we cannot assign

the highest place among breeders to one who seemed to proceed on no system in particular, and whose practice it appears to have been to send his 'whole fleet' of mares to Asteroid, or Beadsman, or Fitz-Roland, in successive years, instead of casting about for different crosses for each. We can hardly utterly condemn a method the results of which were so generally successful, but it is at any rate startling on account of its novelty. Old Mendicant may be described as the corner-stone of his fortunes, and to her union with Weatherbit we are indebted for the perpetuation of the Sheet Anchor line, which at one time threatened to become extinct. Beadsman, however, came to the rescue just at its vanishing point, and this was entirely owing to Sir Joseph's belief in the brown's ultimate success, and to his use of the horse after Yorkshire had despised and rejected him through mere caprice. Leybourne Grange was quite the *beau ideal* of a country gentleman's retreat, with its walled paddocks stretching southward down the hill, and its long ranges of snug boxes and roomy pastures for the mothers of the stud. In addition to those sporting tastes which mostly endear to their fellow-countrymen the potentates of the racing world, Sir Joseph Hawley was also a patron of the fine arts, and of late years an indefatigable collector of old china and old books. Title and lands pass away to kinsmen least of all likely to emulate his sporting proclivities, and the garish colours which the men of Kent were wont to follow so proudly, and to stand by so staunchly, must be wiped out of the calendar for ever. But Sir Joseph Hawley's name will remain as a landmark in Turf history for years to come, among those whom future generations may look upon as a race of giants looming in grander proportions through the mists of time. A.

A WILD LEGEND OF THE WEST.

'I've seed un at last, sir, an' I am sure he must be the "old un" 'hisself or Will Jones,' said Tom Ashton, the park-keeper, to his master, whom he had waylaid as he came from the house towards the stables after breakfast.

'Indeed, Tom! and pray what is the "old un," as you call him, 'like?'

'Why, a little brown beggar, not much bigger nor a fox, as went 'bounden along, and rise like a woodcock at the park palens, and 'was out o' sight in the copse afore I could fire at un. Nothen as 'couldn't flee wad ever a got over the pales, as stops all our bucks 'like that.'

'Well, "old un" or not, we must stop his depredations at any rate. 'Where did he go to?'

'Straight into the very thick of Ashway Copse, sir.'

'All right then; we will have him out before long.'

Old Tom shook his head and walked away incredulous, hoping no harm may come of it; but for his part he didn't like the job.

Tom was quite one of the old school, a faithful and trusty servant,

intelligent as far as his knowledge went, but obstinate to a degree if you wished to get any new idea into his head, and decidedly more superstitious than he was obstinate, for Tom had a wonderful belief in all manner of fairies, demons, and ghostly apparitions; and, in good sooth, he had been sorely tried for a month or six weeks.

Before proceeding further, however, we must premise that Tom had been park-keeper for years at Fairlands House, situated in one of the wildest and most beautiful of our English counties, where fertile valley alternated with wild hill, and the woods grew with all the luxuriance of a tropical jungle. It was not a country, however, that had exactly marched in the van of civilisation, and in consequence old-world ways and old-world thoughts lingered there years after they had been driven by railroads and education from other parts of England. Tom was an old man too, and his father could go well back into the days when they burned and drowned witches, and had other nice little amusements to pass a summer holiday, which we have come to regard in rather a different light. Some years previously, when Tom was quite a lad, there lived a notorious poacher named Will Jones, whose mother only escaped burning or drowning through the tolerance of the age, for she claimed, and was universally allowed to have, dealings in the black art. Her son Bill, when on a deer-stealing expedition in the park in October, chanced to cross the path of a savage old red stag, of which kind a few were then kept at Fairlands, who attacked and gored him to death. The old lady, in her grief and anger at the loss of her son, vowed that he should return within fifty years, and not only drive every deer from the park, but carry off the park-keepers also. Recent events had brought the prophecy back to Tom's mind with a vividness which caused his knees to shake and sleep to forsake his eyelids. His tribulation first began as he looked from his windows at the lodge one night and saw his herd of deer driven round and round the park, evidently in the greatest terror and alarm, until some of the fattest bucks dropped from exhaustion, while he could neither see or divine the cause of their stampede. Man and boy, Tom had lived there sixty years, but he had never known anything like it before, while all the old village gossips, men to whom Tom was as a child in years and wisdom, could get no further into the matter than to shake their heads and say, 'There was summat wrong about it.'

Things passed on pretty quietly for a week or more, and the old fellow, if he thought of the affair at all, had come to the conclusion that some dog must have got into the park and started them, when he was once more roused from sleep by the herd careering under his windows the same as before; and the next morning, to his horror and consternation, beneath the clump of gigantic firs that crowned the highest point in the park, lay a fat buck, gored to death. Tom examined him well: it was no dog, for he was not torn, but stabbed, as if with a dagger, in the haunches and through the heart. Neither was it the work of his fellow-bucks, for they were all in the velvet, and could not have done it if they would. Tom scratched his head, after the manner of his kind, which helped

him but little; then he turned the buck over and looked at the other side, which helped him less. There were more wounds to be seen, certainly, but they were just like the others, mere stabs; and probe them how he may, he could make nothing else of it. Now, Tom's duty undoubtedly was to skin and dress the buck, seeing that he had bled well, and the flesh was not hurt; but I am sorry to say that he did nothing of the sort. He first took a pinch of snuff, then walked away to the under-keeper's lodge, told him to dress the deer, and went straight to the village alehouse and ordered in a quart of strong beer. This was not only indiscreet, but unfortunate; for there was an old loafer hanging about whose taste for beer was quite as keen as Tom's, and whose scent for a drain from any other man's cup was good as that of a sleuth hound. Tom had scarcely drawn breath after his first draught ere the old fellow was before him with, 'Mornin', Mr. Ashton; hope you're well this nice summer mornin'?'

'Middlin' for that,' said Tom; 'I ain't so much the matter, but 'summat as I can't make out is a driven the deer about o' nights, and 'killed one o' my best bucks last night just under the big firs on the 'crown o' the hill; will 'ee drink?'

The old man answered the question by taking the cup, and, turning his eyes piously towards heaven, brought the bottom of the mug so steadily and so surely in the same direction, that Tom was fain to call for another quart, or their conversation would have gone on dry-lipped from that moment. Then the old fellow drew the back of his hand across his mouth, sat down on a settle opposite, and, placing a hand on each knee, stared fearfully at Tom.

'What b'est staren at?' asked the latter, getting uneasy under his steady gaze.

'What be I a staren at—why, how many years ago is it the old 'stag killed Will Jones in that very spot? Tell me that, Tom 'Ashton.'

Tom turned pale, and once more scratched his head, but said nothing.

'Why, 'tis nine and forty year ago last Old Michaelmas,' continued he, answering himself; 'and now you knows what's a killen your 'bucks. His old mother spoke truth.'

Tom's jaw fell, and, leaving his old crony to finish the second quart of beer—which he did not fail to do, as well as to get put in the stocks afterwards for riotous behaviour, where he sung indecent songs for the edification of the village children until he fell asleep—he staggered home, a sadder if not a wiser man; and an afternoon's sleep only served to awaken him to the extent of the calamity which had befallen him. As the effect of his morning's potation wore off, it was with leaden eye and trembling limb that he plodded his way to the Hall to ask the house-steward to write and acquaint his absent master with the facts. A week or so elapsed ere an answer was received; and in the meantime buck after buck was found dead in the park, each fresh victim serving still further to scare poor Tom Ashton, who felt convinced that the redoubtable Will Jones was at work amongst the deer, and equally certain that his own time must

come when the autumn leaf was falling. A peremptory message from his lord to keep strict watch, rifle in hand, only kept him closer to the walls of his lodge, for, as he said, 'What's the use of powder 'and ball agin the devil himself; he'll only tear me in pieces if I fired at 'him, for certain;' and the old fellow looked with dread to the day of his master's return, when he knew that all shirking in the matter would be at an end. However, luck was on his side, for on the very day on which his master did return, Tom, in crossing the path, saw a dead buck, with the 'little brown beggar,' as he called him, plunging a straight and sharp pair of horns time after time into the carcass of his fallen foe. Tom stopped with open mouth and eyes, and would undoubtedly have fled had not the object of his terror caught the wind of him, and set him the example, by disappearing in the manner already described, which at any rate served to show him that no present personal harm was intended as far as he was concerned, and sent him to greet his master with a less lugubrious countenance than he otherwise would have done.

Tom was not well versed in natural history, and knew nothing, as he said, about 'furren' beasts, by which term he designated any animal not to be found in that immediate neighbourhood, so that the Squire had an uphill game in trying to make out by cross-examination what kind of animal the depredator amongst his herds was. However, a little inspection of slots and so forth, compared with the wounds made, convinced him that a roebuck, who must have strayed from far distant parts, was the aggressor; and this view he communicated to Tom, who, according to his custom when asked to credit anything a little beyond his comprehension, treated the idea with scorn. 'What!' said Tom, 'a rowbuck or ryebuck, or whatsum-'ever you likes to call un, no bigger nor a fox, or at any rate than my 'old setter dog, go and kill the best and oldest bucks in the park as 'big agin as himself. 'Tain't likely! Besides, what about driven all 'the herd, when he wern't to be seen? No, no, maister; he's no 'deer, tak' my word for it, but Bill Jones's spiret! Besides, didn't I 'see un flee over the park palen, as is too high for all our bucks, and 'vanish in the copse? Let un alone, maister; let un alone, or wuss 'ill come of it!'

Great was Tom's trouble when his master announced his intention of trying the covert with harriers, and posting good shots in all the ridings; neither was the news of such an intention any better received in the village, where it was pronounced a 'wilful flying in 'the face of Providence;' and no one would have been surprised had a comet, an earthquake, or any other dread portent foretold the fate of those who were about to take part in it. All this of course had no influence on the Squire, except to amuse him; and it was not many days ere a jolly party sallied out from the Hall, gun in hand, to compass the death of the desperate little villain who had wrought so much mischief amongst the deer. Tom, as in duty bound, was there; but what a different figure from the stalwart old keeper of a few months before, when his eye was as keen, his hand as steady, and his muscles as strong, if not quite so supple, as they had been

twenty years before. Now he looked like one risen from the dead, pale and trembling, as if he had left scenes of unutterable horror behind him; so that the Squire administered a good tumbler of 'cold 'without' to him ere he left the Hall, and tried to rally him out of his despondency. 'No use, maister,' said he, sadly; 'you beant agoin' 'to shoot a buck, but Bill Jones or the "old un."' Tom's nervousness notwithstanding, the guns were soon posted and the hounds at work. Of course they ran hares, but the Squire said, 'Never mind, they 'will rouse the buck all the sooner, and when once he's on foot, if we 'don't shoot him in crossing, we can get them on the line.' His judgment was right: in running a hare they came right on the lair of the buck, and nearly every hound caught view; then there was little cheering needed. A few old hounds dropped back to their legitimate game, but the young ones, revelling in the scent, drove him round and round the covert, until the very oaks above shook with their music. Still, so deep and crafty was the game, that very few shots were afforded, and those only snap ones fired with no effect. Noon came on with its sultry heat, and yet the pack failed to bring-to their game, which persistently ran the densest thickets and brambles within reach of the guns, so that they began to flag; and the Squire told old Tom to go into the more open places in the underwood and see if he could not get a shot by that means. He had scarcely moved more than fifteen or twenty yards, in obedience to his master's wishes, when the buck sprang across the riding. The Squire, who was a first-rate shot, fired well forward, and saw the bound the roedeer gave as he received the shot, but little thought how fatal 'twas to prove. That bound, which would have cleared an ordinary river, brought him to old Tom, who turned round at the sound of the gun, just in time to receive the antlers, short and sharp as daggers and driven with all the force of a catapult, into his bosom. A cry of pain brought the Squire to the spot, when he found his faithful keeper and the dead roebuck rolled in a confused mass together on the ground, the latter having been the involuntary executioner of the man who so abhorred and dreaded him.

Poor Tom had just time to gasp, 'I knew 'twould be so, though 'God knows I never injured Bill Jones, nor my father before me, 'though what might a been had he caught un I can't say!' ere he grasped the extended hand of the Squire and breathed his last. No one ever knew where the roebuck came from. Neither before or since has one been seen in that country, and it was always conjectured that he must, like a rogue elephant, have been driven from his own society, and wandered from more than a hundred miles distant, and that want of companionship made him vicious, and take to worrying the deer, who had no defence against him while their horns were soft. However, this rendering of the affair never obtained credence in poor Tom's native village, where, although it happened many, many years ago, the people to this day believe in the fulfilment of the prophecy of Bill Jones's mother, and tell this wild legend of the West. N.

IN MEMORIAM.

'Heu! Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!'

Nay, reader, don't start at the title;
'Tis of only a horse—nothing more;
Only one of the lower creation,
Whose loss 'tis my lot to deplore.
'Only a horse! well, what matter?'
Quoth Dives. 'Tis done in a trice;
Draw a cheque—the best horse that e'er hunted
Can always be bought—at a price.'

Ah! Dives, men envy your fortune;
You are floating through life with the stream;
You have got twenty hunters at Melton,
And the pride of the Park is your team;
But I want just to ask you a question,
So kindly one moment attend:
'Be it man, be it woman, or horse,
Can you *ever* replace an old friend?'

Such a friend as we owe now and then
To the sympathies born of the chase,
Raising horse to the level of rider,
Such a friend we can *never* replace.
The box that stands empty and chill
May shelter as perfect a frame,
But 'twill always seem sacred to *him*,
'Twill always be called by his name.

Chestnut coat, sloping shoulder, small head,
Legs that feared neither spavin nor sprains;
A mudlark when going was deep,
With the blood of Small-hopes in his veins.
When Andover landed the Derby,
The theme of my song first drew breath,
And, as good on the road as the grass,
Hunted up to the day of his death.

He had gone with the Queen's when Charles Davis
With horn made the forest to ring;
He remember'd the bay *Pantaloon*,
Bestridden by bold Harry King.
Since the day of that clipper from Denham,
How many good men have departed,
When to Willesden we ran in the hour,
And *Harrow Boy* first was uncarted.

Not unknown where the doubles of Blackmore
Lay many a steed on his back;
He had followed Jack Russell from Catstock,
With Poltimore's wonderful pack.

How oft with old Sam and Sir Maurice,
O'er Berkley's green pastures he strode,
Heard the cheer of the keen Harry Ayris,
Best huntsman, I wot, that e'er rode.

But dearest of all recollected
Old days now recalled to my view,
Are those when we hunted together,
In the land of the Badminton blue;
The days of John Bayly and Fuller
(What tales of their prowess are told!)
The days of the *Merchant* and *Robber*,
The days ere *Grey Beckford* was foal'd.

When the *Unicorn* stood by the *Lion*,
And Little was there on *Champagne*;
When the Colonel was great on *Blue Pill*,
And Clark swore by *Saffron* and *Jane*.
When *Methuselah* carried the Marquis
Through the longest and hardest of days;
When Alderley's gallant old owner
Rode the first of his wonderful greys.

Unwelcome, perhaps, to the fair ones
Is the tale of what seasons have flown,
Since they first donn'd the Badminton button,
And "*The Goddesses*" yet were unknown.
Lady Blanche was the rising Diana,
And one figure remembered will be,
That skimm'd o'er the country on "*Sunbeam*,"
With Jack Savile in front on *BB*.

'Woe worth,' wrote Sir Walter, the chase,
When he sung of the hunting that kills;
Woe worth forty minutes' full pace,
From *Allen Grove* up to the Hills,
'Twas my gallant old horse's last effort,
'Twas a mixture of pleasure and pain,
In that gallop where Grace's *Blaze-Chestnut*
Jumped walls, and ne'er jumped them again.

Farewell, gentle reader! If you
These tales of past sport can endorse,
I will wish you no better than this,
That some day you may own such a horse.
His name is inscribed underneath,
His years were one over a score;
He was faithful and noble till death,
His like I shall ride—nevermore.

Great-hopes: foaled, 1854; died, 26th of March, 1875.

'ROOT AND BRANCH.'

'Tria juncta in uno.'

Now that so many young May flowers of the Turf are bursting into life, and the cares of the breeder are daily increasing in his efforts to welcome coming guests in the shape of foals, and to speed the parting youngster ripening for early sale, it may not be out of place to look about us with an eye to the supplies of blood offered to us by the different stallion candidates for public patronage. We have, accordingly, collected and arranged materials for a tabulated statement, grouping the different sires under their proper distinctions as to family, so that breeders casting about for a 'cross,' which they know must exist, without being able exactly to determine its whereabouts, may be speedily guided into the track they are desirous of hitting off. Some years have now elapsed since any similar attempt at classification has been made; and even were any such tables in existence, they must needs be incomplete, owing to mere lapse of time and to the frequent changes so incident to the short period of life assigned to the horse. The 'Stud Book,' while it collects the brood-mares under their several ancestors, leaves the 'Sires of the day' to take care of themselves, only going out of its way to record the deaths of the more famous among them; while the 'Sheet Calendar' advertises stallions for the season in the 'sublime impartiality' of alphabetical order, and does not contain the names of one-half of those seeking public recognition through other channels. The tables may be interesting, too, as showing the 'vicissitudes of families' upon the Turf, and indicating the fashionable strains in vogue of the day. It will be seen how unduly certain tribes predominate, and upon what a slender thread hangs the existence of some of those famous old horses of former days which held such determined sway in certain districts, that it is difficult to believe they can now be tottering on the very verge of extinction. The following tables have been compiled with a view to enable students of breeding lore and others interested in that subject to classify at a glance the candidates for stud honours at the present day. Out of respect for ancient traditions we have tabulated the sires accordingly as they trace their descent 'in tail male' from the three Eastern stocks to which the origin of the modern thoroughbred has been referred by the common consent of pundits and professors. Our re-arrangement of them under the various heads of 'houses' may be considered somewhat arbitrary, but a totally new complexion has come over the aspect of the different families since any attempt has been made to reduce them to a comprehensive form in the shape now presented to our readers. Old 'landmarks' have been removed by death, and we have had to make fresh starting-points, in order to meet the requirements of a later generation. In some cases, however, we have been compelled to retain former distinctions of families, merely for lack of any subse-

quent descendants worthy to supplant them in giving their name to the tribe; and in more than one instance we have given greater prominence to some collateral branch without interfering with the regular succession of the original stock. Thus, no claimants have arisen to shake the thrones of such standing dishes as Defence, Alarm, and, perhaps, Venison; but the importance of the Bird-catcher offshoot from Sir Hercules has quite dwarfed the parent tree, which we have traced separately downwards; and in like manner Sweetmeat has founded an especial family of his own, though Gladiator is still otherwise represented. Again, the 'accursed house' of Blacklock has been so split up and divided, that we hold ourselves justified in starting afresh with the heads of a certain class represented by his descendants; in short, we have pitched upon names for the most part familiar as household words among the most superficial students of pedigrees, and in conversational use among breeders as denoting certain stand-points in the general fusion of the various bloods. The heads of houses, then, upon whatever principle selected, have been printed in capital letters, the names of their living representatives being given in ordinary type, with the year of their birth attached; while those in italics and without dates represent 'dead lines,' merely pressed into our service to form a connecting link between the founder of the line and succeeding generations. Thus, *Lord Clifden* is interposed between Newminster and Winslow, and *Knowsley* between Stockwell and Rupert, in order to preserve the chain of blood unbroken and to facilitate future reference. With regard to our sins of omission and commission—of the former it may be said that we have, to the best of our ability, made the tables as comprehensive as possible; and if any distinguished names have been omitted, the fault must be considered to lie with owners who have not duly advertised their sires, that being the only means of ascertaining what animals are at the public service in England. For obvious reasons we have omitted many of the 'small 'deer' who have yet their spurs to win; and in the present state of Irish feelings relative to breeding, we have not thought it worth while to catalogue or to notice in any way the band of brothers retained for the benefit of patriots across St. George's Channel. On the other hand, if we appear here and there to have given undue prominence to certain nonentities, it has been for the sake of illustrating a succession or indicating the last representative of an old family which it may be considered worth while to resuscitate. It is, of course, difficult to gauge such an essentially floating population as the sires of the day, but omissions can in most cases be easily supplied and corrections made of the inaccuracies inevitable in the compilation of the tables now presented. And, having regard to the possibility of these being separately published in connection with a more extended notice than our limited space in these pages permits of, any additions or alterations suggested by those possessing a wider experience than we can boast will be gratefully adopted and engrafted upon a later issue of this Tripos of Turf honours.

DARLEY ARABIAN.

TOUCHSTONE.

- *Newminster.*
  - Newcastle, '56.
  - Adventurer, '59. → Pretender, '66.
  - Beadle, '61.
  - Cathedral, '61. → Landmark, 69.
  - Victorious, '61.
  - The Peer, '63.
  - Stratheonan, '63.
  - Vespasian, '63.
  - Hermit, '64.
  - Cardinal York, '66.
  - *Lord Clifden.* → {Wenlock, Winslow} '69.
- Wamba, 57.
- *Orlando.*
  - Marsyas, '51. → {Mars, '65. Albert Victor, '68.}
  - F. Roland, '51. → {Hanstead, '62. Distin, '64. Y. Trumpeter, '64. Q. Messenger, '69.}
  - Trumpeter, '56.
  - Lacydes, '59.
  - Deerswood, '60.
  - Chattanooga, '62.
  - Liddington, '62.
  - *C. d'Industrie.* → {Narbonne, '60. Friponnier, '64.}
  - *Teddington.* → Moulsey, '61.
  - *Orestes.* → Orest, '57.
- Atherstone, '58.
- Lord of the Isles, '53.
  - Scottish Chief, '61.
  - K. of the Forest, '68.
- *Surplice.*
  - *Pylades.*
    - N. Lincoln, '56.
    - Suffolk, '65.
- *Ithuriel.*
  - *Longbow.*
    - Toxophilite, '55.
    - Musket, '67.
- *Cotherstone.*
  - [Glenmasson.]
    - Vestminster, '66.
- *De Clare.*
  - Stentor, '60.

HARKAWAY.

- King Tom, '51.
  - Master Fenton, '59.
  - Old Calabar, '59.
  - Wingrave, '59.
  - Mogador, '60.
  - Warrior, '61.
  - Restitution, '65.
  - Kingcraft, '67.
  - King o' Scots, '67.
  - The Baron. '67.
- *Idle Boy.*
  - Idler, '61.
  - Ceylon, '63.
  - [Pretty Boy.]
    - Barbillon, '69.

DEFENCE.

- *Emperor.*
  - *Monarque.*
    - Gladiateur, '62.
    - Le Maréchal, '60.
    - Gondolier, '65.
    - Boulogne, '66.

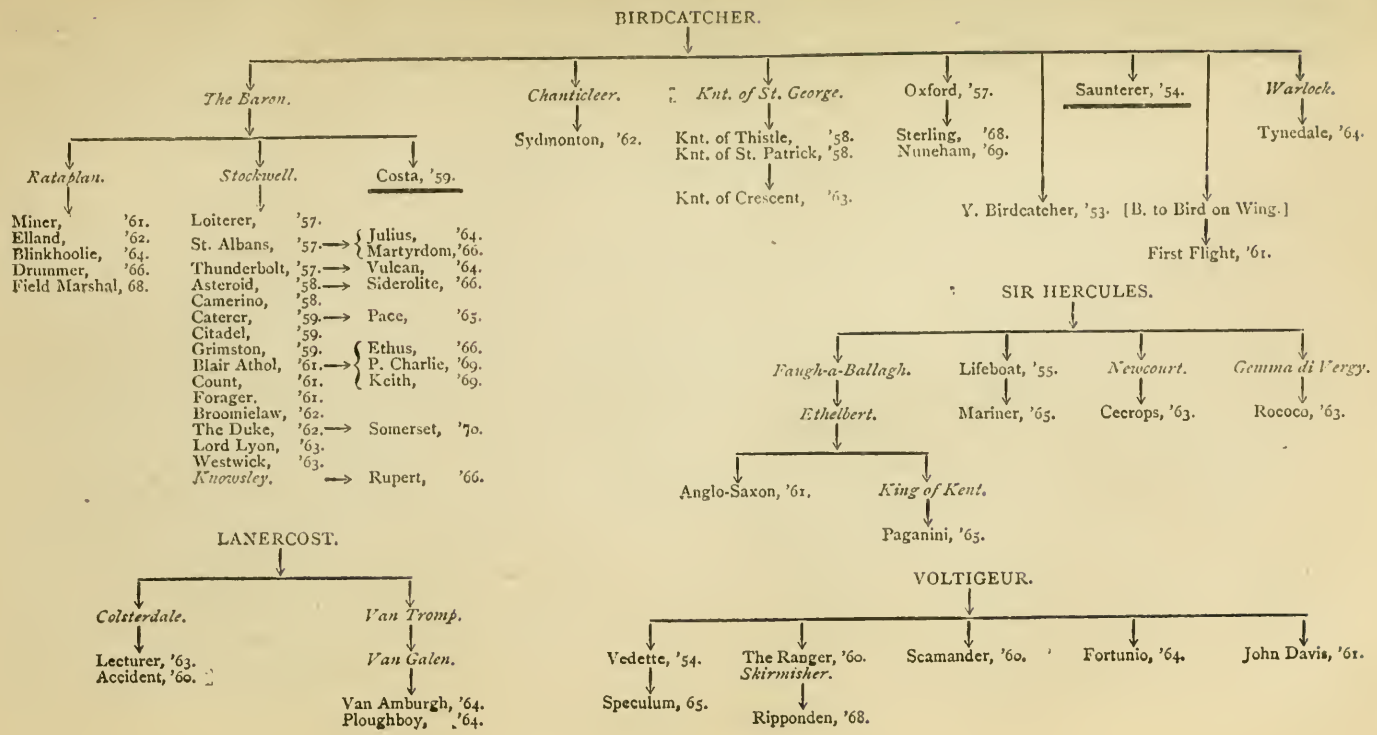
WEATHERBIT.

- *Beadsman.*
  - The Palmer, '64.
  - Rosicrucian, '65.
  - Pero Gomez, '66.
- Brown Bread, '62.
- Mandrake, '64.
  - COSSACK.
    - Alcibiade, '60.

THE CURE.

- Underhand, '54.
  - The Spy, '65.
- *Lambton.*
  - Brahma, '62.

DARLEY ARABIAN.



BYERLEY TURK.

SWEETMEAT.
- Parmesan, '57.
  - D'Estournel, '64.
  - Favonius, '68.
  - Cremorne, '69.
- Macaroni, '60.
  - Macgregor, '67.
- *Saccharometer.*
  - Vanderdecken, '69.
- Lozenge, 60.

GLADIATOR.
- *Fitz Gladiator.*
  - Montagnard, '64.

PANTALOON.
- *Windhound.*
  - *Thormanby.*
    - Normanby, '67.
    - Merry Sunshine, '70.
  - Windham, '61.

VENISON.
- *Kingston.*
  - Man-at-Arms, '57.
  - Blue Mantle, '60.
  - Ely, '61.
  - King John, '61.

ALARM.
- Commotion, '54.
- Suspicion, '61.

WILD DAYRELL.
- [Buccaneer.]
  - Paul Jones, '65.
  - See-Saw, '65.
- The Rake, '64.
- Idus, '67.
- Wild Moor, '63.
- Wild Oats, '69.

BAY MIDDLETON.
- *Flying Dutchman.*
  - Cape Flyaway, '57.
  - Amsterdam, '55.
- *Andover.*
  - Cramond, '57.

GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

MELBOURNE.
- *W. Australian.*
  - Joskin, '56.
  - Bonnyfield, '58.
- Y. Melbourne, '55.
  - Gen. Peel, '61.
  - The Earl, '65.
  - B. to Strafford, '65.
  - Pell Mell, '69.
- A. Wellesley, '51.
  - Royal Rake, '66.
  - Mornington, '68.
- Oulston, '52.
  - Benvoglio, '62.
- *P. Minister.*
  - Knt. of Garter, '64.
- Mentmore, '55.

JERRY.
- *Tomboy.*
  - *Nutwith.*
    - Knt. of Kars, '55.
- *Jericho.*
  - Promised Land, '56.
- *J. Diddler.*
  - Sundeelah, '61.

'The Druid' fixes the date of the fusion of the Darley, Byerley, and Godolphin strains at the union of Waxy with Penelope by Trumpeter, the magnificent results of which were the births of Whalebone and Whisker at the Duke of Grafton's paddocks. Since that distant date the bloods have gone on intermingling until all distinction of families, save as a matter of sentiment, may be said to have disappeared. With them, too, have perished many a maxim of breeders relating to the success of certain crosses, and upholders of the 'Waxy upon 'Blacklock,' and such like strains in these days, would seem to partake of the same antiquated notions as those who refer the peculiarities of races of the present day to unions among the remnant of mankind saved in the ark. We are therefore at liberty to adopt what principle we choose in discussing the various tribes, and shall accordingly select that of numerical importance, which brings us to notice those classes collected and arranged under the powerful headship of the Darley Arabian.

The excessive preponderance of the TOUCHSTONE and Birdcatcher representatives can be seen at a glance. Not only have their intrinsic merits as racehorses made perpetuation so desirable, but of late years the results of alliances between the families have been auspicious enough to be considered as almost a royal road to success in breeding; and the 'orthodox cross' is confidently regarded even by sceptics in the science. Moreover the charm has worked both ways, for while their name is legion and fame universal which have their origin from 'Birdcatcher or Touchstone,' we have examples of the 'nick reverse ways' in such horses as Vespasian, the most famous miler of his day, and the two St. Leger winners, Wenlock and Apology.

Taking first the Newminster line, the claim to precedence of which few are likely to call in question, we find it both numerously and strongly represented. Newcastle has almost slid out of memory, but Adventurer has worked his way nobly almost to the top of the tree, and has raised up a successor in Pretender, the first of whose stud has already run and won. The Beadle is just starting in life; but Cathedral's great claims have at length come to be fully recognised, and old John Osborne's pet need never look behind him again. Victorious has done well, but should be capable of still better things; and we thought The Peer a very neat horse last year, despite his relationship to the gaunt Fisherman. Strathconan, we are glad to hear, has lost that soft currish look which detracted so sadly from 'the grey's' form whilst in training; and Yorkshire still stands loyally by old 'Rat's' successor at Tickhill. Mr. Blenkiron has certainly given a very long price for Vespasian; and his quondam stable companion, the Hermit, is essentially *faber fortunæ suæ*, for merit and not fashion has raised him to his present high position. Of Lord Clifden it need only be said that his death was a national loss; but our regrets should be tempered by the reflection that in Wenlock and Winslow we have no unworthy successor to the King of Dewhurst. Wamba has long lived in obscurity, but we suppose Lord Freddy's Truth gelding 'will out' some day, and really

the jester's breeding is orthodox to a degree. Orlando has left behind him a long list of sons, headed by old Marsyas, whose place will not unworthily be filled by Albert Victor, while Mars (out of Macgregor's dam) has lately been attracting the notice of breeders. Fitz-Roland must be written down as a failure; and though Trumpeter fills his sire's box at Hampton Court worthily enough, he seems latterly to have fallen upon evil days. His children, Hanstead, Distin, and Young Trumpeter, have all sired winners, though none as yet of very high class; and in Queen's Messenger he has another aspirant for stud honours. Harking back again to Orlando, we have that very neat and useful horse Orest keeping up the family charter with his speedy stock; and though Newry, he is as yet a 'single speed Hamilton;' Lacydes must take all credit for having begotten so grand-looking a horse. Deerswood is nearly related to Cambuscan, but we know nothing of him as yet; and Chattanooga and Liddington were a pair of sensational roarers in the year when France first made her mark with the mighty Gladiateur.

Chevalier d'Industrie's mantle has descended on Narbonne and Friponnier, but the strain is too 'washy' to be popular; and in Moulsey we have a scion of the greyhound Teddington, but cast in far more massive mould than his sire, and giving promise of doing good service to his country in time to come. Atherstone has been rather a disappointing horse, and has never got one so good as himself; while Soapstone, the very last of Touchstone's, has given earnest of better things in France.

The Lord of the Isles' descent is far too poorly represented for such a handsome and excellent race; and inasmuch as Dundee (sire of the expatriated Marksman) has practically entered into private life, we have omitted all mention of him; but we still have the handsome Scottish Chief in full vigour amongst us, and the succession of the 'sherry bay' rests so far with the sterling little King of the Forest.

Surplice's great Turf reputation was not sustained by his labours as a patriarch, and it was by the merest chance that his son Pylades begot North Lincoln before his early death. With that very grand horse Suffolk, however, there is no danger of the Surplice title altogether lapsing, even if North Lincoln should fail in making such another happy hit.

The Ithuriel branch survives in Musket, and each generation seems to acquire increasing stoutness, for Longbow was a mere noisy miler, and 'Tox' never got credit for gluttonous propensities over a distance. Musket is a valuable legacy from Lord Glasgow, and his sire has further shown his ability to get stayers in the case of Royal George.

Cotherstone's line was hardly worth tracing down now that Stilton is dead; but through the speedy Glenmasson we arrive at Vestminster, whose Cambridgeshire and Lincoln victories will doubtless give him a lift at the stud.

Stentor is De Clare's sole legacy, but we have not yet set eyes

on this French importation, though some folks in the North describe him as a very grand horse, and he is Whitewall-bred to the backbone.

The HARKAWAY family-tree strikes out into two branches, having King Tom and the defunct Idle Boy for their origins. 'Tom' still flourishes at Mentmore, where he has held his court so long, and has seen 'goodly sons grow by his side' during twenty years of service in the Vale. Long may he be spared to answer Markham's greeting, and to fill the home pastures with mares of the Zephyr and Hannah type!

Master Fenton and Old Calabar are contemporaries; and while the former has no progeny worth naming, the 'nobbler's prey' can only boast of the irrepressible Indian Ocean. Wingrave should at least have a good advertisement in Lilian; and the slashing Mogador has come out strong with Pathfinder in the 'jumping business.' The hoary Warrior finds a home at Highfield after his labours at Epsom and more melting moments at Boston, where Benvoglio now reigns in his stead, but is hardly held in such high favour as the grey. Restitution has just made his mark with a clever youngster, and is said to be quite a chip of the old block at Mentmore; and King-craft, after having rather captivated 'excited Yorkshire' while under Mr. Martin's care, has come South once more, and neighs his challenge from the top of the hill at Park Paddocks. We have seen some very likely-looking ones by that arch-rogue the beautifully-topped King o'Scots; and wherever The Baron may be located, his list of foals is a strong one.

Idler and Ceylon (winner of the Grand Prix de Paris) are the pillars of the house of Idle Boy, whom we have introduced more for the sake of Barbillon than for any inherent excellencies of the blood. This half French-bred one draws his being from Pretty Boy, the Goodwood Stakes hero of 1853, and has been more successful on the French Turf than in this country, where he flew at game rather too high for him.

To France we have also to look for her preservation of the DEFENCE line, through The Emperor and Monarque down to Gladiateur and his relatives. The rather coarse and angular avenger of Waterloo, in spite of the best chances and highest patronage, has hitherto failed dismally to realise the rosy predictions of his fuglemen. There is still time before him; but unsuccessful stallions are like fallen angels, and their chances of achieving something worthy of the gates of Paradise being once more unfolded are continually growing more slender. Le Maréchal has good action to recommend him; but of Gondolier and Boulogne we know nothing, save that their Turf reputations were rather of the 'airy' order, though the latter can boast of being an own brother to the redoubtable Henry.

WEATHERBIT owes the revival of the glories of the old Sheet Anchor line almost entirely to the departed Beadsman, by whom Sir Joseph Hawley stood so manfully during all the disappointments of a rather neglected existence. The 'three-cornered brown,' however, well repaid his master's fidelity, and, though Blue Gown has left us, we

have still the handsome Palmer and elegant Rosicrucian to enrich our strains of blood, and Pero Gomez can boast an influential following among the breeders of England. Brown Bread's connection with the famous 'Agnes' family has carried no small weight with his admirers; and if his performances were not of the highest class, his claims to favour are sufficiently strong to insure him a fair trial. Mandrake is a horse possessing far superior credentials, and as a Cup winner he seems bound to take high rank. His promotion to a box at Mentmore is due to the foresight and enterprise of the managers of that establishment, and he will have a chance second to none among the late Baron's collection of mares.

Followers of the Hetman Platoff branch of the Blacklock family can gratify their inclinations towards THE COSSACK blood by giving a turn to Alcibiade; while THE CURE is ably represented by his corky son Underhand and his grandson The Spy; and the compact Lambton must fall back upon Brahma in default of any more distinguished survivor.

While we are among the Blacklocks, the remainder of the family may as well be despatched before we proceed to commence a second portion of our article with the great Birdcatcher division of the Darley Arabian tribe.

As The Cure and Cossack represent, through their respective sires, Physician and Hetman Platoff, the Brutandorf descent, so the name of VOLTIGEUR stands out in bold relief as a scion of the Voltaire branch. Vedette may now claim to be 'head of the family;' and as no horse has been more mismanaged or neglected than the sire of Galopin, we may hope for something better still now that Mr. Gee has advanced him to so high a position at Dewhurst. Meanwhile his name is likely to be kept before the public through Speculum, who has recently joined the fifty-guinea division of sires, and has been credited with some most useful stock. With the defunct Skirmisher we have bracketed his brother The Ranger, and most of the tribe possess fine action; but we much question whether their hearts are in the right place. Ripponden is another of the same water; and Scamander, Fortunio, and John Davis are a trio of handicap horses who have yet to make their way in the world. So that there is still plenty of life in this much-abused generation of horseflesh, with no danger of failure of issue while Kaiser and Spectator remain amongst us. The Velocipede branch, too, which at one time threatened to finish abruptly in the hollow-backed King of Trumps, is likely enough to enjoy a revival in Thorn, after his labours at Ashgill are over and the raking chestnut knows Johnny Osborne and the orange and black hoops no more. The Blacklock line, through Buzzard, is extinct; and thus we bring our labours to a conclusion for the present, taking up our parable on some future occasion with the remnant of the Darley Arabian division, and commencing with the Birdcatcher fraternity, a branch of such importance as to have almost entirely overgrown the parent tree of Sir Hercules.

AMPHION.

KILDARE RED-COAT RACE.

'Septimi Gades aditure mecum.'

No, my Septimius! let us not steer to the Pillars of Hercules. Let us rather, obedient to the refrain of the charming *prima donna* of the drawing-room, whom we all listened to with such silent rapture last night as she warbled

'O steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.'

And, having made the port of Kingstown, let us intrust ourselves to that patent safety coach of tortoise speed and tortoise sureness the Great Southern and Western Railway, and take our tickets for Straffan Station, first telegraphing for 'an outsider' (it may fortune to prove 'outsiders any price,' in the jargon of the ring); for our destination, Septimius, is yon green hill, some two or three miles distant, which dominates the park of Bishopscourt, and is itself more or less overshadowed by the wooded heights of Lord Cloncurry's fine pleasaunce of Lyons. See, as we leave the station, how the commanding knoll is becoming peopled with bright bits of colour. In a few minutes more it will be animated as an ant-hill in effervescence and commotion, while already a dark background is formed by drags, coaches, and carriages of all sorts, kinds, and complexions. While we ourselves are gradually getting into a sort of queue of the cars and croydons of the period, we have ample leisure to mark the traces of the recent heavy snow-fall on the summits and rifted sides of the Dublin and Wicklow range. Our Jehu—who is hardly up to the standard of the *stage* car-driver (no pun is intended), but a pleasant man enough, if more reticent of speech than many of his countrymen, 'softened' or 'unsoftened' by that great Home-ruler and heart-stirrer John Jamieson—has informed us that at an early hour yesterday snow was falling thick and fast till succeeded, in the afternoon, by copious rain, while the surface water on the field of this very morning was coated over with thin ice scales. Fortunately, an unclouded and unchequered sun had by one o'clock removed every vestige of Jack Frost's malignities; and if an undertone of chilliness pervaded the whole atmosphere, and made sealskins and sables, Ulsters and undervests near and dear friends not to be lightly parted with or cast off, 'What a glorious day!' was the usual and common commentary of exchange on the influences of air, earth, and sky on the large gallery of spectators, who had been, apparently, conveyed from every point of the compass to the northern slopes of Oughterard Hill to witness the last scene of the Kildare hunting drama—enacted, of course, with appropriate costume and all suitable accessories. Ascending slowly the hill-slope by an easy gradient, a number of led horses pass us, but their *entourage*, and the fashion of their sadlery

and clothing, at once assure us that one and all come straight from hunting and not racing stables, though they have one and all the stamp of unmistakable good-breeding and Eastern lineage about them. The attendant lads, too, are no types of either Newmarket, Yorkshire, or even Melton. They are Kildare outwardly and inwardly; they believe in their stable representative; and, with owners or a 'right' man up, it will go hard with them if the ring don't win or lose the best part of a month's wages from them on the impending event.

Arrived at the inevitable gate, and its toll settled, let us saunter about, Septimius, and survey mankind and womankind from base to summit, on foot and horseback, lounging in landaus, or 'throwing of 'great leps' as they take preliminaries on foot over the likeliest and most sensational bits of the tournament arena. The upper gallery is, for the nonce, the grand tier, and has been occupied in force considerable by the lords of the soil, the autochthons, and those whom Kildare attracts to her borders from many a distant county and shire. Carton has sent thither the younger members of her most ducal family—the Fitzgeralds—who, from this little eyrie, survey a vale of which almost every acre is strewn with some tradition of their ancestral doings. The Marchioness of Drogheda has imported to Ireland all her county and kinsfolks' zeal and devotion for field sports, and most especially for hippic games. Lord Clonmell's marquee on a corner of the hillside is very conspicuous among the darker carriages; and be sure, whether his Lordship returns a victor or a vanquished jouster from the fray, his pleasant welcome and cordial insistence, not to speak of an unmistakable *menu*, will make said tent a most tremendous attraction to all that is bright and jolly, as well as hungry and thirsty, in an hour or two. Mr. Forbes's dark-blue omnibus (his racing colours), and the coach of the 4th Dragoon Guards, may seem a representation of the imported elements. They are well freighted, and in another hour or two will be turned into hospices for the refreshment of wayworn pilgrims in this green wilderness. A fair expanse meets the eye as it ranges from the attractions near and around to survey the more distant prospect. It is the great Liffey valley which, after a rapid and hurried rush from the Wicklow hills, now flows stately and sinuous through that flat grass prairie which lies between the two trunk lines of Ireland's railway system. Immediately under us is the tilting ground, if we may borrow the chivalrous nomenclature; and as it is treeless and hedgerowless, every object on its superfices is very perceptible to field-glass or keen eye from our coign of vantage, a straight silver streak running from west to east forms its northern boundary This is the Grand Canal, and the course consists of an elongated oval, of which rather more than a mile will be parallel to this waterway. It is clothed in Ireland's green livery, though 'tis a seedy grassy livery, and not the rich emerald hue in which the island is generally pranked after a course of April's genial showers, but wearing rather the blighted aspect caused by weeks of

easterly and northerly blasts. One, and only one, little bit of umber testifies to the rare existence of tillage in these pastoral lands, and this the contending knights will have to cross before they enter the winning field. But one o'clock has struck, and scarlet-coated figures are moving about under the hill, and gradually a considerable ring is collected round a tall, commanding figure, who, with pencil in hand and an assistant handy, is organising preliminary matters. This is the Marquis of Drogheda, who, whether at Punchestown or the Curragh, always takes the lion's share of hard work and head work, most fortunately for the community among whom he lives, moves, and has his being. His assistant is Mr. W. S. Gray, a well-known figure at racecourses, and between them they are weighing out the eighteen riders who are coloured on the card of the day. Familiarity with racing scenes and details has made the typical confusion and search for whips, saddles, leads, and suchlike less conspicuous here than in most similar tableaux where the unprofessional element is supreme. But who is this in racing costume as to his lower man, with a brown billicock hat and voluminous red coat on the upper deck, and that look of pace and go about him which speaks of a wider experience than the hunting field affords? This is Captain Greville Nugent, *ci-devant* Master of the Westmeath Hounds and M.P. for the same county. He has latterly devoted himself more to his chasing constituents than any other interests, and his presence on the scene is a signal for an explosion which is a most unmistakable, if disguised, compliment to the gallant Captain's powers. A large section of the riders protest against his riding — as if even George Fordham could turn a slow hunter into an Eclipse by the magic of his hand and heel! But the protest is useless, for the Captain is a Member of the Hunt; and the Protestant spirit finds its object in Mr. O'Connor Morris, who, though specially invited to enter his hunters, is not (*pour cause*) a member of this or any other hunt in Ireland. Technicality and the terror of the little Captain prevail, and Lord Drogheda announces that Mr. Morris's pair are disqualified. However, a ride is a ride, and they accompany the red cohort, who, piloted by that veteran sportsman and famous welter-weight, Captain Warburton, proceed to the starting point, some quarter of a mile distant. Very little time is cut into at the post; no false starts; no fines or reprimands; all the horses were well in hand, and there was none of the fractiousness of a sprinting scurry. The flag fell to a capital start, and in a few seconds the purple-clad mass had divided like a fan, as each rider spotted a place for himself in the initial obstacle—a wide ditch, prefaced in a few spots by a low post and rail, in others by a margin of thorn. The course was a left-handed one throughout; but after the first fence, which all crossed successfully, a rather sharp turn had to be made, which told its tale on raking, unhandy horses. Nothing new occurs to stop progress till a fine rampart-like double, with a top on which a large party might picnic, bars the way, and tests the schooling of the running horses not a little. One or two

refuse point-blank; a third shies at the marking flag, which flutters in the air with much resonance. Westown, Lord Clonmell's most hunting-like mount, overjumps himself with vaulting ambition, and falls on the other side, his Lordship most narrowly escaping a mud bath. By this time the eighteen horses have most distinct positions in the line of march. General Seymour, who is riding his A. D. C.'s hunter, Simon, makes the pace very severe—considering that he is on a good stout hunter, 'tis true, but with fourteen stone in the saddle and a few thoroughbreds behind him—and with him are Mr. Morris's Satanella, Mr. Maher's Spring Flower, Captain Lawless's Ecossais, his own St. Patrick, and Captain Schawbe's Emperor, the latter apparently outpaced already. A very small bit of light plough, a bank and ditch, and the irregular line is galloping at top speed over the large field overlooked by the spectacular hill I have alluded to without any great change in the position of affairs, except that Lord Cloncurry, on Handicap, has crept up a little bit. Out of this bit of galloping ground, the first barrier is a single, with a newly cut-down bank and much loose clay about its edge; some grief ensues here: then follow a few easy hunting fences, and the line is now parallel to the Grand Canal—the best of going, but barred by two wide ditches and menacing banks, one very irregular, which cause some refusings among good hunters who never decline anything in season if the pace were only sustained to hunting measure, which it certainly is not, so they now make or *forge* their own checks; and at this point a number of both light and heavy-weights are disposed of, and make homeward tracks or short cuts. A road next intervenes, and two single fences have to be jumped in and out, which further weed the reduced red troop; and here four horses form a little *parti carré* quite to themselves: these are Satanella, St. Patrick, Sweet Pea, with Ecossais and the Hon. E. Lawless not far behind. Satanella has been pulling very hard all the way, and has a good lead at the double, where she overjumps herself and falls heavily on the off-side, girths, &c., smashing in the fall. The race is now a duel between the light-weights, Sweet Pea and St. Patrick, and as the latter hit his leg at the last fence, and thus disposed of his prospects, Sweet Pea comes in a winner absolute. Ecossais has beaten all the fourteen-stone class easily, his nearest neighbour being Captain Lee's Simon, admirably ridden by General Seymour. That the pace was a very strong one is evidenced by the enormous discrepancy of distance between the winner and the last of the valiant strugglers who rode the line—still more strongly by the unanimity of watches, which made the time twelve or twelve and a half minutes. Supposing the distance to have been four miles, as intended, this would be extremely and improbably fast; but probably the limit of three miles was not much exceeded, and even this would make the time very fair indeed. The choice of the ground was simply admirable, for riders, horses and spectators, as almost every fence was perceptible; and if in one or two places the fences recurred rather too quickly for chasing form, for a hunting

test they could not have been more happily placed. Hitherto these laurel crowns (not ungilt) have fallen mainly to visitors, such as Mr. Forbes, Mr. Bushe, and Mr. O'C. Morris. This year, by a happy and not undeserved coincidence, they fell to the two men who may be considered as representative Kildare men in the light and heavy division—Mr. Fortescue Tynte and the Hon. E. Lawless. Needless to say that both wins were intensely popular.

The Greville-phobia was hardly consistent with what was imagined to be Kildare form, and led to some amusing eccentricities.

In the Farmers' Race, which followed, no less than thirteen came to the post; but three had it much to themselves, all securing prizes, and the third horse showed considerable stamina by winning a Consolation Stake directly afterwards—a hunting-like grey, having Cruisk for sire, and The Last of the Barons for grandsire.

Septimius, Kildare must be a most enjoyable county, and hunting a grand institution, when its last page is so bright in incident!'

THE KILDARE RED-COAT RACE, a Sweepstakes of £3 3s.; about 4 Miles.

Heavy-weights, 14 st. and upwards.

Hon. E. Lawless's b. g. Ecossais, aged	Owner (1).
Capt. Lee's b. g. Simon, by Kinnaird, 6 years	Gen. Seymour (2).
Lord Cloncurry's Handicap, aged	Owner.
Capt. Tuthill's b. g. Hussar, aged	Mr. Blacker.
The Earl of Clonmell's b. g. Westown	Owner.
Mr. E. Mansfield's ch. g. Forester, by Woodman, 6 years	Owner.
Capt. R. Mansfield's b. g. Rushlight, aged	Owner.
Mr. Forbes's b. g. The Gunner, by Artillery, aged	Owner.
Mr. Maher's br. g. Tom King, by Solon, carried 14 st. 2 lbs.	Mr. Williams.
Mr. M. O'C. Morris's b. g. Charles Lamb, by Prince Arthur, aged, carried 14 st. 6 lbs.	Owner.

Light-weights, 12 st. and upwards.

Mr. F. Tynte's ch. m. Sweet Pea, by Chit Chat, d. by Bashful, aged	Owner (1).
Gen. Seymour's gr. h. St. Patrick, 5 years	Mr. Gage (2).
Capt. Schawbe's ch. g. Emperor, 6 years	Mr. P. Latouche (3).
Commander Forde's Amphitrite	Mr. Keville Davies.
Capt. Loyd's b. g. Alured, aged	Owner.
Mr. O'C. Morris's b. m. Satanella, aged	Hon. Greville Nugent.
Mr. Maher's br. g. Spring Flower, 6 years	Capt. Bates.
Mr. Mahoney's ch. g. Victor, aged	Owner.

A FEW CASTS WITH A FLY-ROD.

'Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning.'—IZAAK WALTON.

'CANST thou draw out leviathan with an hook?' is a question which proves that fishing was known and practised in the time of Job; and since those days of high antiquity the art has been developed in successive stages, until the present perfect system of fly-fishing has been arrived at. From being originally followed as a means of supplyin

food, it has now come to be classed among the health-giving and pleasurable recreations included under the essentially British term 'Sport;' and such are its fascinations, that fishing has not only been pursued by poets and philosophers, but its accompanying charms have been frequently extolled in their writings, while proficients in the art have exhausted the subject in the many works they have issued, giving valuable experiences, laying down excellent rules, and propounding theories alternately upheld or rejected.

Sydney Smith says that fly-fishing is a 'light, volatile, dissipated 'pursuit;' nevertheless, and at the risk of repeating some of the writers aforesaid, for 'there is no new thing under the sun,' we propose to say a few words on that branch of the 'gentle craft.' Let it not be supposed that we select *fly*-fishing specially for our theme as being the most killing method of luring fish to the basket—the worm and the spinning minnow are on occasion far more deadly—but because the pleasures accessory to that pastime are the most varied and attractive, and because its successful pursuit, calling for the display of the greatest skill, results in corresponding triumph.

The principal fish angled for with the fly in the United Kingdom are the salmon, the trout in its varieties, and the grayling.

The salmon (*Salmo salar*) is the largest and best of our fresh-water fish, migrating to the rivers from the sea annually, for the purpose of spawning, after which it returns to salt water. The young fry, called parr, remain in the rivers until the spring following their hatching, and then, as smolts, descend to the sea, returning in about two months as grilse. Again going to the sea, they return a second time full-grown salmon. Salmon appear to attain sizes proportionate to their native rivers. In small streams they seldom exceed 15 lbs., while such rivers as the Tweed and the Shannon produce very large fish. Salmon after spawning are called kelts, black or red fish, and are unseasonable until they have accomplished another migration. The close time, or fence months, varies in different districts: it may be generally stated to extend from the 15th of October to the 15th of January.

The great expense of salmon-fishing bars this magnificent sport to most. Its enjoyment can only be compassed by possession, a kind friend, or a long purse. We once asked an Irish professional piscator if we might hope to have some good salmon-fishing in a certain locality in the south-west of the Emerald Isle: 'Be jabers, yer 'honour!' replied he, 'ye'll be tired flingin' 'em.' Mark the word—not catching, but flinging, as an urchin with stick, string, and crooked pin might throw sticklebacks over his shoulder. Well, we went there, and only killed, on an average, a salmon in a fortnight. But never shall we forget the delight of playing a lively 5-lb. peal —*Scottice*, grilse—with a very light single-handed trout-rod for twenty-nine minutes by watch, and landing him, or a 13-lb. salmon, hooked foul in the ventral fin, which it took us one hour and fifty-two minutes to kill. Once we had a salmon on, which jumped quite out of the water and lay on the grass of the opposite bank;

so, propping up our rod with a forked stick, we crossed the river as best we could, and no sooner approached our friend than he jumped in again. Luckily, the prop held the rod, which of itself played the fish until we got back and finally secured him. Another salmon-fishing experience, related by a friend, amused us so much that we recorded it in verse. Let the few lines of doggrel tell the tale :

'As I fished down the river, his rod in his hand,
I found Billy Green at my favourite stand,
With a fine salmon hooked, which adroitly to play,
While staggering drunk, he did vainly essay ;
So I seized his coat-tails to save him a swim,
And as he played the fish, I deftly played *him*,
Till the salmon I gaffed and brought to the land,
And Billy subsided in peace on the strand,
Where the fish and his captor together lay prone
By excess, or by drought, alike being undone.'

The white trout, sea or salmon-trout (*Salmo trutta*) is very similar to the salmon in its habits. It is a shorter fish comparatively, and its tail is more square. One of 10 lbs. is a heavy fish. White trout are, however, occasionally met with larger, and have been caught weighing over 20 lbs. They ascend the rivers on the west coast of Ireland in great numbers about July, and are the gamest fish taken with the fly. We remember a white trout of 6 lbs. on a large lake running straight away with eighty yards of our line, and then coming to a full stop. On rowing up to him, he was found quite dead, the backward drag of that length of line having opened his gills and drowned him.

The sewin of Wales seems to be but a variety of the white trout, and enters the rivers debouching on the coast of the Bristol Channel, the Towy, Loughor, Ogmore, &c., in considerable quantities with the floods of, and after, midsummer. The Welsh claim the sewin to be a distinct species, and it has been named *Salmo Cambricus ;* but the tendency of that people is to glorify their own, and even sometimes to appropriate what is not their own. A Welsh parson, dining at a table on which was set a splendid turbot, turned to his host with the inquiry, 'I peg you pardon, sir, but was he' (pointing to the turbot) 'cot in Tow*ee?*' The sewin is a most lively fish, and affords excellent sport for the rod.

The bull trout (*Salmo eriox*) is like the salmon, but thicker in the nape and shoulders. It rarely exceeds 15 lbs. in weight, but feeds voraciously, and gives good sport. Besides the above, there are the great lake trout and the gillaroo trout ; the latter a peculiar fish, with a gizzard like a bird. These are more frequently killed with the spinning bait than with the fly.

But the prince of fish for the angler is the common brown trout (*Salmo fario*). More sport, in the aggregate, is obtained from this beautiful fish than from all the others ; for he is to be found in nearly all our rivers and brooks, and is accessible to many beyond

whose means lies the pursuit of the lordly salmon. The brown trout is too well known to need much description. Reaching perfect condition in June, after the Mayfly is gone, his olive back, studded with black, and his golden side, sprinkled with scarlet spots, present a lovely picture. Trout vary considerably, even in the same river, according to the variations in its bed. Preferring swift and gravelly streams, they are there generally bright and light coloured, while in boggy water they become of a dark saffron hue, and sometimes nearly black. Trout weigh from a few ounces to 3 lbs. or 4 lbs., rarely 10 lbs. Fishing with the natural Mayfly on Lough Arrow, we one day killed eleven trout averaging 4 lbs. each; the heaviest being 7 lbs. The special haunts of trout in any particular stream can only be ascertained by experience; tails of rapids—in the height of summer, when rivers are low, the rapids themselves—spots sheltered by stones, which break the current, and under projecting banks, are all favourite places. Trout are most capricious, though ravenous, feeders, and will sometimes rise very freely for half an hour or so (called 'the time of the take'); and at others the angler has hard work to add an occasional fish to his basket. 2 lbs. per hour is first-rate performance in trout-fishing. We have lost a fly in striking a trout, and, fishing over the same spot twenty minutes afterwards, caught him and recovered the fly fast in his mouth. Frequently have we caught two trout at a time, and, occasionally, in Hampshire, a trout with one fly and a perch with the other. The season for trouting begins generally in April and lasts till the end of September. Warm, cloudy days, with a smart breeze from west or south are the best for trout-fishing, and the times, before twelve and after two; but the conditions desirable for this sport vary with the months, and are altogether doubtful and difficult to determine. A certain knowledge of promising weather is, however, most essential. We certainly consider the results of one really good day's trout-fishing to be payment in full for many bad ones.

It remains only to take a slight notice of the grayling, or umber (*Salmo thymallus*). This fish is so local as to be comparatively little known. He occurs in Hampshire, Yorkshire, Shropshire, &c., and his great merit is that he is in his prime in December, when other fly-caught fish are out of season. He is hog-backed, with large eyes and tapering body, smelling like a cucumber. The grayling is seldom more than sixteen inches in length; but, being a fish that would afford much amusement to fly-fishers on mild days in winter, it is a pity that his habitats are not artificially extended. Perhaps in these days of pisciculture they soon may be.

Beautifully made flies can be procured from the tackle shops at most reasonable rates; but, where leisure and aptitude admit, the pleasures of fly-fishing are greatly enhanced to the fisherman who can dress his own. The possessor of this acquirement does not need to encumber his book with a quantity of imitations of imaginary insects. With a few standard flies and the materials for tying, he will be prepared for every emergency, and be enabled to meet the

frequent change of taste which trout especially display. Sportsmen resident near a river will always have a knowledge of the most taking local flies, and visitors should glean from them every information they can on this important point.

Without entering into the vexed question of fishing up or down stream, we are disposed to think that the arguments pro and con are sufficiently balanced for the fisher to practise either method, provided the wind be behind him. This is a heresy to some; but to throw against wind requires a stiff rod, and our prejudice is in favour of a light and pliant one. Practice, perseverance, and, above all, observation, may make a good fly-fisher: book-learning never will.

Yet be it not overlooked that the pleasure to be derived from a day's fly-fishing is not limited to the mere killing of fish. The innumerable beauties of nature are spread before the angler; and if he have a spice of the artist, or a little love of botany or natural history in him, he will feel that his time has not passed idly away, even though he return to his home with but a lightly-weighted creel.

M. E.

'PUT AWAY.'

I RECOLLECT the time full well, not many seasons back,
How yellow-pied old Governess was leader of the pack,
How merry hounds would chorus, and how foxes used to fly,
When once her note rang deep and true, 'preluding to a cry.'

I marked her, too, last autumn, when at dusky break of day,
The cubs ran ringing round the wood (the vixen stole away),
And later, when the line was foiled, and scent was almost gone,
Through woodland and through heather how she led the young ones on.

I noticed but a week ago, when over fallow ground,
The fox had nearly beat them, and there never spoke a hound,
How she took up the running, and though pace was never fast,
We hunted into darkness, and ran into him at last.

But now the fun is over, for the ground is hard and dry,
'Tis time the work were finished, and the tools were all laid by;
There's young blood coming forward, lass; who lag may learn to lead,
Yet what shall rise to take thy place, and help the pack at need?

Next season other hounds may run, and other foxes fly,
For thee there's no more sport on earth; good-bye, old girl, good-bye!

R. E. A.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The yachting world is fairly astir, most of the Thames clubs having fixed their opening days early this month; and if the important matches are arranged so as not to clash more than can be helped, there is every prospect of a brilliant season, judging from the number of new vessels on the stocks, and ready, or nearly so. During the winter some of last year's clippers have, as usual, been undergoing sundry alterations, the policy of letting well alone having as many opponents as partisans amongst the yachting fraternity. The New Thames Club adhere to their new system of measurement which provoked so much discussion last year. The Marquis of Ailsa, acting as the mouthpiece of several yacht owners, notified to the Commodore the determination of owners of thirty-five vessels not to enter in the matches sailed under the new scale; but the club, at a general meeting, have unanimously resolved to adhere to it, though the subject will doubtless be again brought forward at the close of the season, if not earlier. Meanwhile, the new plan will have a trial, and, should it succeed, its advocates will undoubtedly score; while, on the contrary—but that remains to be seen, and, as followers of the soothsaying band may remember, in connection with City and Suburban, not to mention other races, it is not wise to prophesy unless you know.

Amongst professional oarsmen there has been quite a revival of energy this spring, and both on the Thames and Tyne several interesting affairs have taken place, bringing out one or two *débutants* of promise. A double-sculling race early in the year, between Cannon and Coxen of Kingston, and Griffiths and Burgoine of Wandsworth, from Putney to Mortlake, was principally remarkable for the immense confidence of the losing party, 4 to 1 being currently laid against the upriver men, who, although inferior in physique, were well together, while the Wandle pair, though strong enough, lacked lightness and finish, and, after holding their own pretty well for a quarter of a mile, were left behind by the Kingstoners, who at Hammersmith had three lengths to the good, and did as they liked afterwards. On the Tyne, R. Bagnall, who was last spring thought good enough to row Sadler over the championship course, beat Lumsden easily, after a fine race. A foul occurred, owing to Lumsden being too much done to keep his boat straight, and Bagnall, who was palpably the better man, of course got the verdict. The day previous his quondam ally, T. Winship, was less fortunate in a match with Ralph Hepplewhite, who beat him very easily at the finish. The champion's mile spin with Boyd was the next sensation on the Tyne, and proved a very near thing, as the men stuck together nearly all the way; but close home, Boyd, getting a lead, just managed to keep it, and Sadler was beaten by half a length. On the Thames, the invincible little Spencer, who has rowed and won some half-dozen matches in succession, disposed of Griffiths of Wandsworth, a strong but clumsy sculler, who, as is usual with Spencer's opponents, went away at first, but was rowed down as per precedent in due course, and the Chelsea man won easily enough at Hammersmith. Griffiths, however, scored a victory at his next essay, over the same course, against Thomas of Hammersmith, and though neither of the men showed much form, the race proved a most exciting one. Thomas was greatly fancied by his friends until a day or two before the event, when Spencer, giving him a spin, ran right away. The Hammersmith party, however, relying on Griffiths' shortcomings, still made their man favourite, and 6 to 4 was laid at the start.

Neither was clear up to the Crab Tree, but Thomas's friends, convinced that his opponent would turn it up every minute, offered 2 to 1, though their man had barely half a length advantage. Thomas was expected to spirt, but didn't, and Griffiths similarly belied anticipation by declining to crack, and, to every one's surprise, it was the Wandsworth man who had the little bit left, and, producing it at the critical moment close home, won by a clear length. There was an even better struggle the same afternoon between two youngsters, Pocock and Rough, who had to go to Mortlake, and, as is usual with small matches, endeavoured to make it as much like Doggett's race as possible, and give their friends plenty for their money, by waiting until the tide had quite turned. Hammersmith found Rough leading leisurely by some ten lengths, and, though up to Chiswick the lead was diminished, his friends had no cause for uneasiness until Chiswick Church, when Pocock had drawn up pretty near, and soon afterwards got level. The crossing was too long delayed, but when both were well over, Pocock kept a clear length ahead until close home, where a barge lay rather in the way, and old Tom Pocock, who should have known better, piloted his nephew outside, where he caught the full force of the ebb, while Rough, judiciously squeezing through between the barge and the bank, drew up, and got a clear length, which he kept to the finish, before Pocock could work back into the slack water. Altogether it was a most remarkable race, and for its fluctuations may claim to rank with the memorable matches of Percy and King, and Murphy and Edwards.

It is satisfactory to hear that the funds of the Thames National Regatta will be relieved from some of its liabilities, by the London Rowing Club undertaking to provide the coat and badge this year, and the custom will no doubt become an annual one. While amateur regattas, many of which degenerate into mere water-parties, where the course is inefficiently kept, and luncheon ranks before rowing, can get together any quantity of money, the Thames Regatta, which has been the means of bringing out all the best men of the last twenty years, is most inadequately supported by oarsmen, and its managers have the hardest work to make ends meet. This should not be, and we hope against hope this year may prove an exception. The Tyne are expected to be well represented again; and if Bagnall, Hepplewhite, Boyd, and Lumsden join together for the fours, they should be No. 1 at the finish, besides providing ample occupation for their competitors in pairs and sculls. Apropos of Tyne rowing, the veteran Jem Taylor has matched himself for a sprint of half a mile, and if he retains any of his old dash, should win easily.

Spite of changeable weather, which has varied from the most offensive forms of chill and rain to sultriness, tempered in most cases by a cutting east wind, rowing clubs are in full work, and the principal ones looking out men to fill gaps in crews for Henley, on the 22nd and 23rd of June, a fixture which will, it is hoped, suit both Londoners and University men. In addition to the regular attendants, the Leander Club, whose appearance has recently been intermittent, are this season to be represented at all hazards; and the Molesey Club, who have from time to time shown good form in races nearer home, are to put on a four which, with Leader, H. J. Chinnery, and Dicker, will embrace first-class representatives of several sports, Dicker being present holder of both Wingfield and Diamond sculls, Chinnery a champion of both middle and heavy weight boxing, and Leader very near the top of the tree as a swimmer. Dicker intends to look on at the Diamonds, but will be found at the post for the Wingfield; so the Henley sculls should be a very open race.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—April Allurements.

'The spring time of year.' Which has the best of it, town or country? Scent is failing in the shires; the ground is getting very like brickbats (we heard the *quadriputante putrem* distinctly at Northampton); the 'wind of God'—oh, dear Charles Kingsley, how *could* you?—cuts like several razors; there are no water-carts, and all the primroses and violets go to London, or how else can we account for the 'two a penny' with which our thoroughfares are deluged? Our firm belief is, that in the matter of spring the country isn't in it. What it might have been in the days of that charming poet Mr. Thomson we can't say; probably the country had the pull then, but now the railways have brought spring to town, and Londoners enjoy what the poets of a past age declared was the sole property of those *fortunati agricolæ* whom it has been the fashion too much to envy and to praise. For the Londoner is reserved the first whiff of that harbinger of summer, the modest wallflower: if he is rich, he can fill his rooms with the odours of hyacinths, lilies, and roses; if he is poor, he can walk through Covent Garden and smell them from afar. He sees—perhaps eats—asparagus and peas before Hodge has dreamed of the one or sown the other; and as for violets and primroses, he is rather bored with them than not. Care and high culture bring London gardens to such a pitch of, perhaps, premature ripeness, that they burst, like Coronella at Lincoln, into bloom before their time; and our parks are so tended that the first pale verdure of April is seen there before the dwellers in Loamshire have thought about it. A rather improper old nobleman of a past generation declared that London was always to be preferred, because even in its emptiness it was fuller than the country. If he had been alive now he would have laughed Mr. Thomson to scorn and declared that spring only existed in Piccadilly and Covent Garden.

The Londoners, then, ought to be a happy people; and why we go down into the cold, cheerless country for what is called 'the Easter recess' is one of the many mysteries of fashion. There were signs and symptoms though this year of people striving to break asunder that particular iron chain, and, with the exception of Cabinet Ministers (who, we believe, are bound by Act of Parliament to leave London then), the great world dared to show itself in the Park, and even go to the theatres. There is, thanks to our 'runs,' so little of novelty to be seen at the latter that, even making due allowance for the ever-increasing dimensions of our great city, the crowded houses say much for our theatrical appetite and the goodness of the fare provided. Here and there some failure comes to remind a manager—perhaps happily for him—that all is not gold that glitters; but, as a rule, we are a singularly lenient public, and it is only a literal translation from a French melodrama, with all the heavy speeches intact and all the idioms preserved, that rouses our ire. Occasionally, though, we are tried hard, we must say—as when a charming directress, knowing she has got us tight in hand, and that we are yoked to the chariot-wheels of her burlesque without a thought or desire of bolting, inflicts a 'drama' upon us which is—but, never mind. 'The eye of man hath not heard, the 'ear of man hath not seen,' its equal for some time. But there is another directress who is more considerate. Though 'La Perichole' has been for some time well filling the little Royalty, Miss Dolaro is not content to rest on those laurels, but has made her theatre yet more attractive by a genuine bit

of fun in the shape of a dramatic cantata—the joint work of Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert, and entitled 'Trial by Jury.' Since Miss Litton gave us 'Happy Land' at the Court we have seen nothing so mirth-provoking. There is, however, this difference in the two pieces, that nothing of a political character obtrudes itself in 'Trial by Jury;' and though some discoverers of mares' nests have fancied they detect a 'contempt of court' in the sketch of the learned judge who presides at the trial, it is purely imaginary. If our thoughts do sometimes wander from the Court of Exchequer, where the action is laid, to the Queen's Bench, they are instantly recalled by the conduct of the judge, and we send the discoverers of mares' nests to 1,000 to 15. The object that Mr. Gilbert has apparently had in writing this production is to hold up to ridicule the tendency to sympathise with beauty in distress, which in a breach of promise case is so often seen in our law courts. He has done this with genuine humour. Wisely taking everyday life for his scene and everyday people for his *dramatis personæ*, eschewing the 'silk stocking' element, and giving us a real British jury, judge, and bar, he has made a wonderfully comical effect. When the curtain draws up, and we see the jury, that we all know so well, singing a comic chorus—when the defendant enters with a guitar round his neck and states his wrongs in recitative—when an admirably got-up usher conducts the learned judge to the bench, and the learned judge charges the jury, so to speak, in a comic song—when, immediately the plaintiff appears, every one, from the judge to the usher, falls in love with her (which, as the plaintiff is Miss Nelly Bromley, is not, perhaps, so surprising)—when the learned judge, in addition to his openly-expressed admiration for the fair plaintiff, sends a note by the usher to the prettiest of the attendant bridesmaids—and when the said plaintiff, after alternately laying her head on the bosom of her counsel and the foreman of the jury, accepts a seat on the bench—here are elements of genuine fun which the artists, without exaggeration, make the most of. Especially good was Mr. F. Sullivan as the learned judge; and, next to him, we must mention Mr. Pepper as the usher, and Mr. Kelleher as the foreman of the jury. Miss Bromley, as the plaintiff, sang Sullivan's music very charmingly, and practised her little coaxing artifices on counsel, judge, and jury very naturally. The bridesmaids have only to look pretty and reduce the stalls to a helpless condition, which they do nightly; and Mr. Walter Fisher, who is so good in Piquillo, rather disappoints us in the defendant. But every one will go and see 'Trial by Jury,' we expect, for the rest of the season.

What shall we say of 'Lady Flora'? It is the work of a new author, himself an excellent actor; it is cleverly written, with much sprightliness of language and a keen insight into character; it is admirably acted, and it is intensely realistic. According to the modern conception of comedy as propounded by Mr. Robertson, all this should go to make it a success, and, judged by the realistic standard, a success it must be. And yet as we listen to the smart conversation—sometimes, it must be confessed, rather of the 'talkee-talkee' order—gaze on the wonderfully real interiors, the breakfast room on a hunting morning, &c., we cannot help wondering where or what are to be the limits of the realistic school. The taste of the day is for the producing of scenes of everyday life on the stage, and the writers of the Robertsonian school fool that taste to the top of its bent. 'Lady Flora' is a succession of scenes where people talk, fall in love, quarrel, and make it up again—pretty much, some necessary stage misconceptions apart, as they do before the curtain. The acting makes the play, and Miss Robertson, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Kelly are all admirable. Lady Flora in any other

but the most delicate hands would not have been the pleasant character she is, Mr. Hare gives a picture of a French nobleman of the old school, and the critics have been unanimous in according the palm to Mr. Kelly for his impersonation of a sporting lord with a brusque exterior, but sound at heart. Plot, there is next to none, for modern comedy is adverse to plots and constructive ingenuity, as being wearisome and likely to bore an audience. Repartee, sharp sometimes to rudeness, a little sentimentalism, and some forcible sketches of character, these are the ingredients of the plays that Mr. Robertson first gave us, and of which now there are so many imitations. Given a brilliant dialogue, and well-dressed men and women, and scenery as real as it can be made, and we are satisfied. We flock to the theatre and say 'How charming! how natural!' Yes, certainly, but then we might make a comedy of a scene in the Row, in the height of the season, with the conversation of the sitters on the chairs, or at the Baccarat Club with Captain Deuceace inquiring of Sir Punter Doo what he has won, and Captain Benedict abusing the waiters for not bringing him his coffee; or we might be taken to Hurlingham at tea-time; or, happier thought yet, Prince's might be reproduced on the stage with a real rink and real skaters. We are inclined to think if Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Albery, or Mr. Byron would turn this latter suggestion over in their minds an immense theatrical success might be achieved. But it would not be comedy.

At the two Opera Houses, as usual at this season, whilst the great stars still hover on the horizon, débutantes are making the most of the short time allowed before their milder rays, however pure, are quenched in the luminous atmosphere of our assured popular favourites; and Mdlle. Thalberg met with a reception at the Royal Italian Opera which is seldom accorded on a first appearance. Nor is it any discredit to this very young lady to say, that the burst of enthusiasm which greeted her before a note had been sung, was a tribute to the father whose name is a passport to the hearts and ears of the musical world. Mdlle. Thalberg has personal attractions, and a sympathetic soprano voice which, combined with her extreme youth and popular name, created a furore and secured success for one night at least. Whether she is likely to sustain this hold on public favour as an artist, is another matter; and it seems hardly wise to aspire to all the leading parts in the *répertoire* of Madame Patti, and Mdlles. Albani and Marimon, till experience, on some other boards than our great Opera House, should have settled what are the claims Mdlle. Zare Thalberg has to take her stand amongst these bright particular stars. Mdlle. Varesi made her *début* at Drury Lane as Gilda in 'Rigoletta;' her father, Signor Varesi, for whom the part was originally written, having been *the* baritone of his time; and here, again, was another instance of artistic race raising high hopes and insuring a favourable impression from an audience amongst which we noticed many Italian singers who took interest in the *début* of their countrywoman, and gave every sign of approval and encouragement, which was fully endorsed by the rest of the house. And a second appearance only confirms our opinion that Mdlle. Varesi inherits histrionic powers to be developed when she essays a *rôle* with greater scope for acting than the part of Gilda admits. The off-nights at Mr. Mapleson's theatre continue to attract a brilliant and fashionable attendance; and whatever doubt there might have been as to Signor Salvini's success when he first astonished the town with his new reading of Othello has been set at rest by the universal dictum of his fellow-actors, whose keen appreciation of his talent was satisfactorily proved when, at their special request, he gave a morning representation of the Moor of Venice, and old Drury was thronged with well-known faces, eager to witness a performance which has caused such a sensation in

dramatic circles. No wonder that, with such an audience to stimulate his efforts, Signor Salvini excelled himself, and won such a reception from his brother artists as will not easily be effaced from his memory.

Playgoers' ears have been tickled for a long time past with a promised revival of the 'Merchant of Venice' at the Prince of Wales's (Miss Marie Wilton's theatre). Next to 'Hamlet' no modern revival has, we believe, occasioned so much interest. The play has now been submitted to the judgment of the public, and the verdict is, without doubt, disappointment; not, be it understood, from any deficiency in the manner and furnishing of the setting, so much as in a certain quality of personal representation. To speak more clearly, while we admit that there is much that is interesting in the performance, there are failings which cannot be overlooked by every student of Shakspere. Pictorial art has been called in to perfect the illusion of all the well-known features of the Queen of the Adriatic, and deserves, as such, well-merited applause, while the fidelity of all the details of Venetian life are no less remarkable than the scenery. Setting these aside, we had almost said, the interest is gone. Let who will speak, Shakspere is Shakspere still, but the Shylock of Mr. Coghlan is here sadly out of tune. The prominence of the character has always been faithfully recognised, and now for the first time we are treated to a rendering as novel as it is without point. Great praise, as we have before said, is due to the management for the elaborate mounting of the piece, and we should be sorry to find the experiment had not realised the expectations that heralded its production. In the part of Portia it is almost superfluous to say Miss Ellen Terry looked and lived the very ideal of Shakspere's creation, and the impersonation cannot fail to leave a lasting impression on those who appreciate genuine histrionic art. To those who are disposed to witness this Shaksperian revival, we say, by all means, go.

'Loo' is no longer to be found on the bills of the little theatre known as the Royal Strand, a new *bouffonerie* from the same pen, entitled 'Intimidad, or the Lost Regalia,' having been produced a few nights ago. Mr. Farnie, it must be confessed, has not exactly achieved such a triumph in this instance as might have been expected from an author of his well-known ability, the long-continued and well-deserved success of 'Nemesis' having established his reputation as a burlesque writer of the first class. Concerning the plot of 'Intimidad,' we may briefly say that it relates to the French occupation of Spain in 1803, which gradually leads the audience into a series of complications that can only be cleared up by a visit to the theatre. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that no piece that has ever been brought out at the Strand has been surrounded with brighter accessories than 'Intimidad.' From the first scene to the last there is an evidence of judicious good taste and refinement that secures well-merited applause, and goes far to efface a few of the imperfections that present themselves. The scenery is all that could be desired, the dresses perfectly ravishing, and the music most effectively rendered. A new and original comedy, by H. J. Byron, is promised shortly, under the title of 'Weak Woman.'

So many attractions surround the restoration and opening of the Alexandra Palace this month that we cannot but think it will prove a formidable rival to its older neighbour at Sydenham. The programme for the season, we find, embraces every imaginable novelty, both within and without, and, as exceptional advantages are offered to purchasers of season tickets, the management ought surely to look for a plentiful harvest of guineas. Music, we are told, will form an important item in the entertainments inside the building, and, in addition, a grand ballet is talked of, in which more than one hundred *coryphées* will take part, the *première danseuse* having been specially imported

rom La Scala to appear at the Palace. The claims of pictorial art have not been forgotten either; a choice selection of the works of British and foreign artists being placed in the galleries, forming an exhibition alone worth going to see. It only remains to mention the appointment of a first-class four-in-hand coach starting from Piccadilly and returning in the evening, to give an additional inducement to visitors to patronise the Palace, from which, we may add, some charming glimpses of surrounding scenery can be enjoyed.

In the racing world, after the storm of Northampton came the dead calm of Warwick. The former meeting was taking place as we were going to press for our last number, and so we were precluded from noticing it. Now it is an old story; and we will merely say that it was a revival quite as successful and, perhaps, a little more genuine than some others we have lately heard of, and that the Messrs. Frail are to be congratulated on their new and successful venture. But what shall we say of Warwick? The Warwick of old time was such a very jolly affair. Thither came every one with the least pretension to being a racing man; the Admiral, with a stern eye brought to bear on evil-doers from the top of the Press Stand—Lord Stamford and his Countess lighting up a corner in the then rather dingy saloon with their luncheon table—Lord Westmorland and Lord Hastings—(those were the days of the green and white braid and the pink and white hoops) leaning half way out of the Stewards' Stand eagerly watching for their colours coming round that fatal top turn—Mr. Payne, a standing dish, and ready then, as now, to take 6 to 4 about anything; with a host of other *dii minares* (of whom some are dead and some are fled)—and with no lack of horses, the meeting was pleasant and successful. Occasionally we had an amusing row, for the worthy lessee was rather fond of one, and people humoured him. To have a Warwick pass away without a disturbance in the weighing-room would have been a disappointment. 'Sam' was and is, we must say, most catholically minded in his rows; a lord or a loafer, a swell patron or a jockey, were all one to him, and only two or three years ago we remember his ordering a peer out of the weighing-room, and that noble personage going in a rather meek way and leaving the C.C. master of the situation. But all this was fun, and we laughed and accepted it as part of the programme; but when sport began to decline, the rows somehow seemed to lose their savour. Sport was at a terribly low ebb on this last occasion. There was not a horse, bar Thunder, of any character there, and there were not many of what there was. The racing was of a depressing type, and though a row was got up to begin with early on the first day, and the sight of a member of the fourth estate in the arms of a policeman gave a temporary fillip to the proceedings, it was uncommonly dull. It is not possible to fight against a succession of plating, and the three days of Warwick were composed of it. The Grand Annual was a farce, with nothing 'grand' about it but the name; and how the punters, gentle and simple, got through their work we can't say. Leamington must have held out some very superior attractions; and, probably, the ball rolled, and the mains were called somewhere in that fashionable spa. But as racing did not begin till two o'clock each day, how did noble sportsmen get through their mornings? Playing Napoleon till it was time to go to the course, it was darkly rumoured; so Mr. Merry has much to answer for. We don't want to press hard on one who has been such a good caterer, but we do earnestly counsel him to put his house in a little better order, and try and manage the business part of the arrangements quietly and effectively. He is not to blame for the small fields. We all know how racing is overworked, until, even with our resources, there are not horses enough to support the superabundance of race meetings. But he is responsible—and we say this in the most friendly spirit—for the good con-

duct of his meeting, and we trust he will see this. The expressions of dissatisfaction, though they might not have reached Mr. Merry's ears, we can assure him, were poured into ours, and they came from all quarters—strangers, neighbours, and friends. He must himself have been aware of what a failure the meeting was, and we have good hopes that he has learned a lesson from the result.

But we are bound for other climes—the land of light hearts and shillelaghs—of bright humour and brighter eyes; a land the inhabitants of which are the most curious compound of opposite qualities that the world can show; a land where dwell the most delightful rebels ready to embrace the Saxon with the greatest warmth and to fight him the next moment; where to be a disloyal citizen is to be a good one, and six months in gaol a passport to fame. An incomprehensible land, but one we always like to find ourselves in, for everybody seems glad to see us, and we generally enjoy ourselves to the utmost there. 'Tis the land of the West, which Tommy Moore called the 'loved island of sorrow, because, we suppose, she causes such trouble and sorrow to her friends and neighbours; but we will forget all that now, as a hundred thousand welcomes await us at Kingstown. Is it not Punchestown time, when Celt and Saxon meet in generous rivalry, and the sport is the first consideration? This year, as last, it is Punchestown, and the synod of the disestablished, which is in session this week; and curious are the contrasts seen in the streets and at hotels—the horsey element and the clerical—the Conyngham Cup and the Athanasian Creed. The former is the subject of debate at 'Baily's' and the Clarendon, the latter crops up at street corners and *table d'hôtes*. There is no great favourite for the former, and 'the damnatory clauses' in the latter are gone, we hear, to 1,000 to 15. Dublin is full, and the weather delightful—much milder than in England, at which intelligence our good islanders are much pleased. The Saxon shall not get the best of them in everything. Punchestown prospects did not look so well on paper this year. There was a superabundance of racing in the country, and it all had to be crammed into about six weeks. No sport, out of deference to the religious feelings of the majority, very properly takes place during Lent; but, as the passion for racing is on the increase in Ireland, the consequence is, as in our own country with flat racing, it is overdone, and meetings kill one another. Experience may bring wisdom, perhaps, to both countries before long, but there is no sign of it at present. The entries for the Prince of Wales's Plate and the Conyngham Cup showed a very marked falling off, and on the first day the Bishopscourt and the Drogheda promised the best. If it had not been for the lovely weather before mentioned we doubt if the Stewards' and Ladies' Stands would have held the display of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen they did. On paper the day's racing promised to be nothing very particular, but it turned out, we are glad to say, much better than was expected, and there were some very good finishes, of which Mr. St. James was the principal hero, though Captain Amherst was not far behind him. In the Bishopscourt Plate the former gentleman gave us a taste of his quality, and very much astonished Mr. Hume, who was winning, as he thought, on Viscount in a canter, when Mr. St. James brought up Dashaway, like that 'streak of greased lightning' the Yankees tell us about, left Viscount standing still, and won in a canter. The Prince of Wales's Plate was a comparatively mild affair, and when the chance of the favourite, Image, had been disposed of by his having to be pulled out of the way to avoid jumping on the fallen horses, the issue was left to Twitter and Tara, the former, the stable companion of Rock Savage, winning easily, with all the stable money on the latter, who fell at the wall. There were two good-looking horses in the Grand Military, Revenge and Prince George, but of course the former was

the undeniable one in form as well as quality. He was a strong favourite, and ought to have won very easily, but Captain Amherst, on Queen of the Forest, was suffered to get so near that he as nearly as possible took the prize, Revenge only getting home with difficulty by a head. We did not see quite so many good-looking horses as we are accustomed to at Punchestown; and those two we have mentioned, together with Grand National, a son of Plum Pudding, who won the Drogheda easily enough from a fair field, were the best we saw on the first day. There were plenty of horses in the country, people in search of them agreed in saying, three and four year olds up to any weight, but there were comparatively few in training. The English buyers took back some good ones, and the figures were stiff.

The second day was an improvement on the first; and we may say here that we have rarely enjoyed a Punchestown (and we have been to a few) more. Formerly the journey to and fro was hard work, and the one drawback to the pleasure of the meeting. Now we, or rather the directors of the G. S. and W. R., have changed all that. Trains despatched with punctuality and travelling with a speed which our own South-Western and London and Brighton might take a lesson from at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood times. Five and twenty minutes from Sallins to Dublin must be counted very good going, and that now is the average time taken on the return journey, while, perhaps, we may be five or ten minutes longer going down. Then the cars appear to go quicker, and the drivers are more modest in their demands; so that, arriving at the Gresham each evening at 6·30, we could hardly believe we had been doing Punchestown. Formerly, if we got there by eight o'clock we used to think ourselves lucky, and we remember poor dear 'Argus,' on the occasion of the memorable visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, reaching his hotel a few minutes before twelve! Our lamented friend ascribed his troubles to a combination of causes—railway mismanagement, extortionate carmen, dust, and luncheons, each of which, no doubt, had its share. The Conyngham Cup saw Mr. Forbes's colours unfortunate again, and yet that gentleman thought he had a certainty in Milkman, who had been tried to be ever so much better than Miss Sheddin, but Milltown won all the way. Scots Grey, with 12 st. 12 lbs. on him, looked uncommonly well, but the betting seemed to show that the stable did not fancy him much, and as they could win with Milltown, the gallant grey will keep for another day. There was a grand race for the Devonshire Plate, which that beautiful little horse Buffon ought to have won; and, but for his jumping very wide at the double, and losing a lot of ground there, we think he would, notwithstanding that he had, compared to Captain Smith, a novice in the saddle, while the latter gentleman was on Breechloader. But both Buffon and his rider, Mr. D. Russell, made a gallant fight of it, and Breechloader only won by a head, and, we expect, a short one.

The other events at the meeting call for no particular comment. Our readers, most of them, we fancy, know Punchestown as well as we do ourselves, and if they are good men, they are as fond of it. We never could see any fault in it from the first day, some ten or eleven years ago, we walked over the pastures and surveyed in mute admiration that, as regards its name, rather mythical spot 'the herd's garden.' The fences are a trifle lower now than they were then, it is true, and we are sorry for it; but the cutting down was a concession to the spirit of the age, and, we suppose, in some way, a necessity. The conditions used to plague us at first terribly; and, with a conscientious wish to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with them, we went in for their study. We do not mind telling our readers—in the strictest confidence—that we soon turned them up; and it was fortunate for our poor

brains that we did so. They now run loose as far as we are concerned. Occasionally we meet some unfortunate friend who has got them badly on the brain (he has a horse running there, perhaps), and we always try and give him a wide berth, for fear he should ask us to explain them. *Au reste*, Punchestown is Punchestown. If our readers know the place, they will know what we mean —if they do not, unhappy beings that they are, they must take our word for it that if Ireland is the 'first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,' as is fondly sung, Punchestown is the brightest among the blossoms of its garden—the most brilliant jewel in its sporting treasury.

Epsom Spring came out in quite a new character as regarded weather, while the sport was excellent. The City and Suburban absorbed most of the speculation; indeed, of all the Spring handicaps this is the flower in the eyes of the betting men, and the public are rare customers to the bookmakers over it. We can hardly tell how many horses were not backed for it, and what favourites were set up only to be knocked over, but we can tell how everything was knocked over when an outsider among outsiders came and won. They are generally fielders' races, the City and Suburban and the Metropolitan. Abergeldie, Argonaut, Planet, Mornington, &c., &c., all gave poor backers a bad stomach-ache, and made yet more lively and cheerful the family circles of Highbury, Holloway, and Hornsey districts, the postal district N. being much affected by the men with the books and pencils. But there was an extra twist given them (the backers) this time, and only two or three very acute ones profited by Dalham's victory. Said a very good judge, who carries a handicap book which his friends sometimes dread the sight of, and at others are only too anxious to profit by the knowledge it contains, to Mr. 'Paganini' Smith in our hearing as the horses were going to the post, 'If they back Tam 'o'Shanter they ought to back you.' To which Mr. Smith replied in rather dubious terms, but still giving one the idea that he had 'a bit on.' The very good judge took the hint and 50 to 1 into the bargain; and if any of his many friends read these lines, they will know to whom we refer; and when next in solemn conclave over the event of the day that book is produced, they will remember Dalham and have respect unto the lessons the book contains. It certainly was a wonderful turn-up; and the owner of the horse, Mr. Tattersall, who is fond of long shots, and 'the good judge' were the only people we heard of as backing it. Miss Toto left off a wonderful strong favourite when she was seen in the paddock looking so well and cool, and Timour, Tam o' Shanter, Basnas, and St. Leger all kept their positions pretty firmly in the market. There was a great deal of money on Tam o' Shanter, and it certainly was curious that Dalham should be so entirely overlooked. True, he was meeting the north-country horse at a difference of 8 lbs. from the Chesterfield Cup, but still Mr. Smith's horse won that event easily enough. If he had been in some plunging stable, Dalham would, perhaps, have been at as short a price as Tam o' Shanter. Kaiser and Thorn both looked very well, and it was understood Mr. Batt was rather fond of the latter for a place. Nothing was better-looking in the paddock than Modena, but she was out of her course, and Basnas and St. Leger we were not particularly impressed by; besides, it was uncertain how they would act on the Epsom turns and gradients. And here we must say that it seems extraordinary how racing men, trainers, and owners, who are supposed to know all about that wonderful piece of mechanism, a horse's movement, should expect an animal who has performed well over a flat course at Newmarket to do the same over such an extremely opposite one as Epsom. We were amused by a backer either of St. Leger or Basnas—perhaps both—with whom we returned to town in the train, breaking out into a wrathful agony of objurgation against Epsom

and its course. He was a true sportsman, too, we feel sure, because, on some one saying that Basnas ran very badly, or words to that effect, he pleaded the cause of the horse strongly. 'Don't 'ee blame 'the poor 'orse, sir; dont 'ee blame he; it's the'—(our readers can here insert any number of adjectives, so that they are strong enough)—'course that you 'ought to blame.' We can't help partly agreeing with the wrathful backer. We have, of course, a certain respect for Epsom, as having been the scene of so many historical contests, and where the earth has been shaken by the prancings of so many mighty ones, but as a course it is simply abominable. However, we suppose the Derby will be run here for some years longer, and therefore it is of no use complaining. A future generation may arise who will perhaps insist on the abolition of Tattenham Corner, but it will abide our time. To return to the City and Suburban, which was an exciting race from the distance, or, indeed, from the straight. Grey Palmer looked uncommonly well coming down the hill, but before he reached the bell he was beaten, and Dalham, who had been all along in the front division, took up the running, and was immediately challenged by Freeman, whom Glover brought up in his best style. Tam o' Shanter and Miss Toto, too, were close behind, but Dalham had something to spare, we think, and eventually won by a neck from Freeman. Miss Toto had been disappointed at the corner, she being one of those with whom turns and corners do not agree; but she was so full of running at the finish that many people declared in another hundred yards she must have won. That may be so, but still we always have a great respect for the horse that comes in first, holding as a rule that is the form to follow. Horses may get off badly and be disappointed sometimes, we admit, but still the winner, gentlemen, if you please, the winner for us. After the race we all said that we ought to have thought of Dalham, and 'the good judge' had, as he had a perfect right to have, his little crow. It is such a nice price 1,000 to 15 (we have dreamed of it for many years), that feelings of what one could, should, and ought to have done did come over us we must confess, and if the good judge had crowed very loudly our Christian temper must have given way. Mr. Smith won a small stake, and the ring and the listmen flung their hats in the air in a reckless fashion. The Metropolitan was like unto this. The plater Hampton, home-trained, won by a head from a fellow outsider, Temple Bar, and both Trent and Scamp ran very indifferently. There is a prejudice against Epsom-trained horses, but why we hardly know. On their own course the prejudice should not exist, and Mr. James Nightingale is a very clever man. The second day at Epsom was marked by a fatal accident to Wass, the rider of Dudaim, in the Surrey Stakes. After passing the corner, and near the turn into the Metropolitan course, the horse struck against a post, rolled completely over, and Wass was picked up with his neck broken. We trust the authorities will now feel the absolute necessity of erecting posts and rails instead of the chains at present there. The course ought to be railed from the corner, at least, and if it had been so, poor Wass might have been alive now. Horses can see rails, but they cannot see chains. The Hyde Park Plate brought out an excellent field of young ones, and gave us a very good race, the money being dashed down on Charon, in whom Mr. Chaplin has a very good horse, and if he has a better in his stable he is fortunate indeed. Julius Cæsar is a fine-looking colt, but evidently wants time. He won his race the first day easily enough, for everything was as big nearly as himself, but in the Hyde Park Plate condition and the 5 lbs. extra told.

Sandown Park, its beauties and defects, were described by us in the 'Van' for March, and we will now glance briefly at its first meeting. The daily and weekly press have, with here and there an exception, been so lavish in the

praises bestowed on the new venture, that we are left little to say; and if we cannot quite join in the somewhat extravagant eulogy of our sporting friends and their confident predictions as to its success, it is because we feel that Sandown Park is on its trial, and that success, though we may hope it will come, is not yet assured. We are sorry to say that the meeting encountered bad weather, for a more disagreeable day than the 22nd of last month April has rarely seen. Coming after the warmth of the previous ones, it was, of course, doubly trying. The attendance suffered in consequence, and damp and dullness were the characteristics of the opening day. On the second day things mended considerably, and on the third, when the Prince of Wales came and brought fine, though cold, weather with him, they were at their best. Much has been done since our last visit two months ago, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the zeal and energy which Mr. Whittaker Bushe, the General Manager, and Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, the Secretaries, have brought to bear on the work their hands have found to do. The place, if not entirely swept and garnished, was in wonderful shape, all things considered, and the Members' Stand a very tasteful and pretty erection, the design of which has been wisely copied from over the water. Backed, in summer time, by the greenery of the wooded hill, it will be a very pretty sight indeed. We could not help thinking how nice a similar one on a small scale would look on the plantation side of the July course at Newmarket; but, then, the Jockey Club have no money, they say, to throw away on luxuries. The view of the course is excellent from both stands—that of the public as well as the Club. The former is not beautiful by any means, and it is impossible but to see that Sandown Park means the Club and that the public are out in the cold. Whether that is quite wise when they want the half-crowns and half-sovereigns of the public to help keep up the place we doubt. There was one thing, too, very apparent, that, while the respectable portion of the public were deterred by the prices, the roughs were not. This will, we suppose, be taken into consideration by the authorities against their next meeting. These are the principal points, it struck us, on which the future success of Sandown will depend. Minor defects of detail, a paddock in one place, or a weighing-room in another, can, of course, be easily remedied, but the accommodation for the public and the prices of admission will have to be seriously thought of, unless, indeed, the Club can exist by itself.

The sport was good, with no lack of horses; but the flat is a severe course, or, rather, has a very severe finish, on which some horses tired to nothing. The cross-country course has one or two fair hunting fences, and there is a water-jump, &c. We have before expressed our regret that the Grand National Hunt should have selected this spot for their meeting. It may be a very good course, but we never thought, nor did, we are sure, some of the leading promoters of these great meetings at Burton Lazarus and Wetherby think, that either we or they should see the G.N.H. coming off within an easy drive from town. International Steeplechases may be run anywhere; a Grand National Hunt is a different matter; and sorry are we to see so many good hunting men who know what a country is giving in to that taste for metropolitan fences now the rage. The show for the G.N. was not a very first-rate one—two or three useful-looking hunters, and no more. The winner was Gazelle, a daughter of The Drake, who was just qualified by having won a stake worth under 20*l.* at Carmarthen. Her rider then, as on this occasion, was 'Mr. Flutter'—the name trembles on our pen—a gentleman with whom the Stewards requested the pleasure of an interview after one of Gazelle's Carmarthen races, where the Grand National winner was beaten to blazes. The interview, we believe, much impressed 'Mr. Flutter,' who

certainly did not forget to win at Sandown, whatever he did at Carmarthen. Gazelle must have had a lot in hand, and was at a nice starting price—10 to 1; so let us hope that virtue had a reward more substantial than its own. Munden and Grey Palmer made a dead-heat of it for the Esher Handicap, and in the succeeding one the former had it all his own way. There was a good show in the pretty paddock, though the field only numbered seven, for the Sandown Park Stakes; indeed, a better-looking lot, the number taken into consideration, we never saw. Every one was struck with Lord Rosebery's filly, Levant, a perfect beauty, with wonderful fine action and great liberty. Red Cross Knight, Mr. Chaplin's handsome Rosicrucian, was the favourite at first, but after they had galloped 11 to 8 was the best offer against Levant. Danebury sent up a good mover in Kaleidoscope, by Speculum, but John Day could not trust the tackle he had tried him with, so there was no encouragement to back Kaleidoscope. Red Cross Knight was hardly as fit as he might be made, but still he managed to beat in their places Lord Rosebery's beautiful mare, who, we fear, is a non-stayer, but he could not beat Kaleidoscope, whom Tom Cannon brought up at the Stand and won with very cleverly by half a length. The third, and concluding day, was the big steeplechase, and the Prince came down, and society came too, in some degree, and everything wore a brighter appearance, except the faces of backers, after Goldfinder had won the International, and La Veine, Jackal, Messager, Duc de Beaufort, and all our cracks were beaten by a hunter. A good hunter, who had won stakes among his own class more times than we can enumerate here, but he had never met, as far as we can remember, the quality he met to-day. And he wore that quality down by sheer gameness, and proud we are to see we have such a horse, and hope there are many more like him in the country, the cries of the alarmists notwithstanding. We should think the bookmakers highly approved of Sandown Park. What with that meeting and Epsom, their week must have been satisfactory.

We have just time and space left to briefly refer to the result of the Two Thousand, which has added another to the list of favourites' victories on this race. Camballo won easy enough, almost in a canter indeed; and though it is quite possible that some of those behind him will run better over Epsom Downs, we must at present accept his win, as the Derby trial it is said to be. Camballo kept remarkably firm in the market for a horse that at divers times has had so much knocking about, and that we saw beaten by a non-stayer only three weeks previously. There were some changes of front on the part of others in the race before the flag fell; and Craig Millar, after being subjected to much obloquy at the hands of the Newmarket touts, left off second favourite, and who or what made him so was difficult to discover. The stable professed not to fancy him much, but the public had got hold of an idea that he had won his trial, and took at one time 4 to 1 about him. The public were wrong, and the touts, for once in a way, right, for he ran badly, and the Earl of Dartrey, who did such a good public trial in the Craven, was here badly beaten. Picnic, Breechloader, and Claremont ran very good horses, and the latter was not half fit. We were sorry to see that he required Dutch courage in the shape of some whisky before the race—a bad sign. Breechloader ran the true honest horse he has always done, and we confess to a great respect and liking for him. He and Claremont (the latter bar the whisky) appeared to us the best behind the winner.

A pleasant meeting enough was that of the Beaufort Hunt, held on the 7th inst. among the Dauntsey pastures, and almost under the shade of Greatwood. If the promises of a bright morning were not quite borne out towards evening, the majority of the races were got through without wetting the jockeys' silk

attire either in rain or brook; for 'The Brinkworth,' though a good hunting jump, did not find a single visitor all day. The Beaufort Cup produced seventeen entries and a field of a dozen, resulting in the success of Mr. H. Owen's Epicure, who won anyhow at last; and the Farmers' Cup was an equally easy affair for Sir Thomas Danser's mount. Not the least fun of the day proved to be a match made by Mr. John Spicer, to ride each of his two hunters round the course without fall or refusal. He was allowed a pilot on each occasion, but was not tied to time; and we apprehend that the 'fifty' he landed by the success of his animals formed the largest winning balance of the day. Hardly a bookmaker—thank heaven!—was on the ground, so that the '6-to-4-bar-one' business was limited in the extreme, and honour and glory took the place that £ s. d. is wont to usurp at larger and noisier steeplechase meetings. We need not say, that in such near vicinity to Tetbury, the goddesses of that locality mustered in great force, and it was worth going all the way to welcome home once more the well-known face of Lady Waterford, now on a visit at Badminton with her husband.

The Tedworth hounds have killed 48½ brace of foxes, though they have lost some twenty-four days, owing to the frost. The following are among their best things since our last:—Jan. 7. Oxenwood village: Found at Fosbury, ran to Coombe and back, to Fosbury, through Hippenscombe and Conholt, and killed an old vixen in Fosbury Wood; 2 hours 30 min.—Jan. 12. Very good scenting day (Oare Hill), killing three foxes in 15, 17, and 40 minutes respectively.—Jan. 19. Wilcot Manor: Brilliant 33 minutes from Tawsmead to ground at Horton; bolted him and killed in 8 minutes.—Jan. 23. Weyhill: Good fox from Penton gorse to Bill Grove, The Ridges, Moore's Wood, Leafy Grove, and Doles, and killed him; 2 hours 34 min.—Jan. 28. Faccombe: A fox holloaed outside Coombe Wood took us through Buttermere and Coombe gorses by East Woodhay Clump to Buckhanger, The Grotto, nearly to Easton Park, through Cruxeaston and Ashmansworth, and was killed between Privet and Buckhanger; a real good 1 hour and 20 min.—Jan. 30. A good day's sport from Doles Gate, running about Tangley coverts, through Chute and Conholt to Collingborne Wood, and back to Tangley to ground; 1 hour 30 min.—Feb. 2. Savernake Station: Ran about the Forest for 1 hour and 55 min., and killed above Ramsbury. They had four good days in one week, as follows:—Feb. 15. Clatford Oakeats: A good line over Danebury Hill to East Tytherly, but not enough scent to account for him—a seven-mile point. Feb. 16. Wilcot Manor: Found in Woodborough withy-bed, over the canal and steam-ploughed land to Tawsmead and up the hill through Gopher Wood, skirting Boreham through Hewitt's gorse, his point evidently Beckhampton gorse, which he failed to reach, and was killed in the open after 39 minutes' race, without a shadow of a check, and hares jumping up all round them. Feb. 18. Oxenwood village: Found in Botley, ran through Fosbury Wood over Tidcombe Hill and the Marton Vale to Shalbourne Hill and Ham Ashley, where we changed, going on to Linkenholt and Netherton Hangings, through Faccombe village to ground in Coombe gorse; time, 2 hours 20 min. A very hard day for hounds and horses. Distance, as they ran, 23 miles. Feb. 20. Wilbury: Found in The Thorns, took a turn round Tower Hill, and away by Grately Wood, Sarson, and the Amport coverts, where they killed him; time, 1 hour 12 min.—March 18. Crowdown Clump:: Found on a piece of fallows; could do little till we got to Everly, where we got on terms and ran him to Chisenbury gorse and back to Everly, and over Milton Hill to the vale pointing for Broomsgrove, within a field of New Mill, and killed him in the open at Fyfield in 1 hour 40 min. A very indif-

ferent scent tried to the utmost the noses of the bitches and the patience of the huntsmen.

Captain A. H. Sumner closed his season with the Cotswolds on Saturday, the 10th ult., with a good hour and twelve minutes from Dixon Wood, with a kill, and twenty-seven minutes from Uckington gorse, over the best and stiffest part of the Vale, productive of no end of grief, but not of a second death. The fox saved his life by crawling under a tarpaulin near a shed and getting safely underground. The season has been a very good one. The Master has given great satisfaction. The hounds have killed 30½ brace of foxes, and have been stopped by stress of weather twenty-four days. About twenty horses that have carried the Master and his men regularly and admirably—for there is not a hunt better mounted—will go to Tattersall's on the 20th inst. They are as good a lot of conveyancers as ever were got together.

A reduced correspondent from the Bramham Moor sends us the following:—After one of the usual 'fifty-three and a half minutes,' for which the gallant pack is so justly celebrated, our fox took refuge in some faggots. 'Put your 'ugly head in, Huby, and frighten him out,' says one of the sons of our popular Master. Answers Huby, with that ready wit which distinguishes him in the councils of the Jockey Club, 'Anyhow, my head wouldn't set the sticks 'alight, as your's would.' Roars of laughter from the Leeds division.

The Bramham Moor and the South Durham have finished the season well, we hear, and Mr. Cradock, who kept on longer, had some good gallops over his west country, where grass and moorland afforded a killing scent. He had a capital day on the 15th, forty-five minutes with a kill from Raby Park in the morning, and a fast forty minutes over grass and moor in the afternoon, when they lost their fox. The Hurworth have been taken by Major Godman, who is spoken of as a good sportsman and promising M.F.H.

We hear from a Leicestershire correspondent that when Mr. Tailby was at Sheepshorn on the 13th, lots of hard riders came from the Quorn and the Pytchley. Four foxes broke, and they settled on one, who took them a great pace towards Shankton, turned and ran by Tur Langton, over the railway near to Gumley, then bore away to the left by Fexton, and ran to ground near Lubenham. There was great confusion at the brook. Lord Aberdour and Mr. Simson of Great Glen going bang into it. It was a fine run of one hour; and in the afternoon Mr. Tailby drew Noseley and had a racing burst over a fine country, so no grumblers could find fault with such a bye-day for a finish. Our correspondent also tells a story of which a lady who hunts regularly with the Pytchley and Mr. Tailby is the heroine. Not long ago she cannoned against a man, knocked him over, and hurt his arm badly; the week after, she jumped over a big fence and almost landed on another gentleman. Said the nearly jumped-upon one, 'Who made thee to ride over us? Intendest thou to kill me as thou killest the Egyptian?'

From the New Forest come rumours of gay doings, and there has not been such an April there since the buckhounds were taken down to those happy hunting grounds by the late Lord Erroll some thirty odd years ago. The foxhounds and deerhounds were in full swing up to the middle of the month, when there arrived from the Duke of Beaufort's twenty couple of hounds, twenty-five horses and their attendants, which was the cause of great excitement; but when it transpired that the Duke himself, the Marquis, and Lord Arthur were also actually located in the Forest, enthusiasm knew no bounds, and there was such a smack of Badminton about the whole thing that the oldest inhabitant might well exclaim, 'Here's sport, indeed!' and truly so, for on the 15th, when the Duke met at Fritham House with 500 horsemen, and double that number on wheels, there was a capital day's sport, and blood at the end; then

on the 19th, at Brokenhurst Bridge, a still larger field, and a very fair day's sport again. 'The' run of the month, however, was on the 17th, when the New Forest Hounds, which are hunted by Sir Reginald Graham, found in Matley Bog, and raced for fifty-five minutes to ground many miles away, leaving horses at a standstill all over the country. This zealous M.F.H. has earned the thanks of a large community, not only for the untiring energy with which he hunts his hounds to show sport in a difficult county, but also for his invitation to the Duke's magnificent hunting establishment—a sight which might otherwise have never gladdened the eyes of many a Hampshire or Dorsetshire man.

The coaches have begun well. The Guildford and the Tunbridge took the road on the 17th, and we shall not see, in all probability, this season a better-looking team than Mr. Walter Shoolbred drove out the first stage on the former coach. A roan and a brown leader, and the wheelers the latter colour—a matchless team, which takes the coach to Kingston Vale at a merry pace. Major Furnivall and another well-known amateur are associated in the partnership, and the coach promises to be a great success. It goes through a charming country—Esher, Cobham, Ripley, &c., to Guildford—doing the journey in three hours. The White Hart at Guildford gives a capital luncheon—an important point; and after that there is an hour to spare for a ramble about the old town. Hatchett's is reached punctually at seven o'clock. The Morning Dorking starts on the 1st of May, with Colonel Withington, as usual, on the box; and the Afternoon Dorking (Cooper's coach), which has neither beginning or ending, seeing that it goes on all the year round, will signalise the commencement of the summer season by coming out with something special in the way of a team that day. We hear of a Maidenhead coach to start from the Criterion (but why the Criterion?) and Dr. Hurman is busy with the Windsor, and has had some trial trips to Esher and Epsom. The Wycombe coach is also advertised to start from the Green Man, Oxford Street, on the 3rd.

The Polo Club at Lillie Bridge will soon be in full activity, and the club commences operations for the season simultaneously with the appearance of 'Baily.' A good many matches have been already arranged; more are on the tapis. There are other plans and ideas, too, of which Lillie Bridge is to be the centre. It is proposed to make a skating rink, and establish a Club, to which the Committee of the Polo Club will elect. The names of that Committee, of which Earl Spencer and Lord Valentia are respectively President and Vice-President, will be a guarantee that the new Club will be select in the best sense of the word. A handsome pavilion for the use of members, including reading, dressing, and bath rooms, &c., is contemplated, and it is expected that the Club will be launched under the highest patronage. There is no doubt that the ground at Lillie Bridge is eminently calculated for this fashionable amusement.

At a School Board examination, recently, a sharp-looking boy was asked when Rome was built? 'In the *night*, sir.' 'Why what do you mean?' 'Well, sir, please, Mr. Phillips has often told me as it worn't built in a *day*.'

At a hunt dinner, 'The Visitors' were proposed, coupled with Dr. Lotion, always welcome at the covert-side. This individual—who thinks a great deal of his cross-country skill—in responding, said: 'Every gentleman in this 'room knows that if I'm not first over a fence, it is my horse's fault, and not 'my own.' Upon which an old farmer quietly whispered, 'Then the Doctor 'must first have took a Holloway, which removes *all obstacles*.'

The Vale of Honiton will miss the kind heart and generous nature of one of Devon's keenest sportsmen in the person of the late John Salter of Alphington House, who died on the 12th of March, regretted by a wide

circle of friends and neighbours. Early in life he exhibited great promise of those essentials for the chase which never in health forsook him, viz., marked pluck and determination, coolness, nerve, and a courage which made his daring at times sensational.

Fifty years ago, when barely eight, he used to ride his black donkey from his father's house, Combe Barton, near Tipton, to the late Dr. Cornish's 'Do-the-boys Hall,' at Ottery; but how often he played truant and gave others a lesson in bank-jumping instead of receiving the doctor's birch, which usually followed his stolen gallop with Mr. Guppy's harriers, many who have survived him can readily testify. The donkey was a marvellous performer, and laid the foundation for poor John's success as a cross-country idol. He seldom missed a meet with old Mr. Mathews' hounds, or with Mr. Thomas Yelverton's. He thought nothing of hacking to Chard, in Somerset, where he made his mark when hunting with Tom Eames's pack (of Cotley), who offered odds frequently that his friend John would break his neck. His power of endurance and of bearing fatigue exceeded Jack Mytton's; and no one better than the present Mr. Pynsent Mathew of Talaton can more accurately vouch for his singular gifts when riding to his hounds (as he has done to within a very recent period), though he had of late to be lifted on and off his old favourite chestnut Charley Goldfinch. Incidents might be multiplied showing his knowledge, judgment, and skill in horsemanship: how, when the late Mr. Yelverton's hounds, after running all day, killed their first fox and finished with the other far into dark, our hero backed his opinion that No. 2 had yielded also. At daybreak, John and his old friend Charles Salter sallied forth and, after two hours across country in cold blood, found reynard *secundus* in the middle of a large bog, reversing matters, head down, stern and brush up, forced nearly out of sight by the weight of the hounds; and the trophy carcase then recovered is still in existence. His runs with old Mr. Guppy's hounds have produced a volume of queer anecdotes, and one more recent incident, which nearly cost him his life, is worth mentioning. Mr. Pynsent Mathews' hounds were pressing their fox in the direction of a well-known open earth some miles away. John rode on, not shirking a single obstacle, and met the fox at the top of an embankment just over the earth. He smacked his whip loud and long, when his horse, old Jack, reared up, fell back dead, he and his rider rolling down a ravine to some underwood below which had been cut short, and on which his horse got spiked, he himself escaping with a dreadful shaking.

He rode for many seasons a horse rechristened 'Resurrection,' which Bob Hayden had sent to the Talaton kennels to be killed. The Master lent John the horse to help plough on an emergency; he nursed him, got his broken knees right, and being a wiry animal, though so nearly *in extremis*, he soon brought him round. One day, next season, Bob said, 'Why, you are on my dead 'horse, John!' 'No, he's not that; follow me and look at him,' negotiating a six-foot bank and a flight of hurdles beyond on the spur of the moment, and ending a capital run by putting many trained hunters to the blush.

The late Mr. Francis Coleridge of Ottery, and the Rev. Edwin Coleridge of Buckerell each presented their hunting-whips to poor John when on their death-beds.

He was the pilot of the field whenever he went hunting, always picking out and sticking to his own line. On his patrimonial estate, Combe Barton, and elsewhere he strictly preserved game and had it in abundance, but not for his own selfish amusement; it was his delight to invite friends, beat or mark for them, and to his neighbours and the poor he gave away the spoil. Truly, he was a thoroughly unselfish sportsman; his unvaried courtesy, good temper, frankness and kindliness of disposition, with his singular vein of humour and

appreciation of a joke, made for him a host of admirers. He was buried in Tipton churchyard, at the foot of Ven Ottery Hill, on the 19th of March. Indeed, we may quote words which are not inappropriate, when we say he had

> 'A hand that in the sight of heaven
> Without his heart was never given.
> * * * * * * *
> And Memory recalls with pain
> The form we ne'er may meet again.'

Our obituary records the passing away of three men: the first of mature age, the second not long past his prime, the third in all the brightness of comparative youth. Sir Rowland Errington was born a Stanley of Hooton, the oldest and bluest blood that Cheshire can boast. The son of Sir Thomas Massey Stanley, ninth Baronet, he, when quite a boy, inherited the large estates of Mr. Henry Errington, his maternal grand-uncle, and took his name. The father of Sir Rowland was intimately connected with the Turf, and the names of Picaroon, Apothecary, Gasparoni, &c., are to be found in old calendars when the Hooton colours were so often to the fore. The late Baronet, whose death we record, was a hunting man, and as Master of the Quorn, which post he held for several seasons, he will be long remembered for the princely way in which he fulfilled its duties. In the celebrated picture by Sir Francis Grant of the 'Melton Breakfast,' Sir Rowland is a conspicuous figure. He was a thorough sportsman we need scarcely say, and few could touch him in his younger days. He succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his brother in 1863, and he in his turn is succeeded by another brother, Mr. John Massey Stanley. Curiously enough, the family once so powerful in Cheshire have now no connection with the county. Sir William, the tenth Baronet, sold Hooton, and by that act and deed severed the connection of centuries of his house with that shire.

In the last 'Van' we had to record the death of Mr. Sidney Tharp of Chippenham, near Newmarket, at a good old age. But seven short weeks have elapsed, and now we have to lament the death of his eldest son and successor, Mr. John Tharp, at the age of forty-nine. An attack of bronchitis, a complaint this winter and spring more than usually prevalent and fatal, has taken from us before his time a kind-hearted man, a thorough gentleman, and a favourite with all with whom he came into contact. He was very fond of hunting, and passed his winters at Rugby, where he will be terribly missed. Yachting was his pastime in summer, and he had lately re-purchased his old favourite, the Gertrude, and had intended sailing all this summer. A man of warm heart and affections, he had felt his father's death severely, and when attacked with the complaint that carried him off, he expressed a presentiment of how it would end.

And the saddest story is yet to be told. In all the flush of youth and happiness—in the midst of the pleasures that life spread before him, and in the pursuit of an honourable career, Captain Hardinge Browne of the Royal Artillery met his death at the Esher Station on the evening of the 23rd. The unfortunate gentleman was crossing the line, and, being somewhat deaf, the warning of the officials that the Exeter express was coming up was unheard. The buffer of the engine caught him on the side of his head, and knocked him lifeless across the line. And this was the end of one of the most genial of companions, of the warmest of friends, and (we say it with all due reverence for a father's bitter sorrow), the most affectionate of sons. On one of the last occasions we met him, it was at Rugby Station, and on our inquiring what he was going to ride at some approaching cross-country meeting, he

told us that he had promised his father he would not ride in a steeplechase again. There was a look in his face, and we like to remember it now, that seemed to tell us too that the sacrifice—and it was that to one so passionately fond of the sport—was readily made to the affection that called for it. Poor dear 'Driver' Browne! How many will echo these words! He was a great friend of Mr. John Tharp's, and Rugby will miss them both sorely. As we pen these lines, past scenes, in which 'the Driver' is a centre figure, come before our eyes. They are all pleasant ones; he is doing a clever finish—he is returning to scale a plucky winner—he is a pet among the fairest in many ballrooms. In all of them he was an English gentleman. Peace to him!

'Death takes us midst our playthings.'

The debate upon the Horse question having taken place upon the eve of our going to press must be our excuse for not offering to our readers any lengthened notice of a subject of such interest to them.

Mr. Chaplin fully justified the expectations of his friends by the able speech in which he brought forward his case, that the breed of horses in this country, for general purposes, had deteriorated. He expressly exempted racehorses, and confined his remarks to the ordinary breed of horses, and he attributed the falling off chiefly to the fact that foreign Governments, through their agents in this country and Ireland, had carried off the best brood-mares, leaving only the refuse to breed from, and, further, to the difficulty for tenant farmers to obtain the use of sound sires at comparatively little trouble and expense. In consequence our farmers had almost ceased to breed horses. After describing the means adopted by foreign Governments for keeping up the breed, and incidentally disclaiming any wish to have Government haras for the purpose, or of imposing any export duty upon horses, the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire suggested giving various prizes at the Agricultural Meetings, and imposing a tax upon unsound stallions. In seconding the motion, Colonel Kingscote supplemented Mr. Chaplin's recommendation of giving prizes to stallions, by reminding the House that there was a fund ready at hand in the 3,300*l.* annually voted for Queen's Plates, the utility of which had long since gone by.

And how did Mr. Sturt, in moving the previous question, meet the case that had been established? His speech was chaff, and chaff only, not an argument in the whole of it. What on earth have the measurements of King Tom, Blair Athol, Lord Clifden, and Parmesan, covering at 100 guineas each, to do with the breeding of horses for general purposes by tenant farmers? Mr. Disraeli deprecated any division being taken, but intimated that, in the event of there being one, he should vote with Mr. Sturt. The Prime Minister can hardly be aware of the great falling off of breeding in his own county since he first represented it; when in many a homestead was to be found a magnificent Carbonaro mare. We regret not having time to notice the speeches of Sir Harcourt Johnstone, Mr. Greene, and other practical sportsmen, who spoke in favour of the motion. Ultimately the House was counted out, so that there has been no decision upon the question. Let not Mr. Chaplin lose heart; the ventilation of the subject must do good; the argument was all on his side.

'Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.'

Wolcott

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD WOLVERTON.

George Grenfell Glyn, second Baron Wolverton, is the eldest son of that eminent financier who, as head of the great banking-house known by his name, was during his long career, alike in the House of Commons, the boardroom chair of a great railway company, and in the City, no less conspicuous for the sense and high integrity that governed his actions than for the unobtrusive disinterestedness with which he gave his widely-solicited opinion and advice upon questions of social, political, or monetary importance. Born in 1824, the subject of our memoir—who was at Rugby in Dr. Arnold's time, and from there proceeded to University College, Oxford—devoted the earlier years of his life with marked assiduity to the active duties of a partner in his father's house, and entered public life as Member for Shaftesbury in 1857. He retained his seat, and, singularly enough, without a contest, through the four succeeding Parliaments, and (his ability tried and proved) was chosen as Whip to the Liberal party on Mr. Brand's resignation in 1867, and was appointed one of the Joint Secretaries to the Treasury under Mr. Gladstone's Government in the following year. The duties of the post held by Mr. Glyn are so important, and their exercise calls for such a display of judgment, patience, tact, and *savoir faire*, that when one remembers the important measures carried through Parliament during his tenure of office, or the many jarring interests that had to be reconciled—the objections that had to be met, the little sorenesses that had to be smoothed over—his success, and the respect and liking in which he was held, prove him to have been well qualified for those responsibilities. When on the death of his father—who had been summoned to the Upper House in 1869 as Lord Wolverton—Mr. Glyn, in 1873, of necessity resigned his important offices, he carried with him from the House of Commons the regret of every one who remembered his genial manners, and his untiring vigilance and energy in the interests of the party with which he was identified.

Lord Wolverton well fills the *rôle* of a country gentleman, more

particularly that of a hunting man—to which sport, like other members of the family, he has always been passionately attached. He was entered early with the V.W.H. and the Old Berks; was well known in Essex and with Baron Rothschild, and is now Master of the celebrated Ranston Bloodhounds, carrying the horn himself, and justly promoted from 'whip' to huntsman. As there has been some controversy as to the origin of this pack, we may mention here that in 1871 Captain Roden of Kells, in the county Meath, sold Mr. Glyn five couple of bloodhounds, which, with subsequent purchases, were the foundation of the establishment at Ranston, now consisting of sixteen couple and a half. There are ten couple of Lord Wolverton's own breeding; and by the time these lines meet our readers' eyes, those who have the opportunity may see some half-dozen of these magnificent hounds at the Crystal Palace Dog Show, and judge for themselves of their breed and quality.

Lord Wolverton is a genuine sportsman—perhaps prefers 'calf' to fox-hunting—rides courageously, and is warm-hearted, generous, and genial in his nature—indeed, expansive as is the circle of his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, he is held by one and all in a common bond of affection and esteem. He was a yeoman bold in the Dorset cavalry when Lord Ilchester commanded that corps; he has too, in addition to his other work, done good service at the Railway Clearing House, of which he is now Chairman, in succession to his late father, the founder of that most useful institution. Lord Wolverton married in 1848 Georgiana Maria, the eldest daughter of the Rev. George Tufnell.

And now, having touched upon some features of interest in his Lordship's career, as banker, politician, and huntsman, we may apply two not unfamiliar lines, and say—

> 'Nor was it e'er one's fate from him to find
> A deed ungentle, or a word unkind.'

MR. GERARD STURT ON THE HORSE QUESTION.

THE decline of our horse supply is a grave question that demands the attention of thoughtful men. Mr. Sturt, the Member for Dorsetshire, in addressing the House of Commons, treated the whole matter as a joke. Whether his language or his demeanour were consistent with the dignity of a legislator it is not our purpose to inquire, but they appeared to afford considerable amusement to an audience the majority of whom did not know a horse from a handspike.

In speaking of the witnesses who had testified to the diminution in number and degeneracy in the quality of horses, Mr. Sturt said that 'No single witness escaped without being bowled over, spiffli-'cated, and hung up to dry,' a sally which brought down the whole House. We have had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with

several of these gentlemen since they underwent that treatment, and they appeared to be remarkably well after it. The process of 'bowling over, spifflicating, and hanging up to dry' seemed only to have confirmed them in their previous opinions. Says one: 'The 'scarcity of horses in Ireland of any size, combined with quality, is 'still greater than it was when I was examined before the Committee. 'The farmers of County Dublin, Kildare, and the eastern parts of 'Meath have given up breeding. The old-fashioned Irish short-'legged breed of mares is extinct: the foreigners have got them all. 'Screen used to be the great colt fair in Meath, but there was a 'great falling off this year. At Cahirmee fair you could easily walk 'through the green, which used not to be the case. There were 'very few horses at Ballinasloe, and those double the price of what 'they were ten years ago. At last Ballinasloe and Mullingar fairs 'you could not buy ten good troopers, where in previous years you 'could get forty or fifty easily. If a sudden war broke out, the 'army would have to go on foot; at least, it could not be mounted 'from Ireland.' Says another: 'Fifteen of us met on the third day 'of last Ballinasloe fair and compared notes. We each wanted to 'buy about thirty horses, if we could get them, and we found that 'we had only got fifteen horses amongst the whole lot. The Irish 'horses of the present day are small and deficient in bone; they have 'plenty of blood, but have not substance sufficient to carry more 'than ten or eleven stone. The foreigners have bought up all the 'fine roomy mares out of the country, and have only left the weedy 'ones to breed from.' Says a third: 'I have attended fairs all my 'life, but there was not one fair in England last year worth going to. 'I remember, some thirty-five or forty years ago, when 5*l.* was paid 'for the use of a loose box for one night during Stourbridge fair, but 'that fair does not now exist. At Oundle fair the horses used to be 'sold with the condition that they were to be taken away at once, to 'make room for others. Oundle fair has died away to nothing. 'Upon one occasion John Elmore was at Rugeley fair, without any 'intention of buying, as he was full of horses at home. However, 'he was tempted to purchase sixty!!! At this year's Rugeley fair 'no one could have found three horses worth taking away. The 'mares to breed from do not exist; they have been bought by the 'foreigners.'

Again, another, who knows Yorkshire well, says: 'How can there 'be nice horses when there are none bred? There are plenty of 'daddy longlegs, but if you chance to see a well-shaped one, with 'substance, you must give whatever they ask and be thankful. This 'week, at Northallerton, there was not a good animal in the fair, 'but there were four German agents on the lookout to buy mares. 'The London carriage-horse dealers, without an exception, are 'forced to buy three-fourths of their horses abroad.'

As for poor Mr. Church, the manager of the London General Omnibus Company, he is obliged to buy all his horses abroad, and in the year, since he gave his evidence before the Committee, he has been

compelled to give 2*l.* more per horse, a rise of more than five per cent. Verily he has been 'bowled over, spifflicated, and hung up to dry' with a vengeance.

These benighted men will, however, persist in attributing the decline of breeding to the fact that all the fine, strapping brood mares, for general purposes, have been bought up by foreign agents with the long purses of foreign governments. The Member for Dorset would 'welcome the illustrious stranger from Mesopotamia,' or wherever else he came from, and would say to him, 'The more you pay the 'more I shall like you' (shouts of laughter). We can easily understand that if the dweller in Mesopotamia were to make a pilgrimage to Critchell, well laden with money bags, he would need no interpreter. Most breeders of thoroughbred stock would be too happy to accommodate such a customer with a shipload of animals only fit to draw a grocer's cart. In a like jocular strain the speaker gave his notions upon breeding. We take it, however, for granted that he merely intended to raise a laugh, as no one could seriously propose to breed from 'the veriest weed that brought down any Member of the House 'that night.' Two such brood mares would ruin a small farmer.

We have heard the story of the apothecary's mare before—she was a grand-daughter of Highflyer, and for aught we know she may have been a little big one—but one swallow does not make a summer. Could Mr. Sturt be serious when he told the House 'that 'he would guarantee to the Government 100,000 horses if they 'wanted them?' We know the difficulty other persons experience in meeting a much smaller requirement.

Messrs. Oldaker and Burton had a contract, last winter, for supplying 3,000 horses to the King of Spain, at a higher price than our Government allows, and, with agents in every part of Great Britain and Ireland, they got 400 horses in the first three months.

When the hon. gentleman came down to sober facts, he merely reproduced the statement of Admiral Rous, that since the year 1700 the stature of the thoroughbred horse had increased one inch in every twenty-five years. We quite agree that a good big horse is superior to a good little one, but we must not confound size with height. The biggest horse is that with the most substance, bone and muscle; a low horse on short legs is capable of carrying higher weights than one longer on the leg with less substance. The measurements of King Tom, Blair Athol, Lord Clifden and Parmesan, covering at 100 guineas each, fall far short of the measurements of Sampson, the best four-mile horse of his day, who covered at two guineas, more than one hundred years ago. It were needless to say that stallions with a fee of 100 guineas are of no use to farmers breeding for general purposes, who will not give more than two guineas for a leap, and often want three mares covered for the price of two. And, moreover, it is indispensable that the stallion should go to the farmer's gate. A tenant farmer has not the means of sending his mare, with perhaps a foal at her foot, to a horse at a distance; he cannot afford to pay high wages to a skilled man that

he could trust to take her; his nags are usually looked after by a mere country lad.

We trust that the Member for Dorset will in sober earnest ponder over the concluding words of the Prime Minister in this debate: 'The country expects something more from gentlemen than the 'production of thoroughbreds. Thoroughbred stock is no doubt 'necessary, but the country gentlemen and landed proprietors of 'England must consider that there are other useful animals to produce 'besides racehorses.' The counties of Wilts and Dorset have not hitherto been famed for the production of half-bred stock, but there is no reason that they should be behind their neighbours. A sound, useful horse, with plenty of bone, hailing from Critchell, covering the farmers' mares at a low fee might work wonders. At any rate we should see a few more horses at Weyhill fair worth more than fifteen sovereigns.

R. G.

'ROOT AND BRANCH.'

'Tria juncta in uno.'

In our article in the April number of this Magazine, to which the present paper forms a conclusion, we stated that the Ham, Shem, and Japhet of the equine race were represented by the three great heads of families under which we have arranged the different 'sires 'of the day' in the tables submitted to the notice of our readers in the last monthly issue of this periodical. Other *fontes et origines* of our thoroughbred stock may have existed, but they require some *vates sacer* to disinter their memories and to sing their praises; and we see no occasion to depart from recognised landmarks in the history of breeding. The motto of a distinguished regiment which heads this article might not inappropriately be supplemented by others well known in the service, and the sister mottoes of '*Quis* '*separabit?*' and '*Unita fortior*' will apply with equal force to the fusion of bloods at present existing. Referring to the three *patres conscripti* of the Turf, all family characteristics would appear to have vanished; at least, if we may argue from such diversities as mark different lines of the same 'origin of species.' In the Darley Arabian we have the quality of the Touchstones and the compactness of the Birdcatchers, contrasted with the coarseness of the Harkaways and Blacklocks, and the massive substance of the Weatherbits and Defences. Turning to the Byerley Turk descent, we find such 'odious comparisons' as must suggest themselves to any ordinary observer between the legs-and-wings tribe of Wild Dayrells and Bay Middletons and the elegance and neatness of the descendants of Sweetmeat and Venison; while the Pantaloons and Alarms are a sort of hybrid between the two extremes. Even among the Godolphin Arabian's two sole surviving representative lines we may wonder why the size and uncouth strength of the Melbourne family should

stand out in such bold relief to their 'opposites' in two out of the three of Jerry's branches. Like may beget like to a limited extent, and we have had it proved over and over again that certain qualities are perpetuated in certain families; but, by reason of continual crossing, it is impossible to refer success in either case to any particular ancestor, and, after all, 'precedent' must be the safest guide to the scientific breeder, and in addition to this fashion to the breeder for public sale. That there are still many believers in chance and scoffers at theory, the pages of the 'Stud Book' amply testify; and there can be no more humiliating memorial of weakness than that portion of it which records the failures and *fiascos* of breeders for the Turf proper in Ireland. But we hasten to take up the thread of our parable, dropped in the midst of our dissertation of the descendants in 'tail male' of the Darley Arabian, of which SIR HERCULES claims our first notice, not only by reason of seniority, but because we have thought it better to consider his claims apart from those of his most distinguished son. Faugh-a-Ballagh is represented, through Ethelbert, by Anglo-Saxon and Paganini, of which the former finds some favour in Berkshire; while the 'fiddler's' habitat is well-nigh as undiscoverable as the tactics of his owner, though we suppose he must be somewhere in England, where, at any rate, he has been credited with some foals. The brother 'Boats' were never registered A 1, but Life-boat has given us Mariner, apparently specially retained by Mr. Brayley, and a better-looking horse than his sire. Cecrops is Newcourt's legacy to rather an ungrateful country; but Mr. Gee has rescued him, like another Joseph, from his infernal pit at Flemings, and made him a lord of his household at Dewhurst. Lastly, Mr. Goodwin's (of Hampton Court) old friend Gemma di Vergy has Rococo to keep his name green in the land, and he has begotten one or two platers, useful enough to keep up supplies in Tom Dawson's ever handy snuff-box.

The way is now cleared for a consideration of the great BIRD-CATCHER dynasty, whose descendants vie with those of Touchstone both in numbers and importance. And of these The Baron branch stands pre-eminently forth as the founder of a line of kings, through those two brother pillars of his house, Stockwell and Rataplan. And while the 'Emperor of Stallions' has perhaps been somewhat unduly exalted by his admirers, all must admit that a horse who could beget three Derby winners, an Oak victress, and six followers in his own victorious St. Leger footsteps, must be an animal of more than ordinary merit. His 'enemies and opposers,' on the other hand, have denied the general capabilities of his stock to compass a distance, falling back upon the *dictum* of a celebrated trainer, that 'Stockwell 'never got a stayer in his life.' But, after all, success has told its tale, and hence we have a long list of sons and grandsons of the Burleigh chestnut putting in claims for public patronage. Indeed, the market is sadly overdone with some of his inferior stock; and, taking his better class representatives as a lot, we find but few among them who have realised the sanguine hopes of breeders.

Loiterer has begotten nothing of note; and St. Albans has been unlucky with some of his best children—Julius and St. Mungo to wit; while the family are in ill-repute for vice and its attendant infirmity, softness. We very much regret his brother Savernake's loss to this country, as he did not appear to have inherited the defects of 'the stallion,' and was altogether more racing-like and generous. Thunderbolt has got some useful milers of about the same class as himself, and has altogether more of his sire's character about him than most of Stockwell's get; while his son Vulcan should be an accession to the stud, on account of his Alarm blood. Asteroid, excellent performer as he was over all distances, must be written down a failure, notwithstanding his Goodwood Cup winner, Siderolite—a gaunt, scraggy sort of horse, better suited for walking a country district than for having his progeny registered in the 'Stud 'Book.'

Camerino was cursed with the wayward temperament which so many of his stock inherit, but he has shown his ability to get something above the average in George Osbaldeston and Coronella, and has hardly a fair chance in the West of England among William Day's mares. Caterer, a horse of about the same class and disposition, strangely enough, has hitherto borne him company, but Leolinus is the only one of his get who can be classed A 1, and we have noticed that nearly all of them are rogues or savages. We have not seen Pace since his return to England, but in training he was not exactly the sort of animal we can imagine capable of being converted into a high-class sire. Citadel has recently added to his crop of show-yard laurels at Manchester, and we wonder the foreigners have not negotiated for the tall chestnut before this, as he is quite one of their sort, and rather at a discount among English breeders. Grimston's name crops up now and then, but he cannot keep his head above water; and all the hero-worship of the day is lavished upon Blair Athol, who needs no further notice at our hands. Our hope that the blaze-face chestnut may beget stayers is stronger than our faith in his ability to do so; but he has a splendid living stud advertisement in Prince Charlie, who has made more noise in the world than any horse of modern times. The owners of Ethus and Keith, too, have not found their pets neglected, and the stock of the former stallion is especially promising and racing-like. The Count and Forager are 'claimants' we must refuse to believe in; but from Broomielaw we expect far better things, trusting that 'little Trent' is merely a forerunner of other celebrities from the loins of the Elsham horse. The Duke is too expensive a luxury for those who prefer something which can race to mere good looks, and most of his 'magnificent' yearlings have gone to pieces early in life; some of them, as in the case of Somerset, having been kept to improve the breed of horses in remote country districts, where a fine-topped animal is all that seems to be required.

Lord Lyon's chance of distinction at the stud was endangered by the early public run upon his services when he retired from the Turf.

Hence his stock have come weak and washy, with too many cripples among them; but with diminished patronage we are glad to see him looking up again, while Horse Chestnut, for looks and action, would be a credit to any sire. For Westwick we have rather a fancy, though he has not had much of a chance as yet; and deeply as we regret that Knowsley has not survived to realise the great things predicted of him, he has left Rupert behind him to perpetuate a race of roans, and perchance to form the advanced guard of that band of brothers which Lord Calthorpe and his friends would recruit to march against the giant 'Degeneracy.' Roland Græme's extinction has done away, at least for the present, with any hope of a Chanticleer revival through Sydmonton, and though the paddocks of England are studded here and there with his grey matrons, the male succession threatens to lapse for ever. Knight of St. George was the progenitor of that handsome family of 'Armigeri,' which now survives in the cotemporaries Knight of the Thistle and Knight of St. Patrick, the latter boasting the paternity of yet another Knight in him of the Crescent. But the race is more distinguished for beauty than bravery, and its knights have too much of the 'carpet' character about them for the rough usages of real racing warfare. Student, of Russley renown, was the making of Oxford, one of the two only direct descendants of Birdcatcher now amongst us; and since the day when Messrs. Graham took the chestnut in hand he has never looked behind him. We regard Sterling as the handsomest horse of his age, but to suppose him more than a miler was sheer infatuation, which his managers injudiciously took more than one opportunity of proving to the public. His rather ignominious 'Kootoo' to Favonius after the Cambridgeshire crowing did not improve matters; but he has our good word for his start in stud-life, and, like Banquo, he may 'beget kings, though he be none.'

Saunterer is the other direct representative of the fiery Irish chestnut, and it is strange that, notwithstanding his fine symmetry, and trouble and expense incurred by the late Mr. Blenkiron in redeeming 'Matt's black' from bondage among the Austrians, that his stud history should be such a blank as regards successors. Nearly all his stock have been touched in their tempers, as well as being doubtful stayers, though he is credited with an Oaks winner in Gamos, the mare 'of many headaches.' We could wish for more built on the same lines as the elegant black, who bears his burden of years so bravely at Eltham, and it may not be too late, but still we 'wonder 'and doubt.' Tynedale keeps Adventurer company at Sheffield Lane, and is the sole representative of the Warlock branch. Of that roan St. Leger winner (whose portrait was conspicuous in the Whitewall gallery), it is 'The Druid' who says: 'If he had only been 'a chestnut, he was the truest type of what Birdcatcher almost in-'variably got.' Young Birdcatcher has been credited with more than one of the useful division, but his day must have gone by; and First Flight, by Brother to Bird on the Wing, of the old Glasgow blood, we always thought quite the gentleman of that coarse

fraternity, whose annual 'lettings' at Albert Gate seem to be things of the past. But we must hark back for a moment to supply an omission in the case of St. Albans, whose representatives we had forgotten to include in our notice of the Ailesbury crack. Julius finds much favour at Newmarket, and his foals, we are told, have come bigger and stronger than in former years, but of the same fine quality. Martyrdom makes fair way in the North, and in St. Mungo and the Primate we have a pair of bearers of the yellow jacket not altogether unknown to fame. Costa hails from the same distinguished academy, and though not so much the rage as his namesake, Clearwell's recent success and one or two likely-looking yearlings at Cobham, may make us regret that we have hitherto neglected this veritable 'Last of the Barons.'

Rataplan's great card, Kettledrum, having left the country, he has to fall back upon performers of lesser note on the Turf, but of better repute as sires. The Miner is getting some very useful stock in Yorkshire, but we have not seen him since he joined the stud, and cannot speak as to his looks. Elland did one or two 'tall' things during the time he was Lord Lyons's schoolmaster at Ilsley, but at present his stallion performances have been of no higher order than his pupil's. He was a 'ripe and good' stayer, however; and the same may be said of Blinkhoolie, from whom Mr. Watson could not make up his mind to part when the Waresley beauties were dispersed last summer. He gets rather small neat stock, like himself, but will doubtless be capable of better things when he attains his prime. His Queen Mary blood makes him especially valuable, and he is cast quite in his dam's mould, without a particle of Rataplan's character about him. Those worthies, the Drummer and Field Marshal, are much of the same class, and we hear Alpenstock is standing at Danebury, thus making another representative of the Rataplan subdivision.

The Lanercost line brings to a close our Darley Arabian annotations, and it is deeply to be regretted that so stout and excellent a strain should be but indifferently represented amongst us. Breeders are too apt to fight shy of what they are pleased to term 'ponies' like Lecturer, forgetful of Parmesan's unequivocal success, and unmindful of more than one gigantic failure. The little Colsterdale phenomenon has, however, plenty of time before him, and we look to him rather than to the moderate Accident for raising up seed to Lanercost. Through the handsome Van Tromp we descend through Van Galen to Van Amburgh, 'the best horse in Europe,' and the rather commoner-looking Ploughboy, to neither of which public fancy can be said to point as yet, though the 'lion-tamer' should have a more than average chance among his owner's mares at the Warren. There is hardly a hope of the expatriated Tim Whiffler bringing the Lanercosts once more into repute through any of his sons; for we know nothing of Midsummer's location, and Coventry is hardly class enough to command patronage in these pushing days.

THE BYERLEY TURK.

No one interested in the pursuits of breeding can look without apprehension upon the probable extinction of so many branches of this distinguished tribe. The Pantaloon, Venison, Alarm, and Bay Middleton subdivisions are in danger of actual annihilation; and it is difficult to find more than a third-rater among their representatives of the present day. It may be as well to dispose of these at once, before proceeding to a consideration of the more important sections, which stand in less danger of neglect and oblivion. From GLADIATOR, through his son Fitz Gladiator, we arrive at Montagnard, a fair-class horse, and one who gave some indications of staying powers over long courses both at Newmarket and Epsom. So far we cannot call to mind any of his stock having appeared either in the sale ring or on the racecourse, but we consider the strain worth preserving amongst us.

The sudden defection of the PANTALOONS is deeply to be regretted, but there is still a hope that Thormanby may have some posthumous successor worthier to sustain the family honours than Normanby or Merry Sunshine, though the latter promised to make up into a very grand horse indeed. The public, however, must have deeds, and not words; and we think it a pity for so smart a horse as Normanby to be passing away his hours of idleness at Eltham. Windham, we are assured, is alive, and intent on schemes of propagation, but we cannot look upon him in any other light than the mere cadet of an illustrious family. Perhaps we might more appropriately have allowed the mantle of VENISON to descend upon his son Kingston as leader of another division of Byerley Turks. The 'beautiful Knight of the 'Silverhair' has all the honours to himself, but 'tried and found 'wanting' must be our sad, though conscientious verdict upon Man-at-Arms, Ely the beautiful, and King John, whose fortune the late Mr. Blenkiron pledged himself to make. We have far more hopes of that handsome little coward, Blue Mantle, who led his contemporaries such a weary time of it during his early two-year-old career; and as they have dipped with him pretty freely in the North, he will at least have a chance of distinction. ALARM has but two sorry darts in his quiver to make a mark hereafter; for Commotion stops short with the steeplechaser Disturbance, and Suspicion was sold for an old song at Alexandra Park last year. Of the BAY MIDDLETON offshoot it may truly be said, 'How are the mighty fallen!' when we see the Dutchman and Andover, his two Derby winners, failing to perpetuate their excellences in Cape Flyaway, Amsterdam, and Cramond, all of them now verging on the allotted length of days to horseflesh, and leaving behind them but a dim image of the glorious traditions with which the names of their ancestors will ever be associated in the annals of the English Turf. Turn we now to SWEETMEAT, into the channel of whose descent the main stream of Gladiator's blood has been diverted, and happily in such copious supplies as to enrich many a

region thirsting for its excellent qualities. It has been a curious family history, with the brown's early luck in the filly line—Parmesan and Sweetsauce following on a few years later, and Macaroni, Saccharometer, Carnival, and Lozenge, all begotten in his seventeenth year of blindness and neglect. Owing to Mr. Savile's 'happy thought' of breeding from Parmesan at Rufford, his perseverance has been rewarded by such excellent class horses as Favonius and Cremorne, the latter of whom stands along with his sire at a 'century' fee, while the chestnut Lord of the 'Baron's year' (to our minds the coming 'sire of the day') finds a full list at Mentmore at a more moderate figure than his successor in Derby honours. Macaroni keeps up a well-deserved reputation at Cobham (where we trust he may cease to be a 'hireling' next month); and from the North we hear rumours of Macgregor's popularity, and as he is cast in much the same mould as 'Mac,' he should not lack for patronage. Each day makes us regret Saccharometer's loss the more, as nearly all his stock were returned winners; and Vanderdecken appears at present to be hovering, like the coffin of Mahomet, between earthly requirements of training and the more heavenly repose of the stud-farm. Lozenge has been a wanderer since his Cambridgeshire days, and breeders have taken exception to him on account of his bull chest and slight lack of liberty before. But at Waresley he will, we hope, fare better than in Yorkshire, where he did not go down among the natives. Wild Dayrell is the last on our list, and we may at once content ourselves with a mere passing notice of his sons Idus, Wild Moor, and Wild Oats, all of whom have yet to be judged by their fruits; but it may be whispered that they are very fond of Wild Oats at Cobham, whose manager has determined that a goodly share of his very best mares shall be at the 'big un's' disposal during the present season. The Rake has already made his mark with Scamp; but we were surprised to find, when we saw him at Doncaster, that instead of developing into the tight, compact animal of which his working life at Bedford Lodge gave such promise, he has gone the way of all the family, and run 'to leg' most unconscionably. Buccaneer was the only son of Wild Dayrell we can recollect as guiltless of this conformation; and though we cherish no hope of redeeming him from foreign bondage, we have such excellent representatives as Paul Jones and See-Saw still left among us. The former has begun well with Corydalis, and his first batch of yearlings stamped the Finstall horse at once, and size and power are the characteristics of his stock. So highly did Lord Scarborough think of See-Saw, that he at once leased him last year for his Tickhill stud, and we hear nothing but good of his first-fruits in Yorkshire. And so we bring to a conclusion our notes on the Byerley Turk line.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

We now arrive at the last and smallest of the three great divisions from which it is generally conceded that our racers trace their origin. Melbourne's is, of course, the most important of the two sole

existing branches, and, fortunately, there is plenty of material to work upon, and ample sources to draw from, when the progeny of a single horse is taken into consideration. West Australian's early retirement across the 'streak of silver sea' was a relief rather than otherwise to those who had hoped so long and so vainly for the Whitewall prodigy to beget something as good as himself. Few ever dreamt that the oddly-made Joskin would revive the family credit through such an animal as Plebeian; and many have wondered that the Queen Mary cross, which resulted so magnificently in Blink Bonny, when Melbourne was the cover, should have failed when tried with his best son. Young Melbourne has been singularly unlucky in having just missed two Derbys with General Peel and Pell Mell; while The Earl was not allowed to represent him either at Epsom or Doncaster. The General has failed most lamentably to sustain his ancestral reputation; while Pell Mell is hardly like to become a violent public fancy just yet, though he may do Lord Calthorpe and his friends excellent service as a country 'regenerator.' The Earl has done fairly well, considering the infirmity which marred his earlier efforts, and we shall hope to hear of him taking more kindly to his business as years go on; for we should regret to lose so characteristic a representative of the family, and one whose public career was full of merit. Brother to Strafford has hardly fulfilled as yet the prognostication of the few staunch supporters of the Glasgow blood left among us; but we do not yet despair of the late eccentric Earl's gigantic brood doing good service to their country at no very distant date. Arthur Wellesley enjoys a hale and green old age; and his reputation is safe enough in the keeping of Royal Rake and Mornington, both racehorses of more than average merit. Oulston is so grandly bred that his failure of high-class issue is sadly to be deplored; but we wish Mr. Pishey Snaith all manner of luck with Benvoglio, who, we hear, has captivated all Boston, and that, too, coming after Warrior, whom the old man always looked upon as the apple of his eye. The young Knights of the Garter are just coming into bloom, and Prime Minister could have no worthier defender of his rights than the doughty brown at Moorlands. Mentmore, who has succeeded fairly enough in his quiet way, and who combines the Melbourne and Defence strains, is likely enough to be succeeded by Syrian when he gets tired of winning at Shrewsbury; and this brings us to the JERRYS, a tribe well-nigh fallen into abeyance, and hanging by a very slender thread to the possibility of existence in the next generation. The much-belauded Knight of Kars must henceforth confine his attention to half-breds; and if *mésalliances* of this kind can be managed so as to result in such excellent specimens as The Colonel, the steeplechasing world need not complain. Promised Land has been rather mismanaged and abused during his early career at the Diss Agapemone; but there is time for amendment during his few remaining years of stud-life, if he can only be favoured with a few fair-class mares. Of Sundeelah we have great hopes, and, having overlooked him 'in another place,' it gives us all the more

pleasure to make the *amende* here, and to express a wish that he may bid the wonted fires of his family live again even in their ashes, 'revivify the flame, and bid it burn afresh.'

Thus we have traced, if not to their fountain heads, at least to sufficiently distinctive origins, the sources of blood available for the use of breeders at the present time. It will be easy to alter or supplement the tables set forth in a former portion of this article so as to render them reliable records for some years to come, and readers interested in such pursuits can work out for themselves the various phases of rise or fall in different families comprised under the three separate divisions. We wish it distinctly to be understood that we lay no claim to any originality of idea or arrangement, but the tables are at any rate sufficiently comprehensive for those who merely care to dip their wing in passing over the waters of breeding lore, greatly as they lack the minuteness of research and detail required by those who would dive deeper into the subject. We speak advisedly when we assert that even among those professing to be high-priests of the mysteries of the 'Stud Book,' there exists a lamentable amount of ignorance in the theory of breeding, while their practice partakes far too much of the 'rule-of-thumb' character. Into controversies we have not deemed it advisable to plunge, and we trust to have avoided giving offence, by a fair and impartial exposition of our tabular statement. This fact we have at any rate satisfactorily established, that, after eliminating the 'questionable' element, we are left with well-nigh one hundred and fifty animals doing, popularly speaking, a good trade; and we cannot doubt that this number is amply sufficient to supply the annual requirements of the Turf, without any fear of overtaxing our resources. And there is still a very large margin left for conducting experiments in breeding as proposed by Lord Calthorpe, whose ideas anent widening our area of production, and extending the benefits of suitable blood to hitherto barren districts, we hope soon to see taking a more definite shape.

AMPHION.

HOW MR. T. HALL'S FORTUNE WAS MADE.

IT is not often we hear of a fortune made on the Turf by backing horses, but a lucky man occasionally, or perhaps we should say a clever one, achieves the feat. One of these favourites of fortune was Mr. Tom Hall of Dewchester, and if we relate the way in which he did it, perchance the recital may prove neither uninteresting nor uninstructive. But let us just make the acquaintance of Mr. Hall himself, and take a look at him as he lays down a copy of the 'Sporting Gazette,' which, to judge by his countenance, he has scanned with no small degree of satisfaction. Had a stranger, on first meeting him, remarked that Mr. Hall looked like a shrewd man, he would undoubtedly have been right. Mr. Hall was a shrewd man—a remarkably shrewd man. Some have expressed an opinion

that he was unpleasantly shrewd, but possibly they were prejudiced. Yet there was that in his look and manner which did not altogether inspire confidence; his keen grey eye had a way of looking as it were into and through you, that to people of a bashful turn of mind was embarrassing, that is to say, when it suited Mr. Hall so to do. At other times it became cold and vacant, resolving itself into a stony stare, conveying no more insight towards the thoughts that were harbouring behind it than the eye of a statue. His nose was straight and narrow, mouth of the largest, though the lips were thin, and the straight cut of his whiskers, and particularly smooth-shaved chin, gave his face somewhat the appearance of his own smug residence, when viewed from the street. He had just laid down the 'Sporting Gazette,' and, turning to the mantel-piece, opened a large cigar case and proceeded to examine the contents with as much care as if some important event depended on the choice he should make. He felt them carefully one by one, smelt them, and even applied two or three to his lips before making a final selection. Judged by appearance they were all of the same brand, and that a particularly good one; but Mr. Hall was evidently fastidious with regard to his tobacco. At length he made choice of one, carefully removed the end, and lighted it. Turning his back to the fire, with a hand thrust in each of his coat-pockets, he smoked abstractedly while gazing at the portrait of a horse hanging on the opposite wall. Who was Mr. Hall? It is a natural question, and while he is recovering from his reverie, we will endeavour to answer it. Mr. Hall described himself as a livery stable keeper, or trainer of horses. He had commenced life as a stable boy, become a jockey, in which profession he displayed great ability, and afterwards combined with it the business of a trainer. From some cause, however, his success was not commensurate with his shrewdness and ability. He began well as a jockey, but after a time gentlemen declined to put him up. Then, as a trainer, a young man or two intrusted large strings to his care, but one by one they were removed, some by their owners, others by order of the sheriff, until Mr. Hall, like Othello, found his occupation gone. Being a man of expensive habits, he found living on nothing a year inconvenient, and in a short time went away no one knew whither, it was rumoured, without paying his rent and a few other debts—hay, corn, and saddlery for instance, that report said stood against him. But this might have been calumny. For a time Mr. Hall became invisible to the general public, though a counterpart of him, shabbily dressed, was averred to haunt the outskirts of different training-grounds, and at intervals flitter to and fro between them and Dewchester. What could take such a character to the straightlaced, not to say pious, town of Dewchester was a mystery, and had remained so until nearly the time of which we are writing. At length he came more openly, and, to judge by his exterior, circumstances had altered for the better. His old nattiness of attire had returned, and the neat neckcloth was confined by the gold horseshoe with diamond nails, as of yore. He no longer took his bread and cheese and ale in

an obscure pothouse, but ordered his chop and pint of sherry at the Dragon. Moreover, his visits became more frequent; the wide-spreading downs which surround Dewchester had attracted his attention, and he indulged himself in frequent strolls over them.

After a time he took stabling in Dewchester, and secured the right of galloping over the neighbouring downs at a figure far more remunerative to the owners thereof than letting them out as a sheep-walk. Mr. Hall had occupied this new domicile about three years at the time of our story, and the horses of Lord Fitzsaddle were placed under his care.

His cigar is half-burned out, a long white ash has gathered at the end, and a delicious aroma fills the whole room, while a slight haze floats between him and the picture which he contemplates. At length the ash drops in powder at his feet, and this appears to rouse him. Slowly removing the cigar, he remarks, 'Yes, old boy, he's 'very like you, the same game head and muscular quarters, but I 'think better of the two; you'd have won in a canter with seven 'pounds more at the age, and, with luck, it must be a moral for him.'

With this remark Mr. Hall lighted a fresh cigar and passed into the entrance-hall, if so limited a space deserves the name, where, taking from its peg the stable key, and a small gold-mounted whip—in former days of the kind called 'cutting,' and an active agent in some of his hard-won victories, but now, curtailed of its fair proportions, and ornamented with a long slight lash, was carried as a symbol of office—he made his way to the stables. It yet wanted some twenty minutes to the hour for racking up for the night, and as he entered the first stable and ignited the gas, he bent his step to the box of an exceedingly-fine three-year-old chestnut named Mont Blanc. This horse had shown fair form as a two-year-old in the earlier part of the season, and won quite enough to so far pay his way and leave a handsome balance in hand, his later essays notwithstanding, which had been somewhat unsuccessful and of a nature to give the idea that he was not of a sort to train on; hence he was handicapped for the Dewchester Stakes at a weight which caused the prophets to maintain, that if he ran up to his best form he could scarcely lose. Next him stood an old horse who had been very useful in picking up Queen's Plates, and was supposed to be one of the most reliable horses out to ask a young one a question. Both of them looked as fine and brilliant in their coats as hands could make them. Then followed some two-year-olds, one particularly forward, the only one of anything like high-class. These Mr. Hall passed without a glance, and entered a box at the end of the stable. Here stood a bay colt whom the tyro may have pronounced a plain one, and a good judge would perhaps have passed without much notice, had his attention not been particularly called to him. But once he got the horse fairly in his eye, he would look and look again, until a scrutiny of point by point would convince him that it was no common animal before him. A drooping quarter and thin switch tail made him appear mean, and was in a measure the cause of his short,

narrow look. Lightly clothed, and apparently lying rough, he had still a long coat, and showed none of the polish displayed by the other horses. Bought as a yearling at 150 guineas by Hall, he had won one trumpery race as a two-year-old, and been beaten by moderate horses in a couple more, as a three-year-old. Hall said he was not worth his corn, and rode him as a hack on the downs; nay, he had even figured occasionally at the covert-side, and, though getting plenty of real good exercise, had not been what is technically called 'in work' for months. His trainer looked long and earnestly at him, much as he had regarded the picture to which the horse bore so striking a resemblance. He then went to his head, looked carefully into his eyes, noted the clean state of his manger, and, with a look of exultation, passed his hand along his firm, full chest, and slightly lifted his quarter-piece as he once more came to the end of the box. His hands were again thrust deep in the coat-pockets, and nodding to the horse as if addressing him, he said, 'You are just fit to go into strong work now, and I 'have got a lot of muscle on you without any one's suspecting it.'

Mr. Hall then left the box, and going to the outer door of the stable met Ginger and three other lads who were coming to rack up. Ginger, the eldest, was, as far as Mr. Hall allowed any one to be so, his factotum, not what is technically called a head lad perhaps, for the business was scarcely extensive enough to warrant him incurring the expense of such a functionary. More than that, Mr. Hall preferred (perhaps wisely) as far as possible to be his own head lad. What small confidence he placed in any one (mostly of a negative kind) was placed in Ginger, who was as good a lad as ever trainer had under his hands; the dial was not truer to the hour than he; he never shirked work himself, or let the others shirk it. Moreover, he was a fine horseman and a capital judge of pace—a great requisite for leading gallops. He was also sober and honest; but he had one failing, and that too grave a one to be passed over in any training stable. When subjected to female influence, of which he was peculiarly susceptible, he could not hold his tongue. What was told him in secret he would, so to say, proclaim upon the housetop. This failing had cost him many places, and procured him the honour of serving Mr. Hall at a much lower stipend than his good qualities really merited. But Mr. Hall knew Ginger, and he knew mankind perhaps as well, or nearly as well, as he knew horses.

It might be thought that so humble an establishment as Mr. Hall's would be scarcely worth the trouble of touting; but it was not so. Rumour said a likely young one or two had been placed under his care; both the public and bookmakers want to know about likely young ones, and where Derby form is not to be had, by no means turn up their unwashed noses at a handicap horse well in; so that hardly had Mr. Hall well settled himself in his new locality than people commenced to do unto him as he had done unto others in his out-at-elbow days. Two newspapers had their special correspondents in the

town, to say nothing of the hired servants of more than one bookmaker. Here was a terrible pitfall for a young man of Ginger's temperament, and he, dolt that he was, ran right into it. Not that Ginger for one moment held any communication with the touts; to use his own expressive words, he would have 'scorned the haction,' but Ginger's peculiarities were well known to his enemies, and they straightway assailed him in his tenderest point. Ginger's first love was the pretty neat little daughter of a greengrocer, who loved him with all her heart, and neither knew nor cared one jot about the horses. Her they tried to pump, but with little or no avail. She heard all her lover told her, and straightway forgot it, or so jumbled and transposed names, when led unsuspiciously to speak on the subject, that she caused more than one serious mistake, and was all but the means of a severance between the 'Cabman's Chronicle' and its employés. Shillings and half-crowns were wasted in the shop to no purpose; and at length the hostile forces, driven to desperation, agreed to make a combined attack, and carry out a plan in concert. It would be expensive, but it must be done. This was no other than to bring the pretty and notorious Alice Leslie down to Dewchester, and get her for a consideration, to take charge of Ginger, and extract his secrets and spare cash at one and the same time.

In Hall, however, they had one quite able to counterplot for every plot they laid, and he not only knew the advent of these worthies themselves, but the day on which the message was despatched for the perfidious Alice, and the train by which she arrived, and took his measures accordingly. Ginger did not fall quite so readily into the trap as was expected, for his attachment to the little greengrocer was of a more serious nature than usual, and Alice repeatedly threw herself in his way before an intimacy was formed. The first step over, however, her victory was an easy one, and her arts obtained such sway over the straightforward but somewhat simple lad, that he was merely a tool in her hands. At the time of which we write she had just obtained the full sway of her ascendency.

* * * * * * *

We left Ginger just entering the stable, where, after a touch of his cap to Mr. Hall, he proceeded at once to the box of Mont Blanc, and, having shaken up the litter, gave him his corn. In the meantime his *confrères* were busy with their respective charges, while Hall, his thumbs still stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, walked the stable and kept an eagle glance on the whole proceedings. Mont Blanc, who was a capital feeder, despatched his corn in due time, and, after receiving a somewhat scant allowance of water, had the setting-muzzle adjusted, the same being done to the old horse; when, everything having been set fair, the lads were dismissed, with the exception of Ginger, who obeyed a signal from his master to remain.

'Ginger,' said he, 'we shall try to-morrow.'

'Yes, sir.'

'You will take the string at the usual time on to the downs, and 'canter all together, three-quarters of a mile on the straight gallop.

'Then let Joe walk an hour and a half and return with them, but 'you take Mont Blanc and old Storyteller away to Honeycomb 'Down, and meet me there at the back of the long plantation. I 'shall not go with you, as the touts will not suspect anything to be 'up when they see the horses out alone. Leave the bay horse in 'the end box saddled for me, without clothing, as the mornings are 'warm now, and I must canter along to overtake you. By-the-by, 'I fancy he has taken to eat his litter; just clap a muzzle on him.'

'His hay's not gone, sir.'

'Never mind, set him; he won't move with me in the morning 'if he gets half a ton of straw down.'

'Now, Ginger,' continued Hall, 'be sure and keep this dark as 'night, for if the spin comes off as I expect, we shall win the 'Dewchester Stakes. I shall put you on a fiver to nothing for it.'

So saying he walked Ginger out of the stable and locked the door behind him. It was exceedingly condescending of Mr. Hall to confide thus in his subordinate, seeing that he was never yet known to miss stable time, and might have made his arrangements then equally as well. Nevertheless he sent Ginger away rejoicing, who lost no time in seeking the fair Alice, to inform her of his brightening prospects, 'For,' said he to himself, 'master never makes a mistake; if he 'says the oss 'ill win, win he will, and as he's sure to get on the fiver 'at about ten to one, there's fifty sovs. for you, Ginger, my boy.' By the time he had finished these calculations he reached Alice's lodgings, where, by previous arrangement, supper was prepared for him.

'Well, Will,' said she, 'here you are at last then. I thought 'you were never coming. What can have kept you so late?'

'Making a fortin, my duck,' replied he, giving her a kiss and a chuck under the chin, for which he received a stinging box on the ear; for it was no part of Alice's plan to allow Mr. Ginger any peculiar liberties at present.

'Oh, yes! you've been at the Dragon again, tossing for half-'crowns with the ostler, no doubt.'

'No, I havn't,' replied the rebuked Ginger, 'been tossing for 'half-crowns nor half-sovs. neither, so you needn't twit a feller with 'that. Master's kep' me.'

'Oh, master's kep' me, has he? What should master keep such 'as you for when your work's done?'

'I tell yer he did keep me, and you know as how I am head lad; 'who should he keep if not me?'

'Perhaps as you've been on such important business as to spoil 'my supper, you'll have no objection to tell me what it's all about.'

'Look here, lass, give me some of that tripe, and ask no questions; 'then, perhaps, afore long you'll have a new dress.'

'A new dress, indeed! I scorn to be beholden to a man for that 'who can't even tell me where he's been to, or won't; for '"master's kep' me" is all a fudge; Hall's stable's never open after 'half-past eight, and now it's an hour later. Perhaps it's apples again

'you've been buying; boys is fond of sich things; you're welcome 'to apples and pears for me, and them as sells 'em.'

'How can you, Alice, when you know I cares for nobody but 'you?'

'It looks like it, when you won't even tell me what's kept you 'away.'

'You won't split if I tell you?'

'Oh! pray don't trust me; you'd much better not.'

'Don't be cross, there's a dear, and I'll tell you.'

'Keep it to yourself, I say; I don't want to know your secrets.'

'We tries to-morrow, and master's kep' me for orders.'

'We tries to-morrow, does we; and where do we try then?'

'No, Alice, I musn't tell yer; you knows I musn't: 'tis more than 'my place is worth.'

'Havn't I said I don't want to know?'

'Then don't be cross, dear.'

'I ain't cross,' said Alice, bursting into tears. This was a finisher for poor Ginger.

'Don't, Alice, don't,' said he; 'it's on Honeycomb Down, the 'long gallop at the back of the plantain. Old Storyteller and Mont 'Blanc were going to try. Now you know all, you will be friends 'again, won't you, Alice?'

Yes, Alice would be friends again, and Ginger despatched his tripe in peace and quietness, and retired early to bed, as was necessary to one who had to be at stable by daybreak.

No sooner was Ginger fairly away than his place was filled by the special correspondent of the 'Cabman's Chronicle' whose lot it was to be on duty that night; for these worthies took it in turn to keep an eye on the horses and Alice, each having his day on duty, while his companions consumed the shining hour in the noble game of skittles. Grogs were produced, and, as the special would himself have expressed it, 'the office given,' when Alice asked how they intended to reach the scene of action, distant some six miles.

'Why you see, as this is something particular like, we must, I 'think, have Bill Dutton's trap, and drive across to the Crab-tree 'afore 'tis light, and then get into the plantain and wait for 'em.'

'Then I shall go with you.'

'You go!'

'Yes, that's what I said.'

'That's likely! I ain't going to be hampered with petticoats when 'I'm on business.'

'Very well, then, I'll go without you; and mark this, Johnson, 'I'll give the office and spoil your game! I am not going to be 'mewed up here and practise on that poor lad without seeing some 'of the fun.'

'What fun is there in that? It's only a trial. I'd never go unless 'I was forced.'

'No matter; I mean to see it.'

'Well, if you must, you must. Be at Bill Dutton's about

'half-past two, and you'd better wrap up warm; it 'll be a coldish 'job, I can tell you.'

'I'll be there,' said Alice, and showed out her last visitor.

Any one who had visited the Crab-tree, a lone public house on the edge of the downs, the morning following the night on which the aforesaid dialogues were held, would have seen two men and a female, all closely muffled, drive into the yard, and having secured the pony to a rack in an open shed, and thrown an old rug over him, without his being taken from the cart, make their way on foot to the adjacent downs. Each of the men was provided with a powerful telescope, with which they swept the country in every direction; but as yet not a soul was moving, and, save that a particularly early lark or two had already soared aloft to pour forth their orisons, all was still as the grave. There was a mile for them to walk ere the plantation was reached, as through dew, which hung like diamonds on thistle and grass, they took their way, the two men together, and the female some few yards behind them, as if by mutual consent they avoided each other's companionship.

'We must bear to the right presently,' said one of the men; 'they'll finish up the hill, of course. I know the ground well; 'watched it for Lord Montague Rook when Dickson trained there. 'Here should be a path somewhere handy, that leads through the 'heath to the plantain end. Ay, here 'tis; look!' And he turned off at an angle from the track they were pursuing. A few minutes brought them to the plantation, when a proposition was made by the taller man that each should watch a particular part of the course, and then compare notes when the trial was over. To this his companion demurred, declaring he was 'blessed if he didn't see 'the finish, and meant to go on his own hook;' so they both set themselves to get as advantageous a position near the ending post as they could, while their female companion wandered on to the down, apparently in search of flowers, and was soon lost to view, owing to the undulations of the turf.

The sun was now shining in all his new-born glory, and the mist, driving before a somewhat brisk breeze, left the higher grounds, and merely lingered in places through the hollows, while a shepherd in the distance might be seen striding across the down to release his flock from their fold on the upland turnips. Directly afterwards a couple of horses came over the crest of the distant hill, sheeted and hooded, and strolled with listless gait and outstretched heads towards the plantain. The foremost boy, our old friend Ginger, half-turned in his saddle, with his hand on the chestnut's loins, to converse with his companion, who was some few lengths in the rear. Scarcely was the plantation reached ere a third horseman appeared on the scene, and Hall, mounted on the wiry bay before noticed, came across the down at a brisk canter and joined the others.

'Been here long, Ginger?'

'Not five minutes, sir.'

'Any one about?'

'Not a soul but a shepherd as was going across yonder hill when 'we came over.'

'All right; go down to the old thorn-bush yonder, and come 'steadily along at half-speed to where I stand.'

Ginger and his companion did as they were told. Mont Blanc and Storyteller breasting the slight ascent like lions, pulling hard and cracking their nostrils as they finished the quarter-of-a-mile spin.

'That will do,' said Hall, examining them both closely as they repassed him. 'Now walk under the plantain until his Lordship arrives.'

They had not long to wait, for within five minutes a mail phaeton, drawn by two high-stepping chestnuts, whose appearance bespoke that they had come a distance, and that quickly, came through an opening in the trees, the driver pulling short up close to where the racehorses turned in their walk.

'Good morning, Hall!'

'Good morning, my Lord! Is Timeserver coming?'

'Close behind us here,' remarked a man in a long brown great-coat and drab breeches and gaiters, as he proceeded to get down from the back of the phaeton and saluted his brother trainer.

'Neat horse you are on, Hall. What is he?'

'Borax, my Lord. Useful little horse in his way; win a small stake 'this summer, and then come handy over hurdles. I have schooled 'him a bit already.'

'Yes; he looks like jumping quick. Ah, here's Timeserver! 'Now let's get to work. I'll hold your horse while you strip 'em, 'Hall.'

The boys were now dismounted, Mont Blanc and his companion stripped of their clothing, and the saddles, which Hall had himself placed on each of their backs that morning, carefully adjusted, Ginger and his companion were again chucked up. Timeserver was then put to rights, and mounted by the boy who had brought him thither, and Hall took possession of Borax. He was as fine a horseman as ever sat in leather, and he and the bay horse looked a wonderfully promising pair as he got him well into his bit, and made him stand, as the term is, between 'hand and knee.'

'I am trying, so that Storyteller, if he is beaten here, could not 'win at 7 st. 5 lbs., and I think you must allow he would be well in 'at that, my Lord.'

'Yes, Hall, and Mont Blanc cannot do him at the weights; it's 'asking too much.'

'I think he will. What have you put on Timeserver?' turning to the man in gaiters.

'I allowed your horse a stone for the year. If he cannot beat 'mine on those terms his chance is out.'

'No danger of being watched, I suppose?' broke in his Lordship. 'I did not put up jockeys because I thought the less who knew of 'it so long before the time the better?'

'Not the slightest; I pitched on this out-of-the-way place on 'purpose. It has not been used as a training-ground even for some

'years, and I doubt if a tout in the kingdom knows of it. Now, 'my lads, canter down to the old thorn-bush, and I will start you.'

So saying he trotted away by the side of Ginger, saying, when out of earshot, 'You lay off all up the straight here and round the turn until 'you come into the dip out of sight, then take your horse to the front 'and come along as hard as you can crack down the bottom; when 'you rise the hill pull him back again, and wait until the last five 'hundred yards, then go to the front and win as far as you can.'

To the rider of Storyteller he simply said, 'Take the lead and 'keep it;' then turning to the other boy asked, 'What are your 'orders, my lad?'

'To watch your chestnut, and beat him if I can,' rejoined he, touching his cap, with a grin.

'Go along,' said he, as they turned, and the next instant Storyteller was making what play he could, with the others well up. The pace, however, was slow as yet; for he was a bad beginner, and never got to work under half a mile. Timeserver was pulled back in a few strides, and lay with his head at the chestnut's quarters. Hall cantered with them a hundred yards, and then, turning his horse, trotted away to meet them in the dip. No sooner were they fairly out of view than Ginger let the chestnut go, and, rushing by his companion, came down the hollow with a lead of ten lengths. When Hall, who had cantered his horse by the side of the track, shook him up, and joined them, strong as a lion but still as a mouse, he sat and watched Ginger, who was also a fine horseman. There was a slight undulating descent of three-quarters of a mile before them, completely shut in between the rising ground, and down it they rattled as if racing across the T.Y.C. on the Flat. 'Go on,' said Hall, as just rousing his own horse at the end of half a mile, he went to the other's head, and Ginger both shook him up and slightly used the spurs, but it was no use, as the trainer said to himself afterwards, 'I was running over him at every stride.' To expose the bay's pace was not, however, his purpose, so, easing his horse, he shouted, 'Take a gentle pull up 'the hill, then go along, and they'll never catch you,' and dropped back by the side of the others. 'His horse overpowered him down 'the hill,' he remarked, 'and he'd have bolted if I had not gone 'with him.'

'By Jove! how he gallops; he soon told me out. Can you catch 'him, Joe?'

'I'm afraid not,' said Joe; and the rider of Timeserver looked as black as night, for he evidently had all he could to hold his own. Once more Hall turned and cantered across the hill to witness the finish of the trial. By this time they were again in the straight, and although the distance between them was considerably diminished, Mont Blanc still came on with a long lead, and won in a canter by several lengths, although he was more distressed than those not cognizant of the spurt in the bottom deemed he should be for such an easy winner.

Tom's explanation of 'He's not half-wound up yet; he won't blow

'like that when I bring him to the post,' was deemed all-sufficient; and the rejoicings over the satisfactory nature of the trial were unbounded.

'Are you sure the old horse is in form?' asked his Lordship; 'it 'looks too good to be true.'

'I believe he was never better; and the way he beat Timeserver 'looks as if it were all right, unless your horse is amiss, Dickson.'

'I have no excuse to make for him, save that he met two better ones at the weights.'

'Then our horse must walk in for the Dewchester Stakes. I'll away to town and back him at once. What will you stand, Hall?'

'A hundred, my Lord, if you please.'

'Only a hundred; that's nothing with such a certainty.'

'Sorry it's all I can afford, my Lord.'

'Well, you are right to keep on the safe side. I like your policy. 'What will you have, Dickson?'

'Five hundred, my Lord.'

'So you shall, and I'll put you on a hundred to nothing for the use 'of your horse. Good morning. Jump in, Dickson,' and, taking the reins from his companion, Lord Fitzsaddle was away as fast as the high-stepping chestnuts could trot, to catch the up-train for town and back Mont Blanc for the Dewchester Stakes.

Meanwhile the horses were rubbed down, clothed, and walked quietly towards their stables, Hall remarking, as he rode along, to Ginger, that he thought Borax might win a little stake or two over short courses by the way he gallopped, and he should put him into work again.

Fortunately, as Lord Fitzsaddle then thought, he was quicker in his movements than the newspaper correspondents, who, after their exertions on the downs, stayed to breakfast and have a glass or two at the Crab-tree ere returning home, which the old pony did at no great rate; thus his Lordship got an hour or two's start of them, which was so well employed that a good sum was got on Mont Blanc at a remunerative price, but the working his Lordship's commission, combined with intelligence of the trial wired to the employers of the worthies aforesaid, soon brought the horse 'with a rattle' from the position of an outsider to first favourite. And the instructors of the people in the way to become rich, having of course first helped themselves, advised an early investment both to win and for a place, as it was only a question of health for Mont Blanc. Still there was always money in the market to lay against him, no matter how the public rushed on. Having reached a certain price there he stayed, and layers, at least a certain section, instead of closing their books when his name was mentioned, were always ready to go on, so that ominous rumours began to be afloat concerning him. Still the intelligence from Dewchester in the 'Cabman's Chronicle' and other like journals was of the most satisfactory description; he was undergoing a thorough preparation, and no horse could be doing better, said they. For Mr. Hall took care that they should, through Ginger and

the fair Alice, have every opportunity of knowing all about him, though he apparently resorted to many mysterious tactics to mislead them. The Dewchester Stakes was then a very heavy betting race, and perhaps as much money changed hands over it as any races of the year, bar three or four; so that a really good thing was to be landed if all came off right.

'We must have a strong pace from end to end,' said Hall to Lord Fitzsaddle, a day or two before the race, 'but wait with 'our horse; so I think we had better start Borax, who is quick from 'the post, and can run sharp for about five furlongs. By that time the 'old one will settle to work, and take them along until about the last 'half-mile, when, unless I am mistaken, the chestnut will have 'nothing to do but go to the front and win.'

'Your horse is not trained. I thought you had been hacking 'him.'

'Yes, my Lord, but I have put him in work lately for a little 'T.Y.C. plate the first day, and he will go as far as we want him.'

'Very well then; we start the three.'

When Mont Blanc was seen fit and well at the post he became a greater favourite than ever; he was well in, as fit as hands could make him, and had the most successful jockey of the day on his back, whose orders were to wait until the last half-mile, then, if the old horse had shot his bolt, come along and force the pace. There was a large field, and of course no one noticed Borax, who had been well beaten in the T.Y.C. plate the day before, though he was a four-year-old, and yet had 10 lbs. less on his back than Mont Blanc; in fact, he was the feather of the handicap; but then every one said he was of such inferior class that he could not win if turned loose in this company. Lord Fitzsaddle stopped the boy who rode him, and said, 'Jump away with the lead, 'and come as hard as you can crack until Storyteller catches you, 'when you may pull up.' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy. Mr. Hall glanced at him, but said nothing.

As the horses went to the post a countryfied looking man walked quietly through the ring, and whenever there was a shout of 'Any price outsiders,' shot the layer for as much as he could get on the despised bay, about whom thirties, forties, and even fifties were thus laid; so that a nice little sum was booked against him in a very short time. Just about the same time also there was such a run on him at the London lists, that nearly as soon as the race was run intelligence was wired to the course that he had become almost as good a favourite as his stable companion, and had been backed for a lump of money at all kinds of prices. The same also at Manchester and other large towns.

The story of the race is soon told: Borax did jump away with the lead, and at a rattling pace, though, instead of the boy being 'at 'him,' to keep out of the way, he was nearly pulling him out of the saddle, and great was the astonishment of Mont Blanc's backers as they saw the despised outsider sailing away in front. 'He'll catch

'him directly,' was remarked, as a quarter of a mile from home the chestnut singled himself out from the field, and tried in vain to overhaul his stable companion. 'Pull up, pull up,' shouted they wildly as he passed the stand three lengths in advance. He heeded not, and passed the post the easiest winner of the Dewchester Stakes on record. Mr. Hall pretended to be furious, and would apparently have murdered the boy could he have got at him *after* he had weighed in and the 'All right' had been pronounced; somehow he could never struggle through the crowd before that. Lord Fitzsaddle was led away by a friend speechless, and pale as death. Already in queer street, he had staked everything on what appeared such a certainty, in the hope of pulling himself round. Instead of that he went abroad, and his horses to Tattersall's. Mr. Hall and his friends, by means of laying against the chestnut and backing Borax, had a rare haul between them. And this is how his fortune was made.

There was another winner also, and that was Alice, who alone had seen Mr. Hall's 'little spin' on the day of the trial, but had sense enough to hold her peace on the subject. She did not forget either what she had seen or heard at Dewchester, but on the day of the race went to a young friend of hers on the Stock Exchange, and told him to back the horse for her and himself, which he did at a good price, and was so pleased with her shrewdness that he married her forthwith. N.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XVI.

With one exception, and that a somewhat serious one, the picnic at the 'Birds' passed off most pleasantly—a result already anticipated by every one present; for, under the auspices of so charming, and, it may be added, so easy, a hostess as Mrs. Cornish, it could scarcely have been otherwise. Favoured by a lovely June evening—the very weather for muslins, however delicate their texture—by hollow and romantic glens, in which those who wandered might tell their tales with none but Dryads to hear them; greeted by the soft melody of the woodlark overhead, and the fragrance of many a sweet wild flower spread beneath their feet—the party, when the repast was over, broke up into little knots of twos and threes, and were soon lost to sight in the bosky mazes of Holne Chase.

Our old friend Parson Barker, with Llewellyn Powell for his aide-de-camp, made it his especial business to act as bodyguard to the fair widow, the foundress of the feast; and as the former gentleman's powers of locomotion were hourly becoming more feeble, their walk was limited to the narrow but picturesque plateau surrounding the 'Birds.'

After several ingenious stratagems on Frank's part to get away single-handed with Mary—who, though shy as a wood-nymph,

nevertheless appeared to be quite ready to commit herself unreservedly to his sole guidance—the boy found himself fairly outgeneraled by Parson Davy, and was compelled to endure the now unwelcome company of that gentleman throughout their rambles. His feelings, too, were not a little disturbed by observing that, in various ways, Davy lost no opportunity of paying the most marked attention to Mary; that he gathered for her the pinkest flowers from the topmost stems of the wild-rose tree, and presented them with a compliment, the words of which Frank could not catch, but which lighted up the girl's face with a crimson hue.

Once, indeed, without even asking her consent, he absolutely caught her round the waist and carried her over a brook, just as a Roman might have carried a Sabine woman aloft in his arms—a liberty which Frank would have resented there and then, if the muscular frame and broad shoulders of the Parson had not convinced him of his utter inability to cope with such an antagonist. 'Oh!' thought he to himself, as he writhed under the sense of his weakness, 'would that I could catch that fellow once in my coracle, wouldn't 'I duck him within an inch of his life!'

Very soon after this event, and while yet tortured by the pangs of jealousy, the demon of which had taken full possession of his hitherto-untenanted heart, the sound as of dogs in full chase on the open moor suddenly attracted the boy's attention. He listened for a moment, and then, turning to his rival, abruptly exclaimed, 'Surely, that must be your cry; they've broken out from that 'barn, and are running sheep like mad!'

'Those are no hounds,' responded the Parson, coolly; 'but common 'sheep-dogs, I should say, by their harsh tongues. The farmers are 'probably collecting their flocks for a day's shearing, or perhaps 'driving bullocks to better pasture.'

'Then they're in a great hurry,' maintained Frank, observing from the peculiar note of the dogs' tongues, that they were chasing some animal, or animals, fast and furiously over the heathery plain; 'and if those are moor sheep-dogs, I never heard one before.'

'They are not my hounds, at all events,' said the Parson, pulling out a quaint padlock-key from his coat-pocket, and exclaiming, as he held it up, '*Ecce signum!* mine are fast locked in Kingsley's tithe-'barn, and are safe there as in the Tower of London.'

'Somebody may have drawn the staple,' continued Frank, still indulging the hope that Davy would take himself off to look after his hounds, and give him the chance he so ardently wished for—the chance of wandering alone with Mary in this wild and flowery glen. But it was not to be; the cup, even of sweet first love, must have its bitters, or the appetite would soon grow weary of the too luscious draught. The poor boy's lip fairly quivered, both with passion and pain, when Davy, with a cruel, mistrustful smile on his face, indicated his consciousness of the attempted ruse, and said, with apparently the most perfect indifference, 'It matters not a scrap if 'the staple is drawn; every hound of them will go home straight as

'an arrow: between Holne and my house the road is as well known 'to them as the floor of their own kennel.'

But for the kindly intervention of the young lady at this juncture Frank would probably have considered himself one too many, and, in utter despair, have quitted the field without striking another blow. The tone of the Parson's voice had assumed a certain short asperity, very different from the gentle and sonorous strain in which he usually spoke; and this attracting Mary's attention, she suddenly became aware, on looking up at Frank's dismal countenance, that some difficulty had arisen to disturb the equanimity of both; nor, prompted by that intuition so peculiar to the sex, was she slow to infer that the cause of it was no other than herself. Then, if a transient gleam of triumph, on making this discovery, did light up her maiden eye for one instant and give it the very hue of heaven on a cloudless day, that look was instantly succeeded by one of pain and perplexity, as the extreme awkwardness of her position became manifest to her mind.

A woman of more experience and less principle would probably have played both her fish, with infinite delight and no scruple; but a guileless girl like Mary, brought up in a lonely Devonshire glen, and utterly unacquainted with the ways of the world, had neither the capability nor the wish to adopt such tactics. Indeed, her first impulse was to speed away from the scene, as a timid fawn might do when alarmed by the fierce rivalry of two antlered chiefs prepared to struggle till death for the coveted prize. But, alas, poor child! the wild, unknown woodlands, spread immeasurably around, convinced her beyond a doubt that to go forth alone and attempt to find her way back to the 'Birds,' out of the deep glen into which they had now wandered, would be a most hazardous if not a hopeless task; and so that idea was at once abandoned as impracticable.

Though a child, however, the wit of the woman did not fail her at this pinch; and her whole sympathy inclining strongly towards Frank, partly, perhaps, because she saw his feelings were keenly hurt, and partly from the remembrance of the pleasant little outings they had already enjoyed together, she exclaimed, with more than usual emphasis, 'How far we have wandered into this forest! and 'I am now getting so very tired that I should like to return directly 'to the "Birds." Will you be so kind as to turn and conduct me 'thither?'

She appealed especially to Frank, who was standing close to her, when she said this; and light enough was the boy's heart as, elated by this token of her preference, he modestly ventured to offer his arm, saying, as he did so, 'Do let me help you along. There, hold 'on by me firmly; no fear of your falling now; and we shall soon 'see the "Birds."'

Not easily foiled, however, was Parson Davy; for, whatever his game—a jack snipe or an otter, a wild duck or a woman—he would have endured all the tortures of Purgatory rather than confessed

himself beaten by any living animal, whether clothed in fur, feathers, broadcloth, or furbelow. Perseverance in chase, he would stoutly maintain, was a cardinal virtue, and without it neither man, horse, nor hound could ever aspire to ultimate success.

Whatever he may have felt on being thus balked by a mere boy, no sign of vexation appeared for one instant on the Parson's face. This was just a turn of the wheel, he thought, adverse to the game in hand; but in all likelihood another turn or two would give him the advantage, so he'd play on and enjoy the sport. Not that he was in love—far from it. When he did make a fool of himself, it should be with a full-blown woman, something ripe and real, not a pink-and-white schoolgirl, scarcely yet seventeen. Still, by way of passing an idle hour, it was some fun talking nonsense even to her.

A short cut by a knoll overhanging the glen soon brought the trio back to the 'Birds;' and almost simultaneously with their arrival came Host and Cruwys from an opposite direction. They had hastened back from Holne Ridge with a terrible story to tell of their adventures, and were leading in their pocket-handkerchiefs three out of the four mastiffs that had accompanied them to the moor. The tails of the beasts hung down, as if in disgrace, and their faces were covered with blood. The fourth dog had defied capture, and where he had gone neither of the gentlemen could hazard even a guess; but on one point they both agreed—that the last sight they had of him he was running a ram carrying a large pair of crooked horns hard into the moor.

'Then that was the cry you mistook for my hounds, those 'mastiffs running sheep,' said Parson Davy, addressing Frank in an injured tone. 'They might have been a mile away; but you were 'down wind, and could hear them as distinctly as if they had been 'only a lanyard off. Well, it don't say much for your ear.'

Frank, once more in full possession of the treasure of which he really feared the other would have robbed him, could now afford to turn a deaf ear to this taunt; and being greatly interested by the tidings of the mastiffs, the whole current of his thoughts was instantly turned on them.

'They must have killed one sheep at least,' he remarked to his friend the Doctor, observing that froth mingled with blood, was still oozing from their jaws; 'and they must have eaten him too.'

'Not one, but half a dozen or more, have they worried and torn 'and partly devoured,' replied Host, with a sigh. 'I never wit-'nessed so painful a sight in my life. No wolves could have been 'more eager or more rapacious in their attack.'

'I expected as much,' said Frank, 'when I first saw that wolfish 'look in their eyes.'

'And yet they passed many a flock on their way hither, and 'never looked at a sheep while in harness,' said the owner, Mr. Cruwys, 'or I'm sure I should not have allowed them their liberty 'as I did.'

'Nothing on earth is so tempting to a dog's tooth as a wild moor-

'sheep,' replied Host; 'not even a deer. The sight of one to a 'dog, viewing for the first time the "wee, timorous beastie," is irre-'sistible; and if unrestrained by couples or thong, away he goes, gets 'blooded, and becomes a sheep-killer for life. No cure then but the 'rope. The cunning, too, practised by a dog so addicted is almost 'incredible. For instance, the Squire of Stover owned a grand 'Labrador dog, one of the Slapton breed, and a first-rate retriever; 'but, owing to a suspicion that he had a strong propensity for moor 'mutton, Life-buoy, with the collar of a mastiff round his neck, 'was kept chained as a watch-dog night and day in the stable-yard. 'But Jack Sheppard himself never conceived a more adroit plan for 'indulging his fancy and escaping detection than did the sagacious 'Life-buoy. In the dead of night, when honest folk were abed 'and all was quiet, he would slip his head out of the collar, start off to 'some distant farm on the moor-side, kill his mutton, and, returning 'at early morn, slip again into his collar, and be found coiled up in 'his kennel on the following day as if nothing had happened. But, 'with all his cunning, he did it once too often. A farmer, who 'had been a great sufferer from his visits, set a watch, caught him '*flagrante delicto*, and swore to his identity. It was then proved 'beyond a doubt, by an examination of the *album Græcum* lying 'round his kennel, that sheep-wool formed a large portion of the 'billets; so death was the sentence.'

'And did they hang him?' inquired Frank, eagerly.

'No; Templer had enjoyed many a pleasant hour in Life-'buoy's company, and could not be persuaded to get rid of his old 'ally in that way, and the kind-hearted man refused point-blank to 'sign his death-warrant. He'd consult his friend, Harry Taylor, he 'said, one of the true worthies of Devon, and take his advice as to 'the disposal of the dog. Eventually, I may add, Life-buoy was 'presented to Sam Peperel, a poor fisherman of Torcross, where, on 'many a stormy day afterwards, he did noble service for him, and 'fully atoned for his former sins.'

'Pray tell us,' said Frank again, 'what that service was?'

'Well, in doubtful weather, Sam always took Life-buoy with 'him, and, as it frequently happened on his return that mountains 'of seas were breaking on the beach and that no boat could hope to 'reach it without help from the shore, a light lobster-pot line was 'given to the dog, and "Go ashore, Life-buoy!" shouted in his ear. 'Then the brave beast would jump overboard, and, with the end of 'the line fast fixed between his teeth, would battle with the breakers, 'now riding aloft on their very crest, now buried fathoms deep in 'the bursting foam, but, again rising like a murre, would at length 'struggle to shore, more dead than alive, amid the cheers of a crowd 'of spectators anxiously waiting for the line. The hawser to which 'it was attached was then hauled ashore, and a hundred willing 'hands, men and women, ran the boat in with a will until it rested 'high and dry on the sandy beach. One word more: Life-buoy 'was never known to let go the line; and, as he saved more than

'one child from drowning, never, as it happened, was a more appro-
'priate name given to a dog.'

During the time the good Doctor was telling this long story Mr. Cruwys was busily engaged in coupling and securing to the car the three culprits, not one of which, to judge by his hang-dog look, but seemed to be really conscious of the murderous crime he had so recently committed.

In various little groups, as they had sorted themselves, and, 'by 'fancy led,' had wandered off into the wildest nooks of Holne Chase, some to report the discovery of a new fern or a rare lichen, specimens of which intertwined with heather and honeysuckle formed a graceful coiffure to many a fair face; others to report a new vista, caused by some giant tree torn by a storm from its rocky moorings, and revealing a fresh landscape of exquisite beauty, such as Penry Williams would have travelled a thousand miles to paint; while some, indeed, had no story to tell, or, if they had, it would probably have been one of 'Love's idle whispers,' interesting to themselves alone; but, however that might be, the whole party had again reassembled at the 'Birds,' the long shadows of which now darkened the vale for many a rood around.

The intense interest aroused by the misbehaviour of the dogs amounted to a feeling almost of consternation among the ladies, some of whom scarcely considered their own persons safe in the presence of such bloodthirsty brutes, while the gentlemen did not scruple to express the gloomiest apprehension as to the serious havoc which the dog at large would be sure to commit on the moor-sheep, if he were not either captured or destroyed without delay.

'For my part,' said Parson Barker, 'I don't think we ought to 'leave Holne without informing the farmers of the catastrophe and 'warning them against the danger still in store for them.'

'Of course; that must be done at once,' added Cruwys; 'and I 'am quite prepared to satisfy all fair demands for the damage done.'

'Then you'll certainly be called upon to kill your dogs,' replied Barker; 'that will be the first and probably the only demand. The 'farmers to a man believe the vice to be incurable, and that a dog, 'once blooded, will always be a sheep-killer; so the death of the 'delinquent is the penalty always expected by one farmer from 'another; but for the sheep destroyed a money compensation is 'rarely demanded. It is a give-and-take custom which is adopted 'among themselves, and appears generally to satisfy the sufferer.'

'I'd rather pay a hundred pounds for the sheep,' exclaimed Cruwys, 'than see one of my dogs hanged. 'The poor brutes are 'irresponsible for their acts, and have only followed the impulse of 'nature in what they have just done: if that has been wrong, mine 'be the fault for not teaching them better things. No; I'll pay for 'the sheep willingly; but to punish my dogs with death would be 'a cruelty I'll never submit to.'

'Quite right too,' chimed in the Doctor; 'I love a dog next to my 'fellow-creatures, and am persuaded that of all animals he comes next

'to man in point of high intelligence and powers of reflection; while 'in sentiments of affection, fidelity, and moral worth, how much 'higher does he stand than the sensualist and the hypocrite! I hope 'I shall not be considered a heretic if I go even farther than this, and 'express my belief that the spiritual nature of a dog when he dies 'does not undergo extinction, but is destined to live in a world of 'spirits for ever. Is he not, are not all animals fellow-sufferers with 'man in Adam's doom? Then why should they alone be excluded 'from participation in the scheme of a future existence? Why, if they 'suffer with us all the evils of this sublunary world, should admission 'to "an equal sky" be denied to them? Pythagoras, the chief of 'philosophers, believing in the transmigration of souls, taught his 'followers to abstain from the sacrifice of brute animals, on the ground 'of their immortality; and, if I mistake not, that great and good man, 'John Wesley, held the same doctrine. Is it not pride and arrogance, 'then, on the part of man that prompts him to claim an eternal 'existence distinctive from other animals; to assign, when death 'comes, their bodies to utter dissolution, but a separation of the soul 'from its mortal tenement to his own? I think so.'

The Doctor was about to continue his argument in favour of retributive justice, the mercy of the Creator, and his own disbelief in the utter extinction of animals that had ever breathed the breath of life and paid its penalties, when he was reminded by Mrs. Cornish that the sun was declining behind the western ridge of Holne Moor, and that, unless immediate steps were taken for their departure, the darkness of night would be on them long before they could reach Heathercot; 'and 'tis a lonesome way,' said the timorous lady, 'that 'portion of it between Brookwood and Shipley Bridge; scarcely fit 'for wheels even in the day-time. I do hope the postboys will soon 'finish their supper and put-to without delay; they have no lamps, 'and the moor will be dark as Erebus; so pray stir them up, or I 'know not what may be the consequence.'

About fifty yards or more from the 'Birds,' on a circular mound of mossy greensward, the very spot, in Tom's opinion, which the 'little-folk' would have chosen themselves for a moonlight dance, the convivial postboys were making merry; and Tom Franks, the king of the company, was at that moment trolling out a quaint old hunting song in his happiest vein. Now Tom, owing to his vulpecidal habits alone, was no favourite of the Doctor's; but, at the same time, no one appreciated the ready wit and versatile craft of the moorman more than he did.

'The very man to your hand,' he said, addressing Mr. Cruwys, ere he started off to execute Mrs. Cornish's commands: 'that's Tom 'Franks still carousing with the postboys; and if any one on earth 'can recover that missing dog for you, he is the man. Besides, I 'know no one who would be more likely to manage the delicate 'matter of settling with the farmers for their lost sheep than he; for 'in this district, always at their beck-and-call, he is looked upon as 'the farmers' friend, and is as well known and believed in by them as

'old Moore's Almanac. For a trifling douceur, I am persuaded he 'would serve you well; so, what say you, shall I retain him at once?'

'By all means, and with a good fee, too; and if he recovers my 'young Hercules I shall not begrudge him a five-pound note into 'the bargain,' replied Cruwys, stalking off with Host to make terms with the moorman, who, having been so occupied with his festivities, had not as yet heard a word of the disaster.

'That's a bad go, fai'!' exclaimed he, jumping on his legs, as he listened with a look of horror to the Doctor's tale: 'blid vor blid's 'the law here along, as you know, zur; and I reckon the varmers, 'when they hear o't, won't ha' no less. But there; zay nort; laive 'un to me; and ef thickky grit dog on'y kipth above ground, I'll 'tak un alive avore the week's ovver, or I'll vorvit a crown-piece.'

'And you'll get a five-pound note for the job, Tom; but how do 'you mean to manage it?' inquired Mr. Cruwys, interested beyond measure in the prospect of recovering his favourite Hercules, a big-boned Wallachian mastiff scarcely yet out of his puppy-hood.

'Well, yeur honour, that young hound o' mine, I call un 'Duster, will hunt the devil hisself, if so be he carry'th a good 'smitch wi' un; and, I reckon, wi' a sheep or two in his belly and 'the bellows ov un blowed out, yeur grit dog will be rank as ever was 'a fitch and more vitty-like for a nap than a brish over the moor; zo, 'you zee, us'll zoon be alongside un, and he back in that coach o' 'yourn avore many hours arter.'

So it was arranged; and the moorman, having gleaned from Host full particulars as to the quarter of the moor on which he had last seen the dog, proceeded at once with his ragged lot to start in pursuit of him; and, before the rest of the party had fairly quitted the Chase on their homeward route, he was miles away over Holne Ridge, cheering his hound Duster to the scent, for which that riotous puppy had already displayed so strong a taste.

LIFE IN THE 'FAR WEST.'

BY H. A. L., 'THE OLD SHEKARRY.'

II.

AFTER several days' somewhat monotonous marching—for we dared not straggle much to hunt, on account of the number of hostile Indian marauding parties that were hanging about our flanks and rear, ready to take advantage of any unguarded moment and attack our camp or carry off our horses—we again entered the mountains by a gap in the Wind River range that led into the Gallatin Valley. Here we struck the Gallatin River about sixty miles south of its junction with the Madison River and the Jefferson Fork, all of which are tributaries, and form the head-waters of the Missouri. These streams take their rise in basins formed by successive mountain

ranges, and flow in a northerly direction through separate gorges or cañons, which concentrate at the head of a broad valley, having high lateral mountains, indented with beautifully-wooded ravines. The surrounding scenery was certainly very grand, although scarcely to be compared with the Alps, much less the Himalaya. To the southward rose the Gallatin and Madison peaks, the Three Tetons, and Fremont's Peak, whose lofty, snow-capped summits had formed our principal landmarks for the last two hundred miles of our route northward; whilst to the westward the Rocky Mountains rose in successive ranges, each overtopping the preceding one until they culminated in the massive cloud-capped, snow-crowned chain, the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific watersheds. It must not be supposed that the Rocky Mountains consist of a single lofty but narrow range; on the contrary, they are a succession of ranges or separate chains, which run more or less parallel to each other, and form a continuous mountain system, in some places nearly two hundred miles wide, not including numerous offshoots and outlying spurs, such as the Big-Horn range, and the Wolf Mountains in Wyoming and Montana. The region comprised within these ranges is so varied in its characteristics as to afford a sublime field for the landscape painter, although its luxuriant parks, lovely winding valleys, wild cañons, and desolate ravines, walled in by cliffs and snowy peaks that pierce the clouds and cast all kinds of fantastic shadows below, almost defy the pencil of the artist.

Our route along the Gallatin Valley was simply too beautiful for description. We passed between high serrated mountain ranges, which in the early morning were enveloped with fleecy white clouds along the summit, whilst every gorge and chasm on their rugged sides was distinctly discernible; and castellated rocks of white and red sandstone, and cliffs of basaltic formation, half hidden by groves of pines, reminded one of those ruined castles such as one often falls in with in the valleys of Germany and Italy. In some places cliffs of massive rock rose precipitously, pines and dark cedars clothing the overhanging ledges where they could find a foothold and sufficient nutriment, but appearing bare and rugged where the scarps were too steep for vegetation to grow. The valley being well watered with numerous murmuring streams, fringed with cotton-wood and willows, was filled with the richest pasturages, alternating with glades of short delicate buffalo-grass, with its clusters of pink flowers and piñon groves, which generally gave place to thickets of locust and scrub-oak as we neared the lateral hills; and on the more elevated slopes were clusters of noble pines and stately cedars, variegated with groups of good-sized oaks. At elevations where the tree-forest ceases, and the only vegetation consists of stunted shrubs and hardy ferns, the explorer will find thousands of wild flowers, some of them blossoming even in the snow. Here spring comes late in June, and the brief August summer clothes the heights with odoriferous grasses and alpine primroses, one of the richest and rarest of wild flowers; but I saw none of the delicate, sweet-scented *edelweis*, which is, I believe,

peculiar to the higher elevations of the Alps. Between the pine-belt and the perpetual snow are to be found troops of bighorns (*Ovis Montana*) and white mountain goats (*Capra Americana*), besides whistlers or mountain badgers, two kinds of marmots, numerous mottled grouse and ptarmigan, and occasionally grizzly and cinnamon bears and moose, when driven up to higher altitudes by the pest of flies. The valley of the Gallatin was a favourite resort of buffalo, and we constantly came across herds of cabree or prong-horned antelope, which latter had evidently not been much disturbed, as they were by no means wild, and with a little tact we could generally manage to get within range. During the months of October and November the weather is beautifully mild and favourable for hunting expeditions, as the forest is in good condition for examining the tracks of animals, as well as for stealthily approaching them by gliding noiselessly on moccasins from tree to tree. At this season of the year, when sombre grey is the prevailing colour of the woods, it takes a practised eye to discern deer amongst the trunks of trees which they nearly resemble in colour. Tracking deer at this time also requires considerable experience, for, although the slots may be plain enough in the soft, damp leaves, it is not always easy to determine whether they are fresh or a day or two old.

Along this romantic valley, in the midst of thick pine woods, turbulent mountain streams dash over rocky beds and down steep descents into the Gallatin River, forming numerous waterfalls, or 'ha-has,' as the Indians call them; and here and there, in depressions evidently caused by volcanic agency, were pretty miniature lakes and tarns, connected one with another by little purling brooks, which, shut in with woods and buttressed with walls of rock, tumble over great bluffs into the low land at their own wild will. The primeval forests by which they are surrounded have inexpressible fascination for the explorer of their solemn and mysterious domains. At times so profound is the ghost-like silence which reigns in these wilds, that even the twitter of the squirrel or the hollow tapping of the woodpecker is positively a relief, and dispels gloomy and depressing thoughts. Here strange sights constantly meet the eye, and strange sounds fall upon the ear; but of all the weird-like, hollow cries that come vibrating over the water, like the scream of a gnome, that of the loon, or the great northern diver, is the most startling and demon-like, although it is one that accords well with the wild associations of a primitive American forest. Again, in some places where the tangled vines interlace the tree-tops, innumerable birds flit through the woods, filling the air with inexplicable chatter, whilst black, red, or grey squirrels are seen chasing each other and gambolling on the branches overhead.

The valleys of the Gallatin, the Madison River, and the Jefferson Fork being exclusively the hunting-grounds of the Blackfoot tribes, with whom we were on the most friendly relations, we had no longer any cause to apprehend attack from hostile Indians, and therefore resolved to halt for some days in this district, which

abounded with game, so as to obtain a sufficient supply of dried flesh and pemmican to see us well on our way, in case of our finding game scarce farther on. Selecting a small cliff-like promontory that overhung a bend in the river, as a defensible position in case of accidents, with the aid of some half-a-dozen of our Blackfoot guides, our people, under Villebois' direction, in the course of a couple of days constructed three comfortable log shanties, roofed with birch-bark, which afforded ample accommodation for our party, as well as a screened shed for the best of our cattle. This was a necessary precaution, as in these mountains sudden showers are frequent, coming up in a few moments and enveloping the valleys in gloom and obscurity, which are again suddenly dissipated by a burst of sunshine. Here, beside this rippling stream, we established a home such as the true hunter's heart yearns for, and, with lofty mountains and dense forest all around, we lived for some weeks in the highest physical and social enjoyment. Venison, buffalo meat, bighorn mutton, wild turkeys, grouse, wood-duck, and fish never failed us. We enjoyed grand sport, and the days flew serenely by, whilst at night we gossiped, played whist, told yarns, and sang round a roaring camp fire of glowing embers until the drowsy god made his visit, when we turned into our hammock and enjoyed our well-earned sleep. The *reveille* always sounded at the first break of day, by which time the negro servants had generally a substantial breakfast ready, to which we did ample justice after a refreshing dip in the stream; then we divided ourselves into two or three hunting parties, one of us remaining, by turn, in charge of the home-guard, and to superintend the drying of the meat and the stretching of buffalo skins; for we now contemplate returning eastward by the Missouri, and require well-prepared hides for our boats, they being more durable and commodious than birch-bark canoes.

One day Colonel Slade, Villebois, and I, accompanied by Pierre, the half-breed, and three of our Blackfoot scouts, made a lengthened expedition to the higher ranges that lay to the west of the Gallatin peak, and, after two days' hard travelling, came to a beautiful mountain lake of considerable size, which is said to be the source of the Henry's Fork, one of the head-waters of the Snake, better known as the Columbia River, which falls into the Pacific at Astoria. Here we had fine sport amongst the bighorns and mountain goats, for the ground was very favourable for stalking; and the game, perhaps having never been disturbed, was anything but wild. The summit of the ridge was of serrated secondary rock, sometimes heaped in strata like immense slates, and at others resembling gigantic boulders heaped promiscuously one on the other, as if shivered and heaved up by some violent convulsion of the earth. Here and there were beautiful slopes and glades carpeted with aromatic scented grasses, and the more sheltered side of the walls of scarped rock that rose in ridges from the centre plateau were generally clothed with many-coloured mosses. In some places long grey mosses hung from the scarped rocks like frayed and dusty banners on the walls of old

cathedrals. Occasionally, cropping up from the sandstone, were masses of limestone, greenstone, and quartz, richly veined with silver and lead ore, whilst on some specimens of quartz I found both gold and copper. The higher up we ascended the thinner became the layer of soil and the scantier the vegetation. I could nowhere see any protruding ridges of primary rock, although here and there gigantic fragments of granite, with gneiss and mica slate, had been thrown out by the action of volcanic agency, and lay above the secondary and tertiary formations. Mountain scenery in America has aspects peculiarly its own. It resembles a bleak Scotch deer-forest denuded of heather, an Alp without *latschen*, but rugged and bare.

We had encamped in the pine forest at a high altitude, and the night was extremely cold, so that notwithstanding we slept between two huge fires, and had plenty of coverings and buffalo robes, we became keenly alive to the change of temperature, and from time to time found ourselves crouching round the fire. Early morning saw us awake and stirring; and as soon as the grey mists lifted, we packed up our gear and recommenced the ascent, as we hoped to catch the bighorns feeding on ground where we had seen fresh tracks the day before. We were not disappointed; for hardly had we cleared the outskirts of the pine forest, than we saw a flock of three rams and four females quietly browsing in a grassy hollow some five or six hundred yards distant. We immediately retreated to the cover of the pines, and there, separating into two parties, commenced to outflank the game, so as to get the herd between two fires. The nature of the ground was such that this was easily accomplished, and, after a little careful stalking, Slade and I managed to get well above them to the left, whilst Villebois and Pierre occupied a similar position on the right. Our manœuvre had been carefully watched by the Blackfoot scouts, who had remained under cover of the pine forest; and when they saw that we were fairly posted, they issued out and showed themselves, when the bighorns, after gazing inquisitively at them for a few moments, quietly turned round and began to ascend the mountain in single file, the old ram that was leading now and again halting in order to watch the intruders. Seeing that they were not followed, they became quite unsuspicious of danger; and as they edged off towards our ambuscade I dropped the leading ram in his tracks and broke the spine of a female, whilst Slade killed two other females that ventured quite close to us in their panic, and Villebois, by a fine shot, dropped another ram. Thus, in less than a minute, we were provided with a rare stock of food. The horns of the old ram, although nearly sixteen inches in circumference at the root, were very much broken, and very imperfect as specimens, and the flesh was too rank to eat. So, whilst Villebois was superintending the gralloching and cutting up of the females, Slade and I clambered up to the crest of the slope, from whence we had a very good view of the surrounding country. With the aid of my field-glass I soon discovered two other flocks of bighorns, and, after

watching their movements for a short time, my companion went after one troop whilst I set to work to stalk the other. As we had already nearly as much meat as we could carry, I only wanted to secure a fine pair of horns; and whilst I made my way along the scarp below which the game was unsuspiciously browsing, I marked a fine ram who was far more engaged in paying delicate attentions to the female part of the community than in attending to his breakfast, and, having got within easy range without being perceived, I put an end to his flirting with a shot between the withers, which ended his career. The report of my rifle caused a general stampede, and the herd ran about to and fro as if bewildered, passing and repassing me at least half-a-dozen times before they finally made off; and if I had wanted meat, I could easily have secured two or three more of their number, but as my object was accomplished, I let them go scathless, and, after a hard scramble, managed to reach the fallen ram. I found the flesh was almost as rank as that of an ibex in the rutting season, so I simply contented myself with carrying off his head, for the horns, although not very large, were perfect and well-shaped. Slade, whilst creeping round towards the other flock of bighorns, came across a covey of ptarmigan sitting close together under a rock, and, firing a couple of raking shots, he managed to secure three of their number, which turned out admirable eating. On our return to Villebois, he informed us that Pierre had wounded a fine white goat, and was tracking it up by the blood; and shortly afterwards that individual returned with the head and skin of his quarry, which he found dead. The bighorn of the Rocky Mountain is as tall as a good-sized donkey, having a head like a goat, and spiral horns that curve round most gracefully in the same way as those of an English ram. The largest pair of horns I obtained were nearly forty inches in length following the curve, but Villebois killed an old ram that measured forty-two inches in length and sixteen in circumference round the base. They are covered with coarse ash-grey hair, which becomes white on the belly and inside the thighs, and the old rams are considerably darker than the young ones. The female is much smaller than the male, and has horns somewhat like those of a ewe, but straighter.

Having collected our meat, we made the best of our way back to the lake, and were glad to find ourselves once more in a temperature where we could perspire with exertion, as the intense cutting cold of the higher altitude was very trying to all our party. Here we lighted a huge fire and established a comfortable bivouac, and, after a substantial supper, a glass of stiff grog, and a good night's rest, in the morning our fatigues were forgotten, although a certain stiffness remained, which I think was the chief cause of our turning our attention to fishing the next day. Slade and Villebois were both keen votaries of 'ye gentle arte,' and had provided themselves with all kinds of tackle; so they soon commenced work, and, the trout being hungry, in a few moments half a dozen of the spotted beauties were jumping about on the land, the largest being about a couple of

pounds in weight. I am no angler either in theory or profession, but I have, of course, fished in my time, sometimes for want of food, and at others for the sake of companionship, and my lines have often fallen in pleasant places; still I never took to the sport as a diversion. Wordsworth was fond of it, whilst Byron held it in contempt. Nelson continued to fish after he had lost his right arm, holding the rod with his left hand; and Paley, upon being asked when a book of his would be finished, replied, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it 'when the fly-fishing season is over.' Notwithstanding that so many great men have found indescribable pleasure in this diversion, I always preferred the gun to the rod. Having seen that my friends were settled down to their sport, I started with Pierre and one of the Blackfoot scouts for a cruise round the lake. This was of no great extent, and in the course of a couple of hours we came to the Henry River flowing out of it, and forming a series of beautiful cascades as it tore down into the ravine below. Whilst I was looking round and admiring the extreme wildness of the scenery, I suddenly heard the crashing of branches at no great distance, and almost immediately afterwards a black-tailed deer came rushing past at full speed, followed by some other animal, which, from a momentary glance, I thought was a large grey wolf. As the line they were taking led to the river, which flowed in a chasm of rock and was impassable, I knew that if the chase lasted they must double back and pass near where we were standing, so Pierre and I took up positions on large boulders of rock, from whence we could get a fair view of the surrounding ground. Whilst we were thus waiting, a crashing in the bush, followed by a heavy fall and a cry of distress resembling the bleating of a sheep, told us that the quarry had been run into, so, descending from my position, I crept stealthily forward, and, my moccasins enabling me to tread with a perfectly noiseless step, guided by the sounds of the scuffle, I approached the spot, and looking over a low bush saw a magnificent male puma, couched his full length on the ground with his back and hind-quarters turned towards me, and his teeth evidently buried in the throat of the deer, from which he was sucking the blood. He was perfectly unaware of my approach, and as he was not more than twenty paces from me, I had a famous chance, and, aiming at the back of his head, I pulled trigger, but the cap missed fire, and, startled by the click of the hammer, the puma raised his head, and fixed his glittering eyes full on me, evidently meaning mischief, for his tail lashed his sides, and every hair stood erect upon he body. No time was to be lost, and, taking a rapid aim between the eyes with the second barrel, I let drive, and simultaneous with the report was the angry roar of the monster and his spring, as he bounded and fell in his last agony close to where I was standing. Had the second barrel missed, or the wound not proved immediately mortal, I should in all probability have paid dearly for my sport, and got a severe mauling before Pierre could have come to my assistance. I had, however, luck on my side, and came off scathless; but the game was intensely exciting whilst it lasted, and I

was by no means sorry when it was over. I found, on a *post-mortem* examination, that my bullet had entered the right eye and passed out at the back of the head, splintering the skull considerably; so no wonder it proved an immediate settler. He much resembled the leopard in shape, but the skin was smoother, closer, and finer, and of an ash-grey colour. I had no means of measuring the body as it lay, but the skin was 7 feet 2 inches in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, which appendage appeared long in proportion to that of a leopard. Its height at the shoulder must have been about 3 feet, or perhaps a trifle over. Although the puma is certainly not so strongly built as the Indian panther, which it much resembles in habits, it is considered by the Indians to be almost as dangerous a customer to tackle as the grizzly, as it greatly excels him in activity, and is very tenacious of life. I do not, however, believe that it will ever attack men unless previously wounded or hemmed in a corner, although Pierre told me that he had known instances of Indians having been attacked and killed at night whilst sleeping by these animals. Having carefully despoiled the carcase of the skin, the Blackfoot scout cut off some of the joints and tit-bits, as the flesh is considered delicate eating by the Indians, and, slinging the whole to a pole made out of a young sapling, we retraced our steps to camp, highly satisfied with our sport. The fishermen had laid in a fine stock of trout, besides killing a poacher in the shape of a large dog-otter with a good skin, which, after it had been prepared by the Indians, Slade converted into a most comfortable travelling cap.

During the night a party of five hungry wolves, attracted by the smell of meat, visited our camp, and as the moon was well up when their presence was discovered, two of their number paid for their indiscretion with their lives, whilst most of the survivors received buck-shot wounds, as their trails were marked with blood. The next morning we started on our return to headquarters on the Gallatin, which we reached late on the following day. We found that a great hunt had taken place a couple of days after our departure, and the camp was full of buffalo meat, which was rather a godsend, as our scouts informed us that a famous Blackfoot chief and his suite were about to pay us a friendly visit, and we should have several extra mouths to fill.

THE DOG-FEEDER'S GHOST STORY.

In my early days I chanced for a time to live near a dilapidated old mansion that, after having been for years used as a lunatic asylum, stood untenanted, and was at length suffered to fall into decay, and of course was an object of dread to the agricultural mind after the shades of evening closed in—one particular dark walk having an especially evil name, from tradition asserting that an unfortunate footman had been bodily carried off therefrom by

his Satanic majesty, in the shape of a large black hound. The following story was told me by a quaint old fellow, who laughed at the fears of his fellow-villagers, with good reason, as the sequel will show. Old Jock, as we used to call him, was a sportsman by nature, good at catching rat or badger, and knew perhaps more about foxes and their habits than any man in that or the three adjoining counties. Dearly did he love to go back in thought, and, over his after-dinner pipe, tell a sympathetic listener of those long-past days when Plancus was consul, and he held the post of feeder in a kennel which veiled its splendour before few of the crack packs of the day. Far back into the dark ages he would go; ere Tom Smith's had become a name of terror to the hard riders of Quorn, and when Osbaldeston was but in the infancy of that sporting career which was to place him in the front rank at the covert-side, the Red House, on the trotting track, across the flat, or between the flags. Clasher and Grimaldi had not been foaled, and Furrier was a name of no more than ordinary repute in kennel annals, when the old man commenced boiling meal and skinning horses. I have said he was a quaint character, but he served a yet quainter master—a man of short and sharp temper, but good heart, and a true gentleman of the old school. 'The Squire,' as he was generally called, had an affliction which prevented his walking, but he used a little Shetland pony instead of legs, which he rode almost indoors and out—at any rate, he would ride him in his daily inspection round the stables and kennels, going through doors and round corners, as the old man used to say, 'as handy as a Christian.' 'There came,' said he, 'a 'long hard frost, so that "the Squire" could not ride about as usual, 'but he would, most days, manage, with either sticks or crutches, to 'be in the kennels. One morning, he looked in just as I had washed 'the yards. It was a splitting frost, and the water turned to ice as it 'was thrown down, so you may judge my astonishment when the 'kennel-door opened and I saw "the Squire" on the threshold. 'Without thinking, I said, "You'd better not come here, sir; it's '"all like glass." That was enough for him; he walked in at once, 'and had not come three steps before he was on his back, with all 'the breath knocked out of him. If I could have thought a minute, 'I should have held my tongue, and he would have asked if it was 'slippery, but he took me so by surprise. Of course, my saying he'd 'better not come settled him, for he was as contrary as a pig, and 'always thought he knew better than any one could tell him. Well, 'there he lay, gasping for breath, like a fish out of water; sure 'enough I thought it was all over with him, but I went and helped 'him up, then took him into the passage and propped him against 'the wall. When he had come to a bit he said, "Thank ye, '"John; I am very much hurt. How am I to get back to the '"house again?" This was a puzzler; but I looked him over, and 'saw he wern't very heavy, so I said, "Well, sir, you just get on '"my back, and I'll carry you home safe enough." Then he laughed 'a little, as well as he could for the pain, and answered, "Why,

'"you'd fall down; you'd never get there with me over the ice and '"snow, but I see nothing else for it." Truth it was a good step— 'a full quarter of a mile; but I was young and strong then, so I 'got him up. Away we went, and I carried him bang in across 'the hall, and put him down in his easy-chair by the fire. You may 'guess the valet and footmen did stare to see me coming in through 'the house with the Squire on my back, and all burst out laughing 'when we were out of hearing; but I can tell you it was no laughing 'game, when the bell began to ring, and hot baths and no end of 'things were wanted; for the fall had by no means improved his 'temper, and they had to bound about a bit. Well, I went on to 'work and thought no more of the matter, until that night I was 'sitting roasting some taters in the boiler fire, when up comes Jesse, 'our second footman, looking as black as thunder, for he had missed 'the path in the snow, and it was got all into his pumps and had 'soaked his stockings through. "Good evening, Jesse," said I. '"What brings you so far from the servants' hall this rough '"evening? Little Jenny Turner knows better than to be up '"the Lovers' Walk to-night." "Curse Jenny Turner, and you '"too!" says he. "Sure it's 'old tarmagant' himself as sent me to '" bring you to him at onst; and sure he'd brake me neck if ye '"worn't there before he went into the drawing-room, so jist be '"moving, or it'ill be the worse for both of us." (Jess was an 'Irishman, ye see, sir, added he by way of parenthesis.) "Better '"take yer lanthern, for by St. Pathrick it's as black as thunder '"outside, and the owls a hooting in the auld walk enough to scare '"Father Murtough the priest, himself."

'"Nonsense, Jess!" said I, "we shall find the road; why we can '" see the lights from the house." "Truth an' that's right," '" but sure it's an awful night, and the walk has not the best '" o' names afther dark." However, Jesse started with me, keep- 'ing close to my heels, with his teeth chattering as if they meant 'to knock each other out of his head, while wind, sleet, and snow 'beat into our faces so that, well as I knew the path from the kennels 'to the house, it was but a very little time ere I went astray, for as 'to seeing the lights at the house, we really could not have done it at 'ten yards' distance. Presently, bothered by the wind and snow, I 'ran bang up against a tree, which my companion chanced to see, and 'turning a little on the right went round, saying, "This way, John, this '" way." The next minute he fell headlong on the top of something 'which, uttering an awful roar, rushed away into darkness, with the 'poor footman on its back, and I can tell you, master, that for a 'minute or two I did not quite know what to make of matters myself. 'At last I recollected where I was, and got into the right track 'for the house, thinking Jesse would soon follow me. I was then 'sent for into the dining-room, where the Squire had a lot of company, 'notwithstanding his fall, and filling out nearly a tumbler of port, he 'said, "Here, drink that, John, and tell us how you feel after carrying '" me this morning."

'"My respects to you, sir, and I only hope you feel no worse for the

'"job than I do." "No, no, not much the matter now, but 'twas
'"a rough tumble; shook me up a bit, eh? Well, when I am short
'"of horses, I shall have you out; egad! You carried me as strong as
'"old Cottager (that was his favourite hunter). And now, John,
'"here is a guinea for you, and look, don't you wash down the
'"yards frosty mornings until after I have been up, eh! d'ye hear?"
'"Yes, sir," said I, and thought to myself, if you came up and found
'em not washed, I'd rather be out of the kennel than in it.

'Well, out I went into the servants' hall, and there was a general
'outcry to know what had become of Jesse; so I drew a very long
'face, and said I could not tell, for as we were coming together
'through the snow something knocked me down, and when I came
'to again he was gone; but I asked in feigned astonishment if he was
'not come in. "No!" shouted all, "he's not been in since master sent
'"him after you. Poor fellow! he was very loath to go, but loather
'"to face master again without going," said one of the housemaids.
'"Nonsense!" replied the housekeeper, "he's safe enough at old Jem
'"Turner's fireside before now."

'"I don't think that," I replied; "and if he is not come in, we
'"had better get some lanterns, and search for him: I'll go into
'"the saddle-room and get the strappers to help." Well, we soon
'started, the butler and upper footman giving us the benefit of their
'company to the entrance-gate of the stable-yard, when they pru-
'dently retired, and left us to encounter the wind and snow beyond.
'I knew pretty well the direction in which to lead them, and sure
'enough we soon found poor Jesse flat on his back, and, for ought
'any one could see, as dead as Moses; for no corpse ever looked
'paler. However, being carried into the servants' hall, and rubbed
'with a little brandy by the pretty housemaid round his mouth and
'temples, brought him to, and an inward application of the same
'medicine enabled him to tell his tale, which was to the effect, that
'following me towards the house, he suddenly saw me felled to the
'ground by a giant high as a church steeple, and that when he
'dodged to avoid a second blow, he was seized by some huge four-
'legged creature (the Evil One himself he believed), thrown over
'its shoulder, much as a fox would carry a goose, and, after being
'carried hundreds of miles with such swiftness that sight and hearing
'left him, though he could feel that he was sometimes in ice and some-
'times in fire, he was dashed to the ground with a force that bereft
'him of all consciousness.

'He could only account for our finding him so near the place he
'started from by his tormentor having carried him all round the
'world, and bringing him back again.

'And, to tell you the truth, the poor fellow was so frightened that
'he left the place the next day, to go, as he said, to "Auld Ireland"
'once more, no offer of money being sufficient to induce him to stay.
'The fact was, he had fallen across the back of a black yearling
'heifer which had taken shelter in a clump of trees under the garden
'wall out of the storm; and now,' said John, 'you know the story of
'the dark walk being haunted.' N.

CRICKET.

About the last complaint we should have expected to hear in connection with cricket is now being freely made. There is so much of it that cricket is spoiled, it is said; and there are so many pleasant matches in the country that a few unpleasant matches in town run the risk of coming to an untimely end. There is such a growing disposition also on the part of amateurs to keep to themselves and to their own surroundings, that in country matches the professional element reigns more and more supreme. Middlesex and Gloucestershire, indeed, are two exceptions to the rule; but almost every other county finds it difficult to attract amateur talent to its matches. It is too early in the season to judge what measure of success may attend the praiseworthy efforts of Lord Harris to induce the many well-known amateurs belonging to Kent to take part in county contests; but it is ominous that a neighbouring county, Surrey, could not get a single amateur to go the other day to Cambridge to play against the University. The Marylebone Club sends up a wail to heaven at finding about forty matches on the list, and its members playing anywhere and everywhere except where they are most particularly wanted. The ancient mariner was taught by experience that there might be 'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to 'drink;' and the Secretary of the Marylebone Club finds himself in the analogous predicament of having members, members everywhere, and not a one to bat or bowl. He can induce nineteen hundred gentlemen to pay three guineas per annum apiece for the privilege of sitting two or three times in the season in the pavilion at Lord's, but no persuasion can make them array themselves in flannels, and tempt fate in the shape of a fast bowler with a breakback. They find it sweeter to rest in safety and look on. We were rather amused at noticing the other day that the Oxford correspondent of a leading sporting journal complained of the indifference of the team sent down by the M.C.C. a week or two ago to contend against what, in the detestable slang of young Oxford and Cambridge, is called the ''Varsity.' With the easy complacency of youth he expressed his opinion, that really the M.C.C. 'ought to take the 'trouble to get a good eleven, considering the amount of money they 'pocket from the Inter-'Varsity (heavens, what a compound!) match.' Now, considering that the M.C.C. on this occasion contributed no fewer than eight amateurs, among whom were such good cricketers as Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Crooke, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Watts, we think that young Oxford might be very well satisfied. Later in the season the composition of the M.C.C. and G. eleven would be just reversed; there would be eight ground men and three amateurs—laboriously dug up, and probably altogether unknown to fame. If the Oxford correspondent in question were to hold the secretaryship at Lord's for a few weeks, he would find that first-rate M.C.C. elevens are not to be got together, especially for out-matches, as easily as he supposes. And as for there being any connection between the

amount of money the M.C.C. take during the Oxford and Cambridge match and the quality of the elevens they send out to play friendly trial matches with the two Universities, the thing is absurd. For our own part we think the M.C.C. and G. eleven sent to Oxford was quite good enough for the purpose, and was far superior to many elevens against which counties have to contend later in the year. There is certainly some cause for complaint when a county, not perhaps in the first rank, but still entitled to some repute, finds itself pitted, in perhaps the most largely-advertised and most anxiously-expected match of the season, against an eleven composed of eight fagged ground bowlers, two fourth-rate amateurs, one of whom turns up on the morning of the second day, and immediately begins to inquire when the trains leave, and a substitute picked up on the ground, and warranted neither to hold a catch nor to score a run. Yet we do not see how the evil can be remedied save by the rough-and-ready method of doing away altogether with many of the M.C.C. and G. matches advertised for the month of August. The Committee admit that last year some of their matches had to be abandoned, while others were so conducted as to give little satisfaction. Have they any hope that the results of this season's play will be different? Have they any reason to expect that their appeal to the members of the Club to leave off lounging on the benches at Lord's, and to go into the provinces and bestir themselves in the Club's service will be successful? If they have not, it is surely not altogether wise to put forward a very extensive programme which cannot be carried out with credit. When we come to consider the cause of this difficulty on the part of a Club of nineteen hundred members to get through thirty or forty matches in the course of four months, we find that it is not so much in a dearth of playing members as in the fact that the playing members prefer matches of another stamp. M.C.C. matches, in short, are not very popular with members who find that they can get cricket more to their taste in other ways; and the Committee are rather indignant that this is the case, and seem to have an idea that members who can play are under some sort of duty to give the M.C.C. the first benefit of their abilities. Just so we see managers of county clubs grumbling at men who stick at home and play among their neighbours, but who decline to go to a distance for the sake of grand matches. We cannot see that there is any duty whatever about the matter. Cricket is an amusement, not a duty; and if pleasures are bound up with supposed obligations and limitations, they cease to be pleasures, and become merely a bore and a nuisance. It would be as reasonable to tell a hunting man that it was his duty to hunt in a particular county, as to tell a cricketer that he must abandon the pleasant matches of his own choice, and devote himself to the service of the cricket manager of his county, or of a single great club to which he may happen to belong. Many good cricketers, for reasons which are quite satisfactory to themselves, dislike and purposely avoid county matches, just as many playing members of the M.C.C. dislike and purposely avoid M.C.C. matches. The counties and the Club

no doubt lose by their absence; but neither one nor the other has any business to fume and fret in consequence. It is a matter entirely at the option of the players themselves, and clubs and counties must put up with whatever decision the players may arrive at. It appears to us most preposterous to grumble at the great extension of cricket. If an amusement deserves the character of national, the more widely it is spread the better. The love of cricket is kept up, not by the score or so of great or so-called great matches that are played in London, so much as by the game being played on every village green throughout the length and breadth of the land. Cricket is a healthy and innocent exercise, and as such the more it is practised the better. As a pecuniary speculation for attracting large crowds and securing large profits, and as a business enterprise for satisfying the curiosity of critical spectators by parading before them picked elevens, it is a matter of quite secondary importance. For our own part we say, if county and country cricket cannot go on together, if the sensational matches flag and fade by reason of the multiplicity of their unpretentious rivals, by all means let the former go to the wall.

The usual colt matches took place at the outset of the season, with perhaps not more than the usual success. These contests are looked on now very much as a matter of course, as a prelude to more serious business, as a disagreeable duty to be got over as soon as possible, and with as little trouble as possible. Nottingham was early in the field, and there was plenty of rough material among the colts, though most of it was very rough indeed. The batting was vigorous, but rural; the bowling muscular, but undisciplined. Nottingham sadly wants one or two good batsmen, but so far the colts of 1875 will not supply the want. As for the bowling, it must be remembered that every Nottinghamshire bat bowls, and that directly he has learned to bowl straight enough he gets an engagement. There are, we believe, about two hundred professional bowlers hailing from Notts fulfilling engagements in different parts of the world. It will be seen, therefore, that large as is the supply, the demand is so great as to leave little rising talent at liberty to serve the county itself. The Kent colts hardly repaid Lord Harris for the trouble he had taken in organising the match, and the Sussex colts included some venerable aspirants to cricket fame—one or two in particular had played for their county years gone by. This is a mistake. When a man has once played in the county eleven he should be *ipso facto* disqualified from figuring afterwards as a colt. To call them young players instead of colts is a mere quibble, and committees of county clubs apparently have the most liberal ideas as to what constitutes youth in a player. On the other hand, the Middlesex colts were really picked with wonderful judgment, and a Mr. Ross, of whose cricketing prowess we must humbly profess ourselves to have been ignorant before, quite did what he pleased with the bowling opposed to him. The colts of the North and South at Lord's (the opening match) was a very poor affair. The Committee were inundated with applications from the North, while the

Southerners evinced little desire to enter the lists. Here again is a matter of taste about which no arguments can be of much avail. If you propose a match between two parties, and one of the two cares nothing about it, the best course is to abandon the match altogether. Then, on the North side there was a well-known Lancashire bowler, Watson, whose claims to be considered a colt ought, we should have imagined, to have been disregarded. The Southern colts could not look at him. Lutterlock (Surrey) showed fair form, but the Southerners were overmatched in every department of the game, and were defeated in one innings. A still greater failure was the Whit-Monday match, North *v.* South, about which the Committee of the M.C.C. had, in their annual report, expressed melancholy forebodings. A more wretched farce was never witnessed; but happily it was got through in one day. None of the Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire cracks, with the exception of A. Shaw and Morley, played, but the bowling of these two was remarkably good. The South had a strong eleven, yet they only put together 123, Jupp departing for a cipher, and Mr. W. G. Grace being curiously got rid of after making 9 only. In hitting hard at a ball of Morley's his bat slipped out of his hand, and he was caught in the slips. The North only made 90 and 72, A. Shaw and Clayton (who is hitting well this season) being the principal contributors. Ultimately the South were left with about 40 to get to win, and Mr. W. G. Grace and Jupp rattled off these without difficulty. Of a very different stamp was the match on the succeeding Monday at Lord's, between M.C.C. and G. and Yorkshire. Yorkshire played their full strength, but three days of hard cricket the week before had apparently taken the steel out of them, for they neither batted, bowled, nor fielded according to their wont. Their previous match in London had been against Middlesex at Prince's, and a regular leather-hunting affair it was. Only three innings were played out in the three days, rain and delays causing a great deal of time to be wasted; and the totals were 229 and 280 for Yorkshire, and 216 for Middlesex. The Middlesex bowling being, with the exception of a few overs from Hearne, entirely amateur, was naturally knocked about a good deal; but it speaks much for the Middlesex batting that against such bowlers as Hill, Emmett, Ullyett, and Clayton so large a score was obtained. Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Bird especially distinguished themselves, and Mr. Thornton, who has deserted Kent for Middlesex, was a good deal indebted to fortune for his runs. At Lord's, Yorkshire commenced with some luck, for Mr. W. G. Grace was cleverly caught by Hill after making a dozen, and only Mr. Hadow and Mr. Buller made a stand in the first innings of the M.C.C. Mr. Hadow played in better form than we have seen him show for some time past, and Mr. Buller seems quite to have recovered all the skill and elegance of style for which he was so noted. He was unfortunately run out when apparently well set. The wicket was bumpy at times, but Hill was not bowling nearly as fast as last year, while Emmett was unusually erratic. Clayton and Ullyett bowled well; but on the whole the

Yorkshiremen, as we have remarked, were not in their best form. Nor did they shine much more in their batting, with the exception of Hicks, Greenwood, and Ullyett, the two former of whom played sound cricket, while the latter hit hard. Lockwood and Emmett played wonderfully tamely to Mr. W. G. Grace, whose bowling may be difficult, but looks wondrous easy. A. Shaw, it is needless to say, bowled splendidly, though determined hitters would make havoc with some of his pitched-up balls; and Morley found a bump which appeared to his taste, and punished the Yorkshiremen pretty severely. He bowled at a great pace, and on that wicket it can have been no great treat to stand up to him. In the second innings of the M.C.C., Hill began at a much increased pace, and was once or twice very close to Mr. W. G. Grace's wicket, as well as all but getting him leg before wicket. One appeal he made for l.b.w., which we certainly expected the umpire would have admitted. After this luck the great man was bound to score, and the latter portion of his innings of 71 was exceptionally well played. Mr. Buller again showed excellent cricket for 21, and Mr. Crooke hit hard and well for 43. The Yorkshire fielding was decidedly slack, and even allowing for the fast bowling, the extras (17 and 24) were too many for such an eleven. Their batting showed very little improvement in the second essay. Hicks and Lockwood played good cricket, and Clayton (27) got the top score. On the whole, the performance of Yorkshire at Lord's was not good enough to be true, and later in the season we shall expect to see a very striking alteration of this form. County matches have hardly begun as yet, but Nottingham has played the rising and promising county of Derby, and only won after a very gallant struggle on the part of the latter. Derbyshire has an excellent bowler in the person of Mycroft, and can also avail itself of the services of Platts, Hickton, and Flint. Daft was disposed of for small scores in both innings by Mycroft, but Oscroft played in fine style; and in the second innings of Notts, Selby and H. Reynolds made a great stand. Good batting form was shown by the Derbyshire eleven against the bowling of J. C. Shaw, M'Intyre, and Clarke, Frost and Foster being the most conspicuous performers.

Cricket has gone on briskly at the Universities during the past month, and from all that we can hear there ought to be a well-contested match between Oxford and Cambridge on the 28th. Both elevens bid fair to be strong in batting; and some of the new men, notably Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Lucas at Cambridge, and Mr. Webbe at Oxford, have scored well in the matches that have been played. Cambridge beat Surrey in a single innings, and Oxford disposed of the M.C.C. and G. almost as easily. It was supposed that Cambridge would be weak in bowling this year, but they seem to have discovered two useful men in Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Greenfield also is certain to be useful in that department of the game. Oxford has Mr. Ridley, who is always dangerous at Lord's, Mr. Long, and Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who seems to be bowling well

this season; and the result of the match will depend, in our opinion, very much on how the Cambridge men play Mr. Ridley. Last year he fairly bothered them, but they may have profited by their experience, and have studied the art of playing slow bowling. Amateurs are apt to despise slows in practice, and then when they come to play in a match, they find that the despised slows beat them.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

After the customary opening trips the Thames yachting season has fairly commenced, though at present there are but two events to record. The Prince of Wales's Club opened with a match from Erith to the Nore and back, but the sun burnt up the wind, and the fleet did not get beyond the Lower Hope before the Commodore from the Club steamer signalled them to round. The entries consisted of the Vanessa (Mr. Sinclair), Fleetwing (Mr. D. West), Dudu (Mr. Sparvel Bayley), Aveyron (Mr. E. Packard), and Surge (Mr. R. D. Lambert), so the class of small cutters was well represented. They crawled down the river in pretty close company, excepting the Dudu, which made a very bad start, and soon gave up, and the Surge got out of the tide, and fell astern. Rounding the steamer, Aveyron led Fleetwing, Vanessa next; but on the return journey, Fleetwing got ahead off Tilbury, and held a slight lead to the finish, though Aveyron won easily by time. Barring the lack of wind, which with some of the visitors detracts but little from the charms of the occasion, the day was perfect, and so good an entry deserved a better breeze to test their powers. The Royal London's programme commenced with a cutter's day in three classes, the show of big cutters being something unusual and consisting of the Iona (Mr. J. Ashbury), Kriemhilda (Prince Batthyany), Neva (Mr. Holmes Kerr), Fiona (Mr. J. Boutcher), Cuckoo (Mr. H. Hall), Veronica (Mr. J. G. Freke), Hypatia (Mr. W. Gordon), and Vol-au-Vent (Colonel Markham); the latter, however, was an absentee, not being quite ready for match sailing. The wind was again dreadfully light W.S.W. Cuckoo led the way, with Fiona and Hypatia, one of Fife's new cracks, next; but past Purfleet Neva came up with Kriemhilda and Veronica, Fife's other *débutante*. Off Gravesend it was the veriest drifting, and though Sea Reach seemed a trifle better, there was no chance of making the Nore, and the boats rounded near the Jenkin Buoy, where the order was Fiona, Neva, and Cuckoo, the three Scotchmen, close together, with Kriemhilda, Veronica, and Hypatia some half an hour later. Neva got the lead almost while rounding, and held it right home, with Fiona almost abeam, and Cuckoo close to them; and as the wind had shifted northerly and freshened splendidly, the finish of the match was a pretty sight, though the destination of the prize was never in doubt, the leader having, in case of need, a large margin of time to claim from Mr. Boutcher. Major Ewing's Norman took the second-class prize; and for the third class, which did not fill, there being only a couple of entries, the Commodore kindly offered 20*l.*, which the Aveyron secured easily enough, Vanessa's topmast going early on the journey down. Altogether the day's sport was very good, and specially noticeable for the success of the Scotch builder, who secured all the 'places' in the big race. The beginning of the match was however so slow, from want of wind, that some of the tables will probably be turned ere long.

The rowing world is now hard at work, for Henley and the London, Kingston, Thames, West London, and Ino men have been rowing trial eights in the search for raw material and undiscovered excellence. The fixture of the regatta for the 23rd and 24th instant has aroused the ire of the Oxonians so much so that the O.U.B.C. was announced to have withdrawn its usual subscription. Cambridge, where the river has been, if possible, more odorous than usual, will, we hope, be represented by some one besides Dicker, who will, after all, go for the Sculls, in which he will meet Playford, who has hitherto in minor affairs carried all before him, and as he is certain he comes of a fine rowing stock, and is besides a well-grown, powerful fellow, his chance cannot be ignored, even against the redoubtable holder, who has already scored two wins. The Pairs, it may be presumed, are a moral for Long and Gulston, who will once more appear again; and as the L.R.C. will bring the same Stewards' four as last year, they ought to win. Their success in the Grand Challenge is more doubtful; and the feat of winning three times running has of late years only been achieved by the Oxford Etonians, who do not come unless certain to win. Kingston, in their palmy days of Risley and Woodgate, very nearly succeeded, and it remains to be seen if London can eclipse them.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Mosaics.

MAY DAY. Last year we remember we kept it partly on the top of a coach and partly in a hospitable mansion in a charming Surrey valley, and the drive and the dinner (we particularly remember some Laffite of '54) were both perfect. That was something like a May Day, when thoughts about the tangles of Nereas's hair came over us after the second bottle of the '54, and we woke up the next morning in the bedroom of a nice little country inn, and were bowled back to London on the coach, and everything was as charming as charming could be. What a contrast did this year provide. What evil genius, what perverse inclination tempted us to go a-maying to Muswell Hill? We knew there would be a crowd; and of course, as we see so little of them, we are *so* fond of crowds. The working of the new high-level route, too, was certain to be everything that could be desired on the opening day, and Bertram and Roberts were such good contractors that they were sure to have everything as right as the weather, and so we went to the opening of the Alexandra Palace. We desire to speak in the highest and most respectful terms of the Directors of that Company, who cannot be too highly complimented on the pluck and energy they have shown under the heavy blow of two years since; but their notions of an opening ceremony and the people who should take part in it were curious, to say the least of it. We do not speak of the Peers, Privy Councillors, Bishops, Mayors, and other great lights invited, and who were, doubtless, present—though we did not, with the exception of a Right Worshipful or two, see them—but of the majority of the people who thronged the palace and crowded the reserved seats. Looking around for some quiet corner, or struggling through a dense mass of humanity collected at some particular spot, it occurred to us that the Directors had, with a laudable desire of having a housewarming of an extensive character, gone into the highways and byways and collected their guests. Tickets of admission both to palace and concert hall must have been sown broadcast, and the

sowers not very particular as to the neighbourhood where the seed fell. The price of admission, as well as the sum given for reserved seats, was certainly beyond the means of an immense number of people we encountered, while here and there we were painfully aware of a rough element which seemed to much enjoy a squeeze in a narrow doorway, and to be immensely pleased if any women showed symptoms of alarm. Of course in great crowds there will always be pressure, and the Directors are not responsible for that; but the component parts of a crowd admitted by invitation we expect to find something different from that at Alexandra Park. Muswell Hill is intended for the people, we know, and we hope they will enjoy it and appreciate the efforts made by the Directors for their pleasure; and it may be that perhaps the latter were right after all in having the people there on the opening day. But, then, why go through the ceremony of charging 5*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* for tickets when the people got in for nothing?

In addition to a rather unsavoury state of things inside the palace, the wet spoiled everything outside. Inside we were in a steam, outside the palace was in a fog, through which we could only discern the rain. The people who had not got tickets for the reserved seats — there were conspicuous announcements all over the building to the effect that every seat had been sold—wandered hopelessly about or choked up all the approaches to the central hall, where the concert was being held. That was a very curious circumstance the tremendous sale of tickets. We for two or three days previous to the opening searched in vain the Alexandra Palace advertisements for some indication of a place where tickets for reserved seats could be procured, being desirous of purchasing some. Of course we might have written to the Manager or Secretary, inclosing a P. O. order, but that seemed a circumlocutionary way of going to work, so we gave it up. Judge, then, of our astonishment, on entering the palace, to find the announcements above referred to staring us in the face. How were all the tickets sold, and how did the clever purchasers know where to buy them? Or was it a printer's error, and for 'sold,' we ought to have read 'given away?' Such good, honest, homely faces came trooping out of the reserved seats as we were looking on, evidently rather astonished at finding themselves there, and slightly bored (they had been listening to the 'Inflammatus') as well—such a mixture: a cross between Houndsditch and the Tottenham Court Road came out at another door, while the gentility of Bloomsbury Square and Islington crowded through a third—that we could only wonder at the machinery of distribution the Directors must have had at their disposal. An immense number of people flocked to the dining-rooms from an early hour, and it is no reflection on Messrs. Bertram and Roberts to say that the strain on their resources was greater than they could bear. Of course the weather had made all the commissariat arrangements out of doors useless, and everybody resorted to the buffets, of which there were a number, and went in for hard eating and drinking from an early hour. We had lately occasion to notice how admirably done were the luncheons at Sandown Park by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts; and no doubt the dinners at Alexandra, to those who could procure them, were quite satisfactory. An opening day is no test; besides, the contractors were indeed cumbered with much serving, for there was a big luncheon to five hundred people or so upstairs—grandees, friends of the Directors, the Press, &c., &c., so it is only wonderful things were no worse than they were. We ought to admit the same plea of an opening day in behalf of the railway service; but here we confess we are not possessed of that Christian disposition of the reporter of one of the dailies who said,

touching the trains, that the pace at which they went was not one calculated to alarm nervous travellers. We fear we could not have written so amiably after having spent exactly an hour and a half in a railway carriage between the Palace and King's Cross! Never again.

Another crowd—we are *so* fond of them—but a crowd with a difference. There was a suspicion of the rough element at Alexandra Park; there was more than a suspicion of it in the streets and 'rows' of Chester on the Cup Day. If an inquiring and zealous man, one of those people who like to 'see 'everything,' would, first getting some friend to relieve him of his purse, watch, and jewelry, take up his position on the Cup Day, about half-past twelve or one o'clock, at the bottom of the Watergate, and then proceed to walk up the street towards the Cross, and meet the human torrent pouring down it, we think he would be impressed and his zeal rewarded. He might have some little difficulty in keeping his legs; but if he kept open his ears he would learn, if a quiet man, a good deal, while in the study of the passing types of humanity he would find an unfailing interest. We are accustomed to racing crowds, and know their form to an ounce, and we always put Chester top weight. This year the meeting was not up to the mark by any means, and small and bad fields for the Cup, and poor racing—though there were one or two exciting finishes—generally. The old question of the fourth day cropped up again, and there is evidently a strong feeling among people most concerned—some of the inhabitants of the city and its neighbourhood—that three days are quite sufficient for the sport Chester can now provide. The Duke of Westminster shares that opinion, we believe, with some of the Grand Stand proprietors; while, of course, there is a strong opinion on the other hand in favour of the present state of things among the townspeople and representatives of certain trades—the licensed victualling interest having much to say in the matter. We have before this, in writing on Chester Races, hinted how powerful is the great Beer question in connection therewith. It almost dominates over the sport, indeed; for we much fear the Beer interest is the interest uppermost in the minds of the majority of the inhabitants. We are far from denying that the townspeople of a city where a race meeting is held have a right to look to that meeting as a legitimate source of profit to themselves. No one will grudge them that, though we may lament that they seek to make those profits excessive. But the amount of money to be made by the inhabitants, principally the publicans—of Chester and other towns—out of the races must be of secondary consideration to the sport itself. We presume no one will be bold enough to deny that; and yet we fear some of the Chester people, though probably much shocked at our even hinting at such a thing, do hold in their secret hearts an opinion to the contrary. Now, Chester this year was very dull—there was no doubt about it. There was no interest, or next to none, to be got up about the Cup, and the other events, though giving us here and there some good sport, were so many dittos to the Cup. The third day hung particularly heavy on hand; and as the Stand proprietors had held their meeting that morning, and agreed to the continuance of the four days next year—the fourth day, so it was proposed, to be 'strengthened' by a new race and some added money from the city—the third is evidently out in the cold. The Chester people have got us there, and it is consequently of little moment what fare they give us on the third day so that they can induce us to stop by dangling before our eyes better prospects for the fourth and concluding one. We don't think this is quite fair. The thrifty citizens get their pound, or more than their pound, of flesh out of us in the three days, and we verily believe—and this is submitted for the serious consideration of the powers that be—that if

three days of good sport were provided, and the money now spread over the four was given in those three days, that not only would the character of the racing be vastly improved, but that more people would come to Chester: This is the point we wish to press on the consideration of the citizens and those in authority over them. We do not want to see Chester decline, but take a fresh lease of prosperity—a prosperity that no opponents, foes within her walls or from without, could assail.

Never had there been a Chester Cup in which there were so few horses or so many bad ones. Mediocrity was stamped upon the lot, as one racehorse after another was reported an absentee. And it was a very significant fact that such a man as Mr. Bowes, who has been racing something like half a century, and whose name as an owner of racehorses stands out *sans peur et sans reproche*, should have taken the step he did in striking Chivalrous out of the Cup after the public had rushed on him. Mr. Bowes is not a heavy bettor by any means, and has more than once allowed the public to do pretty much as they liked with his horses; but he also claims the same liberty of action for himself, and, in a capital letter to the 'Sportsman,' he vindicated himself, not that vindication was necessary, from a most unwarrantable attack touching the Chivalrous affair in some low racing paper. Every word in his letter was true and unanswerable. Of course there was an outcry; but the most hardened backer could scarcely allege anything against Mr. Bowes, so the outcry was, with the above exception, confined to grumbling. With Chivalrous disappeared about the last bit of form and class left in the Cup, for Freeman and Black Watch are, at their best, only fair handicap horses, Dukedom was a non-stayer, and Ben Battle, of whom the Irish division were fond, was in the same category, only probably not quite so good as the two favourites. Then old Quail would have been dangerous, probably, if the ground had been softer; but though there were a good many people who backed her, we don't think her stable did. There was little expectation that Polonaise—who in the absence of Chivalrous would represent the black and gold—could take the prize to Whitewall; and though there were mysterious whispers about 'Mr. Pallet's' Production colt—his owner being, it was said, a well-known bookmaker—there was nothing in previous running to recommend him. On the Tuesday morning Freeman and Black Watch had had a gallop together on the Rhodee—a sort of undress rehearsal—in which all the people who saw it were unanimous in saying that Freeman had decidedly the best of the three-year-old. It was a rather curious proceeding; but still we do not see, if owners are agreeable, why the thing should not oftener be done; and if Mr. Samuda found out that morning that his horse was not as good as he thought him, why he might save some of his money. However, one result of the gallop was that Freeman became first favourite; though before the flag fell bookmakers enlarged their offers, and 100 to 30 on the field were their terms. No doubt the Production colt was in their thoughts, and it was supposed that there were few members of the ring who had not a bit on 'Mr. Pallet's' horse. Ben Battle, on the strength of a good gallop, with F. Archer on his back, had come with something of a rush into the market on the morning, and, though he did not look a handy horse at turns, he found plenty of backers. Freeman was in front during the first part of the race, but along Dee side Glover pulled him back, and Polonaise took up the running, and went on with it until she was beaten somewhere about the Grosvenor turn, and here Glover brought Freeman again to the front, and came round the last turn into the straight (how glad the jockeys must be when they come to the last turn at Chester!) in advance of the Production colt and

Dukedom, winning easily enough by a length. The Production colt made a good fight of it, but he could only land the place-money, for which, no doubt, the clever people who owned him had backed him. Archer had to ride Ben Battle all the way; and, whatever he may do on a straight course, he is not a horse to trust on a round one. The Black Watch could not stay; and Polonaise, well as she ran for nearly two miles, was done with at that point. Quail, while going well along the Dee side the last time, came into collision with Ben Battle, which so ruffled the old lady's temper that she turned it up there and then. The rest of the racing at Chester was not very important. Bella has been indeed a lucky purchase for Matthew Dawson, for there is no doubt she is very smart. Merry Duchess and she made a very fine race of it for the Mostyn—the former a sister of Cherry Duchess, and a very nice, useful filly no doubt, but she was a little overmatched here, the 7 lbs. extra carried by Bella notwithstanding. Both ran very gamely; Bella wonderfully; and 'a short head' was Mr. Johnson's decision. On Thursday, in the Badminton, a furlong shorter, Merry Duchess met her opponent on still better terms, for the latter carried 9 lbs. extra, and the shorter distance would, it was thought, just suit Merry Duchess. But whether it is that the sons and daughters of The Duke do not like being asked the question every day, we hardly know, but Merry Duchess was never in the race to-day, and was the first beaten, Bella actually cantering in front of Calrossie. The great Thunder arrived special for the Great Cheshire on Friday, and so deluded were the bookmakers that they offered 5 to 2 against him, and made Tam o'Shanter favourite. He was giving Mr. Johnstone's horse 30 lbs., but it was over his own course, and he had shown what he could do there, and it did not seem to us that he had much cause to fear Tam o'Shanter, at all events. Chivalrous with 8 stone, and receiving 15 lbs. from Mr. Vyner's horse, might turn the tables; but though the former ran well, and beat all the others, he could not beat Thunder, who came with a rush from the distance and won very cleverly. Strathavon made his first appearance this season, grown into a nice horse, and of course made mincemeat of Marshal Saxe and Patrick in the Beaufort Biennial; and with that we drop the curtain on Chester and the Rhodee.

The Newmarket Second Spring, if it was not for the two-year-olds, would scarcely draw even the small circle of racing men it does. After Merry Duchess had cut up so badly in the Badminton at Chester, as has been related, we hardly expected to see her not only first favourite for the Two-Year-Old Plate, but win it cleverly. It is true she had had three or four days' rest; and, moreover, the beating she gave the Sultana colt at Newmarket was about the same she gave him at Chester, and it is impossible to doubt but if Bella had been in the Newmarket race she would have scored another victory. There were one or two behind Merry Duchess who may, perhaps, cut a better figure than they did that day. The Sultana colt is good-looking enough for anything—Apollinaris, a daughter of Lord Clifden and Potash, looks like shaping into something racing—and Braconnier, who is bred to run, being by Caterer — Isoline, had only arrived the previous day from France, so it would be unfair to criticise a horse who was manifestly unfit. Mr. Chaplin on Tuesday took a double event, on which he was much congratulated. About the same time that Clearwell was winning a most exciting race for the Great Northern Handicap on Knavesmire, Morocco was beating easily his field for the Spring Handicap. Neither were favourites—Morocco, indeed, was the worst of the lot that ran, the money being on Benedictine, who had come all the way from Yorkshire on purpose for this race. Seeing that Lottie ran Charon to a neck at Epsom, the colt of Prince Batthyany's

that beat her in the Two-Year-Old Stakes (Lord Lincoln, by Newcastle—Donna del Lago) ought to be a pretty good one, and that Prince Batthyany's colours are coming to the front ought also to be a subject of congratulation. And the Prince had another turn the next day with Delay in the Camballo Stakes, only, unfortunately, the win led to an objection. Balfe was second, and he was beaten a short head from Prince Batthyany's horse, who had made all the running and was receiving 5 lbs. from Balfe. It appeared that Delay, who is a six-year-old, was entered as five, and Prince Soltykoff held that therefore Delay's entry was wrong, and, in fact, the horse was not in the race. Now, again, to refer to Knavesmire: about the same time, on the same day, a horse called Temple View had come in first for the Stamford Stakes, beating Beacon by a neck, and Temple View, who is a five-year-old, was entered as a six; so, of course, the owner of Beacon objected, and the Stewards, after hearing the evidence, disqualified Temple View and awarded the race to Beacon. To return to Newmarket: the Stewards slept on the Delay objection, and the next morning Lord Falmouth (acting for Sir John Astley) and Mr. Chaplin issued their award to the effect that, Delay having run twice in the Craven Meeting, and having been handicapped on that form, and as his owner had violated no rule of racing, &c., they gave the stakes to Delay. So York and Newmarket are divided; and who shall decide when our rulers disagree? We confess that, given the facts are as we have stated them, we incline to the York judgment being the correct one. A wrong description we always thought invalidated a nomination, and we believe Admiral Rous took this view of the Newmarket case. The opposite decisions are curious, as showing how racing law is read and construed. Clearly the Turf stands in need of a court of final appeal.

On Thursday there was the match Galopin *v.* Stray Shot, which many people came down specially to see; and there was, in addition, a rather exciting race for the Second Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, for which Mr. Chaplin ran two (Red Cross Knight and the filly by Beadsman—Jocose), with the latter of which a declaration to win was made. Goater rode the former, Jeffery the latter, and Mr. Chaplin backed both. Which carried the weight of money we can't say, but the market seemed to show that the Knight did, for bookmakers would not offer more than 7 to 4 about him. He made the running, attended by the Jocose filly, and it looked in the dip as if the rose jacket would be first and second, but Wood brought up Land's End, and, after an exciting finish, the Knight was beaten by a head, to the uproarious delight of the bookmakers. We never *can* understand these declarations to win. Galopin won his match with such ridiculous ease that of course he immediately greatly improved his position for the Derby. Still the colt looked big and fat, and some of the good judges shook their heads over him and doubted whether John Dawson would be able to get him fit in the short time at his disposal. We had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Chaplin pulled out for the Maiden Plate his (supposed) crack two-year-old Rosinante, a son of Rosicrucian and Kalipyge, a wonderfully handsome and powerful bay; and if he has a better in his stable it must be a good one indeed. We much regret to add that Mr. Chaplin has come to the resolution to dispose of his horses in training, which will be brought to the hammer in the July Meeting. We can ill afford to spare him.

And while a portion of the sporting world was racing, another portion was coaching and keeping the opening days of May in renewing—some the pleasures of their youth—the younger generation a further acquaintance with what is no doubt one of the most popular of our pastimes—and play-

things. So much has been said and written about coaching and the coaching revival, that we are almost at a loss what to say about it ourselves. In the early days of the so-called revival, 'Baily' might take some pride, in common with the 'Field' newspaper, in being almost its sole chroniclers. But now the ink-shedding is tremendous, and 'Down the Roads,' 'Four in Hands,' 'May Days in Piccadilly,' &c., &c., help to fill the columns of the weekly and daily press, and scarcely a journal, with the exception of the majestic Thunderer, but sings the praises of the coaches. It is a fine opportunity for 'gushing,' and the opportunity is one not neglected, and much admirable writing the consequence. One thing we would venture to suggest, and that is, that a person to be relied on should be told off, to draw up, as it were, the 'correct card' at all meets of the Four in Hand and Coaching Clubs, of the colours of the horses and coaches and the names of the coachmen. It is a painful thing to read in one journal that the Marquis of Plinlimmon's chestnuts were much admired, and in another a meed of praise bestowed on his browns; to discover that Lord Splinterbar drove bays, when you fancied your eyes told you they were roans. It is as well, too, not to have among the coachmen a noble lord who was in bed instead of at the Magazine, and another noble lord who was in Ireland instead of driving 'his well-known browns.' By a stricter attention to these *minutiæ*, the articles will be more valuable than they already are.

May Day was a wretched beginning of the coaching season, which wants bright skies and warm weather above everything. There were one or two starts that day, the Dorking, the Maidenhead, and the Afternoon Dorking, which then commenced its summer season, and came out resplendent with new team, harness, &c. Not a day for new finery of any description, as we have elsewhere shown, but still there was an assemblage of the good and true at the old Cellar in Piccadilly, and little did those think who spoke to him as he mounted the box that they were then to see the last of Colonel Withington, the 'Peter' of many affections and kind memories. But we have referred to that elsewhere. The Morning Dorking is done wonderfully well, and there are four rare chestnuts that take the coach on its first stage to Balham, all quality; also four browns out of Epsom that we think are the same the poor Colonel drove last year, but are not sure. Dr. Herman started his Windsor coach that day, too, taking the road by Staines and Datchet, and he and his partner have some very handy cattle. The Guildford started, as we mentioned in last 'Van,' on the 17th of April, and has gone on steadily loading since. The ladies are patronising this pretty road strongly, and the last time we saw the coach leaving the Cellar, Major Furnivall was surrounded with flowing skirts and coquettish hats. The Tunbridge we have not, we are sorry to say, been able to see yet, but Colonel Chaplin is very diligent at his work, and he, too, has a team for 'the stones' hard to beat.

The first meet of the C.C. was a success in every way. Many crowded gatherings as have been brought together through the agency of the Club, none came up to that of the 12th of May. More publicity had been given this year to the announcement of the meet, and as we all love coaching, and society has taken that pastime and skating under its special protection, why all the world come to the Magazine. It is an old story now, but it was a very remarkable sight even to Londoners *blasé* with crowds of every description. The coaches, thirty-two in number, were, the great majority of them at least, turned out in the way we expect to see them, and if here and there was a team that would hardly pass muster before very critical eyes why some of them belonged to young coachmen who had been obliged

to take what they could get. The show, indeed, was much better than we expected to see, especially in point of numbers, for we had heard dismal rumours as to few men having coaches this year. There are always birds of evil omen ready to croak failure about everything, and it is satisfactory to know that they were egregiously disappointed in this particular matter. There were two or three well-known faces absent, but the noble President and noble Vice-President were both there, and the former had the Prince of Wales by his side, while the Princess and some of her children were in the drive among the spectators. And these spectators made the show, which, unfortunately for them, they could not see. They must have had an idea that a great many people and carriages were spread over the Park, but the *coup d'œil* was hid from their eyes, and only granted to the people on the coaches who looked on such a block of carriages and sea of upturned faces as even elicited wondering remarks from the most impassive. Out through the Marble Arch streamed the long procession of thirty-two, and then there seemed an erratic disposition to seize on the coachmen, for few kept the proper route, and fallings out at all sorts of places 'broke the fair order of their going.' It is a pity this, and as it is not the first time that it has occurred, we would venture to suggest to Colonel Armytage, that the route to be taken to the falling-out place should be printed on a card and given to each member. Then there would be no excuse for a wrong turn; and as coaches are very much like sheep, one blunder would not make many, as was the case at the meet we are speaking of. This, and the keeping distance, seem to us the only easily amended defects in the internal economy of the C.C. The latter is perhaps more important than the former, inasmuch as it has an uglier look. A gap in a line, whatever that line consists of, mars its beauty, and if some of the younger members of the Club would kindly bear that in mind, our eyes will not be offended as they were on the 12th.

Of theatrical items we have not much to say, except that, for once in a way, Mr. Byron has succeeded in giving us a dull comedy in 'Weak Woman,' and has introduced farcical elements into it to raise a laugh. Mr. Terry, as a yeomanry officer in a red wig is one element, and Mr. Harry Cox, as a rural Adonis, in nothing particular, is the other. These gentlemen are rivals, insult each other, have a pugilistic encounter, and behave as the heroes of outrageous farce have behaved from time immemorial. When they are on the stage the audience laugh, but the loves of the two sisters and their imbroglios with their respective swains rather make them yawn. Miss Swanborough was fitted with some pathos, tears, chaff, and indignation, such as Mr. Byron has given her before now, and to all of which she gives due effect; and Miss Marion Terry walks through her part in handsome and becoming dresses, and snubs everybody in a ladylike way, while Mr. Stephenson is the lawyer and confidant of every one in the piece. Mr. Byron is said to have taken 'higher ground' in his last work, but we cannot, for the life of us, make out what that ground is. The plot is ridiculous, the conversation is not quite up to the usual mark, and his characters do not make quite such sarcastic remarks to each other as was the case in 'Old Soldiers' and 'Sailors,' which may be an improvement, but somehow we don't think so. We have got so accustomed to the rude repartee of modern comedy that we miss it terribly, and if Mr. Byron is going to make his men and women talk like ladies and gentlemen, there will be an end to his popularity—as a dramatist. Let us hope then that he will *not* take 'higher ground.'

We were forcibly reminded in 'Weak Woman' of the loss the stage has sustained by the untimely death of Mrs. Raymond. A genuine *artiste*, with

a sense of humour, such as we have not seen since Mrs. Frank Matthews used to delight us with her sketches of dignified vulgarians. Those who saw 'Old Sailors' and Mrs. Raymond's inimitable personation of the old maid—the gem of the piece—will quite lament with us her sudden removal, more especially if they go and see 'Weak Woman.' She may be said to have died in harness, for she was not ill more than ten days or a fortnight, and her place will be very difficult to fill. Of the new opera bouffe 'Intimidad' at this theatre, silence is the kindest course.

Miss Kate Santley has abandoned the Alhambra, and is singing Frederic Clay's pretty music in 'Cattarina' at Charing Cross, is improved in her singing, too, or, at all events, her voice is heard to better effect there than in the vast space of the Alhambra. 'Chilperic' is being given at the latter place, and, with the aid of Alfred Thompson, as the designer of the dresses, and the usual brilliant *mise en scène*, to say nothing of the ballet, it goes well, or, at least, to the satisfaction of a not over-critical audience, which, so that it has plenty of glitter, spangle, and 'leg,' is not particular. The lady exponents of Hervé's music are not those we should have selected, but they make themselves heard; and the ballet has received an undoubted acquisition in a lady with the euphonious and not unmeaning name of Mdlle. Betty Rigl, who dances charmingly, and has already danced herself into Alhambra affections.

Everybody is talking of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's plucky acknowledgment of the failure of 'The Merchant of Venice,' so unlike the usual excuses for the withdrawal of a piece. It marks an era certainly in stage history, and we hope the example may be followed, but doubt it. We shall still expect to see that 'Owing to previous arrangements the highly-successful drama of "The '"Costermonger's Curse" will have to be shortly withdrawn,' &c., &c., though the house has long had a very 'papery' look, and there is a dark rumour of half salaries in the region of the stage-door. All honour to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft for even this small contribution to truth. May 'Money' bring money. The fair manageress is underlined for Lady Franklin, and we should imagine that, in that character she will add another to her many triumphs.

We have had many charming operatic compositions from the pen of M. Lecocq, and the 'Van' driver has not forgotten the enjoyment he derived from the performance of 'Les Prés St. Gervais,' when some short time since he devoted an evening to the Criterion. But with all its beauties and elaborate setting, the piece has now been withdrawn in favour of 'Giroflé-Girofla,' another delightful production from the same hand. All that need be said of the present revival is that the twin-heroine of this most tuneful of comic operas is sustained with that artistic excellence which has made Madame Pauline Rita so deservedly popular. With its musical attractions further enhanced by scenic effects and brilliant toilettes, conceived, by-the-way, in the best taste, the presentation of 'Giroflé-Girofla' should prove a 'happy thought' for many nights to come.

That the accomplished lady who directs the destinies of the dramatic forces at the St. James's Theatre has found another trump card in 'Tom Cobb' is devoutly to be wished by her many ardent admirers, nor can we withhold our congratulations to Mr. Gilbert for this his latest contribution to what we may, without offence we hope, be allowed to call farcical comedy. 'Tom Cobb' is brimming over with fun from beginning to end, but touches of true sentiment are not wanting to give an air of reality to the whole composition, which serve rather to heighten than to mar the mirth-moving situations of the author's crea-

tion. The acting of Miss Litton as Caroline Effingham stands out in the strongest light, and her willingness to marry 'anything that is wealthy' is worth making a note of for future use. Every one of the characters shows an amount of careful study, that visitors to the St. James's may rely on a treat of no ordinary kind in making the acquaintance of 'Tom Cobb.'

Sporting life does not figure in any great force on the walls of Burlington House this year. A large and pretentious hunting subject, 'A November 'Morning at Birdsall House,' with portraits of Lord and Lady Middleton and their sons and daughter-in-law, catches the eye in the second gallery, and certainly Mr. Wells cannot be complimented on his handiwork. His figures are posed like waxwork ones, and each face has that painfully conscious look which we see in Madame Tussaud's collection. Lady Middleton is made to appear as if a photographer had just focussed her, and her Lord is not much better. Mr. Pearce's portrait of Mr. Radclyffe, Master of the South Dorset, is like some dozen or so of the same subjects that have been produced from Mr. Pearce's prolific easel. Thoroughly good, honest works, with little or no imagination in them, we confess they pall upon us. Of course it is the correct thing to give a popular M.F.H. his portrait on his favourite hunter, with a couple or two of his favourite hounds, and as there can be but little variety of pose in such a picture, we shall probably see the inevitable group on the walls of the Academy for some years to come. The President did, once upon a time, paint a hunting picture 'with a difference'—*teste* the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, a few years back—but he has abandoned that line, and Sir Francis now gives us portraits of ladies in black velvet, of Volunteer Colonels, and one of Mrs. Hay, very charming, but horse and hound he has foresworn. The best hunting picture in the Academy this year is, to our humble thinking, 'The Covert Side' of Mr. Lutyens. Man and horse, boots and breeches, are perfection. The elderly dandy, for you can see he is that, sits his horse like a workman, and the whole thing looks like business. Mr. Lutyens must be congratulated—but what is that common-looking beast carrying Lord Lonsdale's colours, and who is the rough stable boy wearing them? Can that be our friend King Lud, and is the jockey intended for a caricature of 'Cus.?' Mr. Lutyens has also painted Aventurière and Gang Forward, and he has been more successful with Mr. Crawfurd's horse than with the others; but the high-mettled racer is clearly not his forte. 'Lord Wolverton's Blood-'hounds' is perhaps the most striking hunting subject there; how correct it is we cannot say. The flung-up heads of one or two of the hounds look true, and you can almost hear their deep-tongued bay. Mr. Goddard has painted his picture *con amore*, we should imagine, and has caught inspiration from his theme. To look at it makes you long to see the famous Ranston pack—

> 'Ranston, that we all remember,
> And the deep-mouthed hounds,
> How they pressed, how none forsook it,
> Through that brilliant hour!
> How they ran their deer and took it
> By the flooded Stour.'

Mr. Mansel Lewis must have a noble picture-gallery in which to put his chestnut mare, his dogs, and himself. The canvas takes up nearly half the end of the third room, and commands the attention it doubtless deserves. But why such a size, Mr. Rivière? A country gentleman with his horse and dogs is no such uncommon a subject that it must be painted in Brobdingnag proportions. There are one or two bits of domestic animal life very charmingly rendered, notably 'A Fascinating Tail,' by Mr. Couldery—two kittens

contemplating a trapped mouse with most inimitable gravity; 'Jealousy,' by Mr. Vernon—a puppy gazing with indignant eye on the caresses and attention his brother is receiving from their parent; and the 'Can't you Talk?' of Mr. Holmes—a child putting that interrogation to a sagacious-looking sort of colley, while a kitten peeps cautiously from behind a door, as if she was debating whether she could with safety make one of the party. We were almost forgetting a very clever hunting bit of Mr. Douglas's, a fox headed by sheep, with the shepherd waving his hat on high to show which way the 'varmint' has gone. The sheep attempting to show a bold face to the intruder and the attitude of the slinking fox are wonderfully well done. There are other canvases that we fain would pause at: 'The Fringe of the Moor,' of Millais, with its distant purple outline, its foreground of bright green—a wonderfully-truthful and exquisitely-painted work; two of Vicat Cole's pictures—'Richmond from the Terrace,' and a grand Scotch lake buried in the heart of the Skye mountains; two of Graham's Scotch moors; and some of Ansdell's Andalusian themes. 'The Start for San Roque' is inimitable. A tyrannous-looking beauty is having her restive mule backed up to a wall, on which the damsel stands ready to drop into the saddle; and there is an expression on her face which seems to say, if her cavalier does not succeed in doing the thing well, he will pass a bad quarter of an hour on the road to San Roque. For colour, truthfulness, and humour, we are inclined to estimate this picture very highly. Herkomer's 'Muster in the Chapel of Chelsea Hospital' gives us the identical old warriors we see in Chelsea Gardens and the neighbourhood on sunny Sundays, and has, moreover, a peculiar pathos that makes you linger before it. Of course there is Miss Thompson's picture, guarded by the members of the A Division, who entreat admiring crowds to 'pass this way, if 'they please.' It is very clever, we believe; but what with the heat, the pushing women, and the intelligent members of the force, we only brought away a confused notion of red coats, two horses, and some grinning faces. Where did Mr. Marks get the originals of his 'Three Jolly Postboys drinking at the 'Dragon?' We are old enough, we are sorry to say, to remember postboys—the real article, and not Newman's modern counterfeits—and we must say Mr. Marks's boys are genuine: their hats alone are a study. The picture of the season is, no doubt, the 'Babylonian Marriage Market;' and to that such ample notice has been directed by critics, great and small, that everything has been said, apparently, that can be said about it. It is a picture to look at again and again; and if we were asked to name the one next to it the most striking, we should say it was Herkomer's 'Last Muster.' Before that you may stand for an hour, and then return to it again. It will, perhaps, be gleaned from our few observations that sporting subjects, with the exception of the Ranston Bloodhounds, are 'not in it' this year.

Lord Calthorpe hit as near an approach to a right nail as can be found in the Horse Supply question, when he suggested our doing something towards providing sound sires for the use of our farmers. That the Prince of Wales should have come into the idea is a great point, though it was only what was to be expected from the deep interest H.R.H. takes in every branch of sport. Lord Calthorpe's proposition has been liberally responded to, and his plan of beginning with the sire generally approved. The question now is, are mares 'scarce' and 'unsound'—both of which have been alleged—or the contrary? Eminent authorities are to be found on either side. A gentleman who ought to know something—Mr. Sidney, the manager of the Islington Horse Show—'totally disbelieves' in the scarcity, and so does the equally if not better informed Mr. Thomas Parrington of Yorkshire. Still is it maintained that

our stock of mares for breeding purposes is bad, and we wish much the real truth could be got at. We are inclined to trust to Mr. Parrington and Mr. Sidney, more especially the former, for he is one of the best-informed men on the subject of horses that 'horsey' Yorkshire can show. Lord Calthorpe is, no doubt, quite right in deprecating Government interference with the exportation of mares; but still we ought to compete, it strikes us, with foreign Governments, and that is precisely what our rulers, be they Conservative or Liberal, strictly refuse to do. Lord Calthorpe's proposition is an outcome of Mr. Chaplin's motion; and, as we observed last month, the more the subject is ventilated the better for the truth.

In 'Our Van' for April, page 420, we gave an account of the Hertfordshire difficulty, and finished with an anecdote (which, if true, was amusing) about Ward and the two prize hounds. Unfortunately for us it was *not* true, and we have the best authority for saying so.

That sharp little boy whose sayings have before now adorned the pages of the 'Van' went to the C. P. Donkey Show, and was observed by his anxious father to be looking rather melancholy as he contemplated a particular lot. On inquiry he said he had been reminded of the last days of Jerusalem.

An amusing story reaches us of a gentleman, who, after attending one of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's *soirées*, forwarded one sovereign to the fund for expenses, 'being a tithe of profits realised on a late commercial transaction.' It subsequently turned out that the gentleman was a pickpocket, who had attended the meeting *professionally*.

Apropos of Moody and Sankey, although stories of that ilk are superabundant, the following is not a bad one:—An old M.C.C.ite (we will call him Mr. C——) on the morning of the Annual Meeting was heard to say 'that he had derived much pleasure from the "Moody" conjunction and the 'Sankey warbling;' and he added, 'I wish our Secretary the spirit of the 'Lord and the aid of his Grace to overcome the irrepressible *anti-police* man 'to-day.' Now can it be true that the worthy M.C.C. member of the home circuit has attached himself to the troop of revivalists? If so, when he is on circuit with them, we may possibly have less of his so-called cricketing outpourings.

One more and we have done. George B——, most racing men know his cheery face and humorous smile, was strongly urged by a gentleman to go and hear the so-called evangelists. George declined, as something quite out of his line, but, driven into a corner, at last said, 'I really can't, sir; for 'suppose they were to convert me, *what the h—— would become of me 'then?*'

Our obituary notices first and foremost must touch on the decease at a good old age of the owner of Holy Friar. It is rather singular that, though Mr. King's advanced age and infirm health were matters of notoriety, his probable death, and the consequent disqualification of his horse for the Derby, was hardly, to our knowledge, mentioned since the Leger. Before that period bulletins from Ashby-de-la-Launde were eagerly looked for, but with the immediate passing away of danger, racing men seemed to forget the fact, that on the failing health of an octogenarian rested the chance of Holy Friar seeing the Derby post. So the announcement of his death came upon the sporting world with something like a surprise, for people were much more prepared to hear bad news about the horse than about his owner. The Kings of Lincolnshire have been sportsmen from father to son for some generations, and when Mr. King told the Bishop of Lincoln last October that he had inherited from

his brother racehorses whose blood had been in the possession of his family for years, and which he was prevented from alienating, he only spoke the simple truth. But still outside the pale of Lincolnshire, and perhaps Yorkshire, the identification of 'Mr. Brookes' and 'Mr. Launde' (for he ran horses under both these names) with a Lincolnshire clergyman was known to but comparative few. We remember when the Miner won the Great Yorkshire it was certainly bruited about that the horse belonged to a parson, but not many, especially among south-country sportsmen, troubled their heads about the matter. We refer to this because we think undeserved blame has been cast upon the Bishop of Lincoln for his not having taken notice of Mr. King's clerical delinquencies before; but it should be remembered that Dr. Wordsworth had not been consecrated to the see more than four years, and it is possible that, until the fame of Apology made the matter notorious, he was quite unconscious that one of his clergy in a rather out-of-the way portion of his diocese owned racehorses. It is to be regretted that Mr. King, in his reply to the Bishop, should have referred him 'to his solicitor,' because he should have remembered that the Bishop was only doing what it was his bounden duty to do. However, the affair ended most creditably to both. The Bishop's affectionate and earnest remonstrance to Mr. King brought from the other the best acknowledgment he could make—his resignation of his church preferment and his retirement from the active duties of his calling. Everybody was pleased with this solution of what promised to be a difficulty, and the respect and liking in which Mr. King was held by his neighbours was not lessened thereby. The days of sporting parsons—at all events, of racing ones—have long passed away, and the world is not likely to be troubled by the anomaly of a reverend nominator for Derby or Leger. Mr. King took upon him holy orders at a time when to be a clergyman and to be a jovial country gentleman, fond of his pipe and fond of his glass, as well as of sport of all kinds, were synonymous terms; and Lincolnshire was, if all stories be true, rather an advanced county in this respect. In fact, there was really no distinction between cleric and laic in those days; and the charming and well-versed writer who gave us such a graphic memoir of Mr. King in the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph' proved this when he said, speaking of a well-known clergyman of some sixty years since, 'He was a prominent member of the then Prince of Wales's set, a successful dramatist, and withal *a very zealous clergy-man*.' The age that could produce and tolerate such a happy mixture of qualities as must have been combined in the first and last of these *rôles* was a curious age, viewed in our present lights, and we must remember that into it Mr. King was born. For the rest, all that he did and all that he bred has been told in other columns, and by pens well qualified for the recital. The deceased gentleman was—and let it be said, apart from his calling, to his honour—a sportsman in the true sense of the word. He liked his horses to win no doubt, but he loved his breeding establishment and his training-ground better than the din of the racecourse and the shouts of victory. He was a good and kind master, and he was well served.

There are many 'Van' readers who, in common with a large circle of friends and acquaintance, regret the loss of Colonel Withington. Though his end was somewhat sudden and unexpected, all who knew him were aware what a frail tenure of life he held. It is to be feared that the inclement May Day on which the Dorking commenced its season was too much for his delicate state of health, and those who saw him mount the box that morning at Hatchett's dreaded what effect the weather would have on him. But no weather would have deterred Colonel Withington from taking his coach down on its opening

day and the same friends who have for the last two or three years been his passengers. Sir Henry de Bathe may be said to have introduced Colonel Withington to coaching, and the Canterbury road was the one first selected. On consideration, the difficulties attending that route appearing insurmountable, attention was turned to the Dorking road, and all the business arrangements having undergone a thorough supervision by Mr. A. G. Scott, the Hon. Secretary of that and the Brighton, in May, 1872, the coach began its journeys. Mr. Scott had so thoroughly worked the road that the two partners had only to find the cattle, and so well was it done, and so successful did it prove, that a profitable balance sheet was the result of their first season. Sir Henry de Bathe quitted the Dorking road in 1873, and Colonel Withington, last season and this, with the Marquis of Blandford as his partner, continued to work it until his death. If not a brilliant coachman, he was a steady one, and a very cheery companion. His name will be often mentioned on 'the road,' and his memory live in kindly remembrance.

On the 12th of this month the Cobham sale will take place, when thirty-eight of as good-looking yearlings, taken all round, as have ever been paraded before Messrs. Tattersall's rostrum will be dispersed by his hammer. The past winter has been a trying one, but Mr. Bell has been fortunate in bringing his young ones well through it, and all that unremitting care and attention can do has been effected. There will be found among them some wonderfully good-looking Blair Athols and Macaronis, and there is a Rosicrucian colt out of Semiramis—the only one by that sire—that will cause some competition. The great majority, however, are by the first mentioned, and they include a brother to Claremont, a colt by Macaroni—Margery Daw, one by Macaroni—Vergiss-mein-nicht, a colt by Blair Athol—Crinon, another by Macaroni—Reginella, all good-looking enough to win any number of blue ribands. We trust the skies will smile on the Company's day; for a much pleasanter outing than the journey by road to Cobham Paddocks, apart from the pleasure of looking at the blood-stock, cannot be imagined. The Guildford coach, we should imagine, would have a load that day.

And just as these sheets are going to the printer's the cheers are still ringing in our ears that greeted Prince Batthyany and Galopin as the green jacket grasped at last the long-waited-for prize. The horse that was 'not trained' and 'as big as a bullock' a fortnight since, at least so said some of the critics, won the Derby without Morris having to ask him to go. Poor Camballo was evidently unfit, and probably had had enough of it. Some bows will not keep stretched too long. Directly Galopin came to the front, soon after passing the dreaded corner, the race may be said to have been over, for Claremont was not able to extend him. Some of the highly-tried ones, and there were accounts rife of some very high trials, were done with in the first half mile, and the only horse that ran up at all to his trial was Temple Bar. Everybody was anxious to congratulate the good sportsman, who, throughout a long career in the country of his adoption, has borne an illustrious name with so much honour. Prince Batthyany, we need scarcely say, is popular on the Turf with all ranks and degrees—the more so because he has borne bad fortune so pluckily, and never complained though she frowned. A few pages back we have remarked that the coming of Prince Batthyany's colours to the front 'ought to be a subject of congratulation.' Written before the result of the Derby, we can but repeat these words now. They are not the expression of our own individual thoughts alone, but they are shared by every one who admires his high character and rejoices that he should have at last gained the prize of a sportsman's ambition.

J. H. Henderson

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. J. H. HOULDSWORTH.

This gentleman, a member of the Jockey Club, and a well-known owner of horses, is of Scotch extraction. He trains at Newmarket, and has, for the last few years, pursued a rather adverse fortune, which now seems to be relenting in his favour. He is a hunting man, and fond, we believe, of most of the sports and occupations of a country gentleman.

THE 'NOBLE ANIMAL' AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In a country especially priding itself upon sporting instincts, and more particularly upon those in which the 'noble animal' plays so conspicuous a part, it is passing strange that in these latter days no pictorial exponent of the national tastes should have been found capable of doing justice to the heroes and heroines of Turf or Chase. The mantle of Herring has found no worthy resting-place on the shoulders of any of his countrymen; and, though we have had animal painters galore, the majority of them have preferred to devote their attention to the humbler grades of the brute creation, and have approached the task of occasional delineations of the horse, if we may judge from results, with very meagre confidence in their powers of doing him justice. The great Sir Edwin himself, save and except in his picture of 'Shoeing the Bay Mare,' has not been happy in his endeavours to transfer to canvas the animal which England, in darker ages, would assuredly have made as important an object of worship as Egypt did of the ibis, or Rome of the wolf. And if we find the study of the horse so unaccountably neglected, or studiously avoided, among those making a *spécialité* of his fellows in the brute creation, it is no

wonder that, when introduced incidentally in the paintings of artists having no sort of affinity towards him, he comes out like Mr. Weller's unicorn, or any other fabulous animal, and so grossly caricatured as to be pitched upon by the merest tyro in the art of drawing or in the knowledge of horseflesh as a palpable blot in the picture. In fact, the horse has been like the man who fell among thieves, and has been studiously avoided by all save a few good Samaritans, who have endeavoured in vain to raise him to his proper place, as worthy of Art's highest recognition, and only failed because their powers were unequal to the task. Much of this neglect of a noble subject has arisen from the atrocious demands of fashion now in vogue of requiring a representation of the 'horse, the whole horse, and no-'thing but the horse,' as he appears in many of our shop windows, or on smoking or billiard-room walls, through the length and breadth of England. We shall not be offending Cornhill susceptibilities by inveighing against this most barbarous and uncompromising system of treating the great winners of our day. The taste of the British public is eminently realistic in this respect, and the introduction of anything to subdue the harshness of the central figure is almost resented by their severe ideas as to how Doncaster or Prince Charlie should be posed. We never enter Harry Hall's studio at Newmarket without regretting that so much real ability and knowledge of his art, both anatomically and æsthetically, should be confined within such absurd limitations, instead of being allowed free scope to vary in the treatment of each different subject. It should be borne in mind that the portrait of a horse differs from the portrait of an individual in this important respect, that whereas, even by the aid of colour, no great amount of character can be thrown into the composition of a head; it is otherwise when the human form divine is represented, and everything else is subordinated to facial expression. No one would go to Madame Tussaud's for his model of a celebrity, except he meant to transfer it to a tailor's fashion-sheet, for the sake of the clothes. And what favour at the hands of the hanging committee would an artist be likely to find who elaborated the dress at the expense of the face, and sacrificed everything to work out the details of a morning or evening suit of clothes, surmounting his figure with the waxen mask of the barber? Yet this is in reality what is required of the horse-painter of the present day. He is called upon to represent his subject in the most unnatural of positions, and is strictly forbidden to trespass over the boundary which separates the real from the ideal. What wonder, then, that so many likenesses of the noble animal result in disappointing failures, and degenerate into mere maps of horses, bright and burnished as copper coal-scuttles, and with about as much light and expression. The almost entire absence of this painful realism is a distinguishing feature between our own and some continental schools of painting. The foreigner may be too high-flown, idealistic, and generally exaggerated in his ideas; but he is far more correct in matters of detail, and, if required to introduce animals into his pictures, takes care that they shall be

recognisable as of the kind they are intended to represent. To travel out of the horse discussion for a moment, must it not have struck every casual stroller through the halls of Burlington House how much better had it been for the credit of Mr. Millais, either for him to have omitted altogether that animal of fearful and wonderful make and hue, apparently endeavouring to trace the dial-shadow in his deserted garden, or to have depicted the 'bunny' of every-day life in its normal position, size, and colouring? Again, because sitters are *exigeant* on the demands of the portrait-painter, why should he travel out of his special line to introduce a favourite dog, parrot, monkey, or cat, when 'fur and feather' is unknown and untrodden ground to his capabilities? One of the most charming portraits in the Academy Exhibition is materially injured, not to say spoiled, by the painter's having yielded to his fair model's caprice of being represented along with her pet dog, which we are sure Bill George would fail to recognise as belonging to the canine *genus* at all.

Again, let us repeat, we confess to our utter inability to imagine anything more difficult of execution than the style in which modern taste(?) requires a crack racehorse or favourite hunter to be delineated. It quite smacks of Spartan severity, and might adopt '*nuda veritas*' as its motto. Accessories are to be cast on one side altogether, or strictly to be limited to the regulation straw bed (after a most uncompromising 'fail' to bays and browns), the stable bucket, a heap of clothes flung negligently in a corner, or the conventional and everlasting cat. Backgrounds can be only relieved by rack and manger, or an occasional ventilator, and must be a strict reproduction of the builder's labour, otherwise outsiders will take exception to the colouring of the walls which, imaginatively handled, might have given a general happier turn to the painting. The animal must be standing broadside on to the spectator, and in an attitude of rest, which few of us have had opportunities of studying, or which, if seen, has provoked the remark of 'sleepy-looking devil' from the spectator. Moreover, it must be clean as a new pin from head to tail, the latter duly squared and combed out, mane water-brushed, and coat like ebony or copper, and bright as sherry in the brilliancy of its polish. No wonder we hear complaints that the whole thing is stiff, hard, metallic, and unnatural; notwithstanding that each 'point' is faithfully rendered, that the anatomy is strictly correct, and general characteristics rendered with painstaking fidelity. We are rather apt to class such work with that of those industrious workers in oil who set up their easels at the Agricultural Hall during Cattle Show week, however superior its execution may be; and we feel that both, in their attempt to follow nature, are copying her in too flunkeyfied a style, which they might very well leave to those students of mankind whose mission it is to transfer the latest fashions to tailors' cards, or to mere *facsimile* draughtsmen, who render line for line with such provoking punctiliousness. Mr. Lutyens, in his anxious endeavour to avoid the errors of conventionalism, has rushed into the opposite extreme of offence against realism in his attempts to inaugurate a

new style of equine portraiture. Colour is a distinction (often the only one) which can be drawn by the merest tyro between horses which may or may not differ materially in general conformation. But either the limner of Aventurière, Gang Forward, and King Lud is careless upon this rather important point, or the horse-clipping machine had been at work on their coats, turning Lord Aylesbury's bay filly into a dun, binding Mr. Crawfurd's 'motto' horse in law-calf, and changing the bay sheen of King Lud's coat into a nondescript shade of leaden dullness. Moreover, nothing seems to suffer from the effects of foreshortening, produced by hanging on the 'sky line,' as the noble animal; and hence it is that the Fyfield Cesarewitch winner's natural lightness and legginess are exaggerated to distraction; while Gang Forward puts us strongly in mind of some 'fashionable 'fatling' leaning dyspeptically against his manger after a surfeit of oilcake or Thorley's food. Lord Lonsdale's horse and his rider are too cobby and pudgy, as seen from the level of ordinary mortals, and savour too strongly of the lay figure to please the *exigeant* taste of racing men. A fourth contribution by the same artist, more favourably hung, and its figures better posed, is more the thing to catch our conscience, though it might be reckoned questionable taste or the extreme of punctiliousness to reproduce upon canvas marks of the firing-iron upon the legs of the hunter bestridden by a form as well known by the covert-side in Lincolnshire as cantering down the cords at Newmarket, or hovering round the ring at a yearling sale. 'Baily,' too, knows him well, though the touches of his pen have long been missing from between the covers of Batthyany green which each month sees unfolding for the public's recreation. Testimonial hunting pictures try men very highly, unless, as by Stephen Pearce, they are made a *spécialité* of; for your ordinary artist is apt to be led out of his element by the desire to fulfil the requirements of his employers; and the results are too often such melancholy *fiascos* as the huge canvas affecting to honour Lord Middleton. The horses are apparently modelled from that wooden one which carries Mr. Nicoll's huntsman in his Regent Street window; and a glance at the pack would drive Mr. Tom Parrington from the flags to the nearest lunatic asylum. If we turn from the 'November Morning' of the R.A. to the 'Equestrian Portrait of C. J. Radclyffe, Esq.,' by Pearce, we shall find our senses offended more by the finicking elaboration of truthfulness than by any lack of knowledge in treatment of the subject. The picture strikes us as hard and painfully bright and clean. Appointments, anatomy, attitude, all seem too 'faultily faultless.' The breeches have evidently been cut by an eminent London firm, and the boots will 'cut a shine' in or over any country.' The grey is perfection itself, and Sheward or Rice could price him to within five guineas of his figure, even if they did not recognise him at once. The hounds have evidently gone through a course of areca-nut within and Naldire's tablet without, so sleek, shining, and dapper have they been turned out of kennel; and over the landscape breaks the *beau ideal* of a hunting morning. Yet the likenesses, we have been

told, are admirable, and with all its failings it will please popular tastes in a far higher degree than its more pretentious rival. Only we wish it could have been marked with a bolder, freer touch, such as the President has taught us to admire in former years; and we see no reason why *incident* should not be more largely imported into such works, as tending to relieve their general spiritless character, and to allow some scope for imagination without dipping the wings of fidelity in execution.

We cannot altogether compliment Mr. Hopkins upon his pair of hunting studies in Gallery No. 5. There is not one atom of character either in men, horses, or hounds, and they are altogether on too small a scale and too carelessly executed to take rank above the ordinary sporting prints which attract passers-by in Regent Street or Piccadilly. The proof of the inferiority of these to Herring's masterpieces lies in the fact that the public never seem to tire of the latter, though they succeed each other in monotonous rotation year after year, while novelties of the same description (excepting perhaps the annual coloured print of the Derby winner) very soon fail to attract attention in the shop windows. But when an animal painter of Mr. Briton Riviere's calibre enters the field as a painter of horses we are entitled to look for something to furnish an exempler of what such productions should be. We are sorry that we fail to find anything of the sort in his portrait of a gentleman pensively standing at his 'favourite mare's' side, by the sad sea waves, and with his dogs grouped in repose in the foreground. Except upon the ground that Pindar attributed to Neptune the creation of the horse, we cannot perceive the 'situation' to be in any degree appropriate; but artists, like poets, are allowed licences, and this may be one of them. Anything more unsatisfactory as representing a horse and dogs it would be impossible to conceive. Professors of the Veterinary College must stand aghast before such a production; and we commend a study of this equine favourite to Messrs. Field and Mavor, who, in all their experience, could never have looked over an animal so fearfully and wonderfully made. We never heard of a horse being afflicted with varicose veins in his legs, but the washy chestnut shows them surely enough, and we long to send her into 'Hal of the Wynd's Smithy' to have her feet looked to, or for the ingenious Mr. Clark to operate upon her with some of his unpronounceable remedies. Human legs are an easier study than equine understandings; so Mr. Riviere's young man is obligingly posed in front of his mare's fore legs, and we are bound to say that he looks sound all round. There seems to be a strong affinity between the seaweed and the coat of the Skye terrier, while all the animals are too flat and lacking in the finish so conspicuous in other paintings by the same artist. For a happier production commend us to Mr. Partington's portrait (No. 204), the conception of which is far more in accordance with our notions of an equestrian figure, the drawing fairly correct, the attitude easy, and the painting satisfactory, so far as it goes. To descend once more 'to the dogs,' we must give Mr. Goddard a good

word for his study of Lord Wolverton's bloodhound pack, a brave subject bravely treated, and that in no conventional manner, but with a freshness and vigour we hope to see associated with higher sporting subjects. The experiment was a bold one, but has been essayed with no fear of failure before the artist's eyes; and if some minor faults of detail are apparent, it cannot but please by the life and spirit imparted to his subject by the limner of this noble pack. Compare the style of Mr. Goddard with that of Mr. Barber, whose Roaring Stag and Royal Colley are surely too much of the 'tea-board' order to please admirers of these branches of natural history, in the former of which the impossible but irrepressible 'bunny' crops up once more. Ansdell, with his sheep-dogs and ponies, gets more unnaturally clean every year; and we infinitely prefer the two rather rough but bold sketches of the foreigners Weber and Poingdestre to a branch of art apparently decaying among our own countrymen.

We look forward to a better time coming among those who are content to bring Art to the door of Sport, and to illustrate the pastimes which, as the highest authorities have asserted, go so far in forming our national character. There is a large field yet unbroken in the direction of racing and hunting subjects, which animal painters would do well to cultivate, instead of confining themselves to the lower ranges of animated nature. The public demand for our present indifferent specimens induces a belief that something of a more exalted character would be duly appreciated, and there is nothing whatever derogatory to high Art in courting her aid for the production of a 'piper and a pair of nutcrackers,' any more than invoking her on behalf of the noble animal. The horse is well worthy of a school of his own, instead of having to bear the reproach of being a sort of 'casual' among our painters, occasionally introduced as a subordinate monstrosity, and fated to have the study of his 'beauties and 'defects' persistently ignored. The fifteen-thousand-guinea Doncaster is almost worthy of a place among the Grosvenor family portraits, but after Sir Edwin's great Voltigeur *fiasco* his noble owner will be in no hurry to repeat the experiment among our Royal Academicians. We want a less cramped and conventional style than that at present obtaining among those who 'go in for' racing and hunting subjects, and a modification of that execrable public taste which clogs the best efforts of those who might, if left to their own imaginations, become shining lights in the line they have chosen to adopt. Above all, we are unwilling to see great reputations tarnished by that Russell-like versatility of genius which undertakes anything at the shortest notice, and draws down upon itself well-merited public rebuke. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is a motto which holds good in art as in trade, and the next time the meet is at Birdsall House 'let distance lend en-'chantment to the view' of horses and hounds alike.

AMPHION.

NEW GAMES AT HURLINGHAM.

'If wealth, sir knight, perchance be thine,
In tournaments you're bound to shine;
Refuse—and all the world will swear,
You are not worth a rotten pear.'

Society changes its pastimes as it does its fashions, and in many instances our diversions, as well as *les modes*, are of foreign origin. Thus, chess, the king of games, came to us from India; for it is said that one Sessa, a Brahmin, who invented the game some centuries before the Mussulman conquest, was promised by the reigning Rajah any province he might ask for as a reward for his ingenuity; but the wily old philosopher declared that he had no wish for a province, but asked for a grain of rice on the first square of the chess-board, four on the second, sixteen on the third, and so quadrupling the number as often as there were squares on the board. This the Rajah assented to, but, inasmuch as it was found on calculation that the province of Bengal could not produce the quantity of rice required in seven years to pay the Brahmin's debt, a compromise was made, and he received sufficient treasure to build a pagoda instead.

Backgammon is also of Indian origin, it being simply a modification of the Indian game of *pachese*, played at the present time all over Hindostan.

The latest importation from eastern climes is 'polo,' or 'hockey 'on horseback,' which was introduced into this country about two years ago by the 9th Lancers, who did such good service in the Indian Mutiny under Colonel Drysdale. The first game was played at Windsor, then Lillie Bridge Grounds became the headquarters of the players; and now the more picturesque ground of Hurlingham, where the Polo Club meets, is one of the chief attractions of *la crème de la crème* of society.

The game of polo, or chaugán as it is called in Kashmere and Thibet, has for centuries been a favourite game amongst the chiefs and ameers of Upper India, as the Emperor Baber frequently mentions the game as being common in his time. Abul Fazl, in the 'Ain-i-Akbari,' gives an account of the game, and tells us that the great Akbar was a proficient in it.

The Maharajah of Kashmere is in the present day very fond of the game, and is unrivalled amongst the natives for his skill, as he often hits the ball when in the air. When a ball is driven to the *hál* or a goal made, the naggárah, or great war-drum, is beaten. His Majesty often plays chaugán at night, when fire-balls are used made of palas-wood, which burns for a long time. At Srinuggur the Chaugán Maidan is about 350 yards long by 60 in breadth, covered with fine turf, and surrounded with a low wall. At each end two pillars of stone are let into the ground about 10 yards apart, which is the *hál* or goal of the players. The ball is made of the knot of willow-

wood, and is called in Thibet 'pulu.' The stick, or *byntu*, is made of the almond-tree, and the crook is of some hard, heavy wood, such as iron-wood or Indian rose-wood, lashed firmly on with green hide.

The game is played in almost every valley in Little Thibet and Ladak, and is an admirable sport for an equestrian nation. The little country horses are small and active, and their long manes and tails, together with the streaming black hair of their riders, and the loose pendent ends of their various coloured turbans, give to both horses and riders a most wild and picturesque appearance as they struggle together in a desperate *mêlée*.

The game of polo is very similar to the ball play of the Red Indians, which Catlin tells us 'is decidedly the favourite and most 'exciting game of all the Indian tribes.' He thus describes this game, which he saw played among the Choctaw tribes, 700 miles west of the Mississippi on a beautiful prairie:—'During the afternoon 'we loitered about amongst the different tents and wigwams of the 'two encampments, and afterwards, at sundown, witnessed the cere-'mony of measuring off the ground and erecting the byes or goals 'which were to guide the play. Each party had its goal made with 'two upright posts about 25 feet high and 6 feet apart, set firm in the 'ground, with a pole across at the top. These goals were about '40 rods or 50 rods apart, and at a point just halfway between was 'another small stake driven down, where the ball was to be started 'by throwing it straight up at the firing of a gun for the contention 'of the players. At the hour of the morning designated for the 'commencement of the play the young men appeared on the 'ground, each with ball-sticks in his hand, and in all respects being 'prepared for the play, which was commenced about nine o'clock 'by the old men, the judges of the play, throwing up the ball at the 'firing of a gun exactly at the point halfway between the two goals, 'round which were stationed an equal number of players on each side, 'who instantly commenced the scuffle for the ball as it descended, each 'party endeavouring to catch it between their ball-sticks, and to 'throw it through their own goal, which, when successfully done, 'counted one for the game. Around either bye also there were 'stationed a numerous party on each side, the one endeavouring to 'force the ball through, and the other doing their utmost to resist 'and drive it back to their own side of the ground.

'Whenever the ball is passed through the byes of either party, it 'is announced all over the ground by a simultaneous bark or yelp; 'and the ball is thrown home to the judges, who start it again from the 'centre, when similar successive struggles and excitements instantly 'ensue, allowing the player but one minute or so to rest. Every 'player was divested of all dress except a girdle of white horsehair, 'which formed a kind of kilt; and in the midst of these almost in-'conceivable scuffles and struggles for the ball, when they are trip-'ping and throwing and foiling each other in every possible manner, 'the women are occasionally seen taking an active part in the play, 'although they are not allowed to use the ball-stick, or even touch

'the ball. Their mode of joining in the play is this: Each woman 'who has her goods at stake, and thereby a direct interest in the 'play, is permitted to use all the stimulant to the scene that lies in 'her power in the only mode allowed her on the occasion. She 'goes to the woods, and, having procured a bunch of switches some '2 or 3 feet in length, which she ties together at the butt ends and 'carries in her right hand, she adjusts her dress for running, so that 'she has the free use of her nether limbs; and the moment the ball 'is started she sets off in the darting throng, yelling and screaming 'as she runs, following up her husband, who is in search of the ball, 'and at every moment in the day when she can overtake him, 'while she reminds him of the value of their goods that are at 'stake, and of the importance of exerting every nerve to protect 'them, she lashes him over the naked shoulders, and often to that 'degree that the blood will be seen trickling down his back, as 'a gentle hint lest he should forget to exert himself to the fullest 'extent for the manly protection of their mutual interests by playing 'desperately to save their goods at stake. As this is the only chance 'a poor squaw has of flagellating her husband, she generally avails 'herself of the occasion to settle old scores that she has no other 'mode of liquidating, and to which punishment he must quietly 'submit, unless he can keep out of her way.'

The Indian ball-sticks resemble small rackets, and sometimes two are used. Amongst the Sioux, who are great equestrians, the game is played on horseback, but other tribes generally play on foot.

Polo has been played in India by both European officers and native irregular cavalry for the last thirty years, and General Outram, Brigadier Mayne, Colonel Skinner, Major Nightingale, and the Scinde Horse, Hodson's Irregulars, and Fane's Seikhs were all adepts in the game.

As some of our readers may not have seen the game played, it may be as well to give a general description of it. The Hurlingham ground is a fine rectangular lawn, 300 yards long by 60 broad, at each end of which the goal-posts are set up as at football, but 8 yards apart. There are six players on each side, who wear distinguishing colours, and each man is armed with a polo-mallet about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet or 5 feet long. The ball is made of light tough wood, and coloured white, so as to enable it to be readily seen.

Each party having taken post in line in front of their respective goals, upon a signal being given, one of the umpires throws up the ball, exactly halfway between both goals, and the object of each party in the game is to drive it through the goal-posts of their adversaries. On the ball being thrown up, all the men of each party, except the goal-keeper, charge down, the leaders racing for the first hit, and then a general *mêlée* ensues, there being an indiscriminate rally and swiping of mallets until the ball is forced through one of the goals, when the coup is one. Three or six coups constitute the game. After each coup a few minutes is allowed for breathing time and to change ponies or mallets; and the ball being again thrown up, at it they go again.

As the Hurlingham Club rules are admirably framed, I append them for the benefit of county and provincial clubs.

1. The game to be played by not more than twelve players, six on each side.

2. The goals to be 300 yards apart, where the grounds will admit of such length, and the boundary flags from 150—200 yards apart.

3. The goal flags to be eight yards apart.

4. Members are permitted to play with any description of club. The balls to be approved of by the Committee appointed to frame rules and regulate the game.

5. The ball to be thrown up in the centre of the ground at the commencement of the game, the rival players galloping from a spot agreed upon.

6. When the ball is hit out of bounds, it must be *thrown* into the playing-ground by an impartial person *on foot*.

7. No player is permitted to hit an adversary's pony. It is permitted to crook an adversary's stick, but on no account is the player allowed to put his stick over the body of his adversary's pony.

8. No player having gone through the bully and lost possession of the ball, and finding himself between the bully and his adversary's goal, is permitted to hit the ball until he has at least one player—exclusive of the goal-keeper—between him and the hostile goal.

9. The Club colours to consist of blue and yellow hoops.

10. Members wishing to form a game must engage the ground in rotation by placing their names on a slate to be kept in the pavilion. They are not permitted to retain the ground longer than one hour, and in case of a large number of members being present must resign the ground at the conclusion of a rubber of three games.

11. Each side shall provide an umpire, whose decision shall be final, and who, on detecting any irregularity or infringement of the above rules, shall be empowered to suspend the game until such irregularity is corrected according to the combined arbitration of both umpires.

12. The height of ponies is limited to fourteen hands. All ponies must be passed by the Sub-Committee appointed to form rules.

13. When a player breaks his stick he is on no account to have another brought into the playing-ground, but must ride to a place appointed for sticks.

14. Any player may interpose his pony before his antagonist so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball, whether in full career or otherwise, and this despite the immediate neighbourhood of the ball.

15. Players dropping their sticks must themselves dismount to pick them up.

16. No person allowed on the ground (players and umpires excepted) under any circumstances whatever.

17. No dismounted player is on any account to strike the ball while on foot.

Although polo was introduced into this country by the officers of H.M. 9th Lancers, it was chiefly through the exertions of Captain E. Hartopp, 10th Hussars, Captain Macqueen, and the Hon. D. J. Monson that the Polo Club was established. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was good enough to allow his name to appear as Patron, Earl Spencer—a staunch supporter of everything in the way of sport—became President of the Club, and Lord Valentia, late 10th Hussars, and now Master of the Bicester Hounds, Vice-

President. The Committee of Election consisted of Lord Aberdour, Captain Clayton, Viscount Cole, E. M. Dunsey, Esq., Colonel Ewart, Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, Hon. T. Fitzwilliam, Captain Hartopp, Reginald Herbert, Esq., Earl of Mayo, C. de Murietta, Esq., Captain Macqueen, Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Arthur Somerset, and the Marquis of Worcester. Under their auspices the number of playing members (limited to 100) were soon enrolled, and the Club established.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of June, 1873, the first grand meet at polo took place before a very large assemblage of the *élite* of the fashionable world at Lillie Bridge Grounds, the match being between the Lords and Commons. The sides were as follows :—

Lords.	Commons.
Lord A. Somerset.	Hon. T. Fitzwilliam.
Lord Cole.	Captain E. Hartopp.
Lord Aberdour.	Hon. C. Fitzwilliam.
Lord Rosmore.	Sir Bache Cunard.
The Marquis of Worcester.	Mr. A. de Murietta.

On this occasion the weather was beautiful, and the recent rains had made the ground in good playing order. The sides were fairly matched, and, after some brilliant play, the Commons ultimately succeeded in winning four games to their opponents' two. Of these Mr. A. de Murietta made two goals, his pony, a wiry bay, with black points, appearing to enjoy the sport as much as his master.

Since what may be called the opening day, polo has constantly increased in popularity, and the Club being as select as possible, admission to the members' inclosure is only obtainable by vouchers.

Practice makes perfect. The play is much improved this year, and the ponies being better trained are now up to their work, and often display marvellous intelligence. They can be pulled up almost in their own length in a rally, thus cannoning is avoided as much as possible. A good polo pony must have good pluck, a fair turn of speed, and a light mouth; some know the game as well as their masters, and make after the ball *con amore*. A cool head, steady eye, and good horsemanship are required to make a polo player, and the best men at polo are well known as hard to beat in stiff country when hounds are running.

In the country several polo clubs have been formed, and Monmouthshire, Liverpool, and Manchester have sent fairly good teams up to town. The International Gun and Polo Club holds very pleasant meetings at Preston, close to Brighton, in September, October, and November; and during the season continental meetings are held at Paris, Spa (Belgium), and Baden-Baden. The President of this Club is the Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Aylesford, Sir William Milner, Bart., and V. F. B. Stanford, Esq., M.P., are Vice-Presidents. Amongst the Stewards are Le Prince Hereditaire de Fürstenberg, Prince A. de Chimay, Earl de Grey, Marquis de Castelbajac, Count Edward de Lambertye, Prince Louis Esterhazy, Sir George Chetwynd, Colonel Nugent, and J. Lee, Esq.,

V.C., C.B. So the Club appears fairly established, and Henry Marshal, Esq., the promoter, may be congratulated upon his success.

On the 28th of May, an old English pastime was revived at Hurlingham in the presence of our Royal Princes and Princesses, and a gay and gallant company—viz., quintain, or tilting at the ring.

Riding at the ring is undoubtedly a game of very long standing in England, for in 1606, when Christian IV. of Denmark visited England, the historian records that, 'On Monday, being the 4th day of August, 'it pleased our king's majestie himself in person and the king's majestie 'of Denmarke likewise in person, and to divers others of his estate, 'to *runne at the ring* in the tiltyard at Greenwich, where the kinge 'of Denmarke approved to all judgements that majestie is never un-'accompanied with virtue; for there, in the presence of all his 'beholders, he tooke the ring fower severall times, and would, I 'thinke, have done the like fower score times had he runne so many 'courses.'

Stowe tells us that 'this exercise of running at the quintain was 'practised at Cornhill by Leadenhall, where the attendance of the 'lords of merry disports run and made great pastime, for he that hit 'not the broad end of the quintain was laughed to scorn, and he that 'hit it full, if he rode not the faster, had a sound blow upon his 'neck with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end.'

Tilting, or, as it is more commonly called, running at the ring, was also a very fashionable pastime in former days; the *ring* is evidently derived from the *quintain*, and indeed the sport is frequently called *running* or *tilting at the quintain*. Thus, Commenius, in his 'Vocabulary,' published by Hoole in 1658, says: 'At 'this day tilting at the quintain is used, where a hoop or ring is struck 'with a lance; hence it is clear that the ring was put in the place 'of the quintain. The excellency of the pastime was to ride at full 'speed and thrust the point of the lance through the ring, which was 'supported in a case or sheath by means of two springs, but might 'be readily drawn out by the force of the stroke, and remain upon 'the top of the lance.'

At the commencement of the seventeenth century the pastime of 'running at the ring' was reduced to a science. The length of the course was measured and marked out according to the properties of the horses that were to run; for one of the swiftest kind, as Pluvinel informs us, one hundred paces from the starting-place to the ring, and thirty paces beyond it to stop him were deemed necessary; but for such horses as had been trained to the exercise, and were more regular in their movements, eighty to the ring and twenty beyond it were thought to be sufficient. The ring, says the same author, ought to be placed with much precision, somewhat higher than the left eyebrow of the practitioner when setting his horse, because it was necessary for him to stoop a little in running towards it. In tilting at the ring three courses were allowed to each candidate, and he who thrust the point of his lance through it the oftenest was the victor. In this game, as everybody knows, the great object is to carry off on the point of a spear a ring hung up at a certain part of the list,

towards which a mounted lancer rides at full speed. It requires great dexterity and agile horsemanship to do this, simple as it appears to be; and the 5th Lancers, who rode up to the rings and carried them off so skilfully on their lances, bore themselves as gracefully as if they had been reared in some knightly nursery of arms.

After the tilting came an Indian sport which had not before been introduced into England, though common enough in every regiment of Indian irregular cavalry, viz., tent-pegging, and this appeared to afford great amusement to the spectators. The game is easily described. A short tent-peg of cocoa-nut palm is driven about 6 inches into the ground sloping outwards, and the men, taking their position about one hundred and fifty paces off, ride up at full gallop, and endeavour to carry it off on their spears as they pass by. This feat some non-commissioned officers and privates of the 5th Lancers did pretty fairly; but some of our Anglo-Indian officers have been known to bear away the peg on their spear's point a score of times in succession.

After the tent-pegging was over a capital game of polo took place, the sides being as follows :—

Military.	Civilians.
(Red and White.)	(Light Blue and Silver.)
Lord Henry Vane Tempest.	Sir Bache Cunard, Bart.
Captain the Hon. R. Talbot.	Mr. C. de Murietta.
Captain Needham.	Mr. A. de Murietta.
Mr. J. E. P. Spicer.	Captain Herbert.
Captain P. Green.	Mr. Reginald Herbert.
Umpire—Captain Fellowes.	Umpire—Sir C. Wolseley.

After several magnificent charges on both sides, and smart scrimmages, intermingled with brilliant play, the Club team showed their superiority by securing five goals to two made by the military. Mr. Adrian de Murietta, Sir Bache Cunard, and Mr. Reginald Herbert made some splendid runs, and proved a host in themselves.

During the play the band of the 2nd Life Guards played charmingly, and the general arrangements being carried out under the supervision of the Hon. D. J. Monson and Captain Smyth, there was no hitch whatever.

A very interesting polo match was played on the Monday before Ascot in Windsor Great Park between the officers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse being present, with a fashionable company. The sides were as follows :—

Windsor End.	Cranbourne End.
Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, R. H. Guards.	Lord Worcester, R. H. Guards.
Lord Downe, 2nd L. Guards.	Colonel Owen Williams, R. H. Guards.
Lord Arthur Somerset, R. H. Guards.	Captain Hon. R. Talbot, 1st L. Gds.
Captain Egerton, R. H. Guards.	Captain Fellows, 1st L. Guards.
Mr. Spicer, 1st L. Guards.	Mr. Brocklehurst, R. H. Guards.

After some very fast play, for the ponies were fresh, the whites, or the Cranbourne end, were victorious by two goals to their adversaries one. Other regimental matches are played daily, and polo may now be considered to be fairly established in this country.

Both at Lord's, Hurlingham, the Alexandra Palace, and in many other public and private grounds the new game of lawn tennis has been inaugurated; and as much confusion arises at county meetings on account of dissimilarities in the rules and modes of playing the game, I attach the rules as played at Lord's Ground, and settled by S. Ponsonby Fane, Esq., and the Committee.

LAWS OF LAWN TENNIS—REVISED BY THE M.C.C.

The Court and Terms used in the Game.

1. The court shall be divided into two equal parts by a net attached to two posts 7 ft. in height, 24 ft. apart. The height of the net at the posts shall be 5 ft., at the centre 4 ft. At a distance of 39 ft. from the net, lines 30 ft. in length shall be marked out parallel to it, called base lines, and also lines from the posts to the extremities of these lines. The court shall be also divided lengthways by a line called the central line into two equal parts, which shall be called right and left courts; and lines shall be marked out parallel to the net at a distance of 26 ft. from it, which shall be called service lines.

2. The players shall occupy the courts on each side of the net. He who serves, *i.e.*, delivers the first stroke, is said to be 'Hand-in,' and alone is able to score; if he loses a stroke he shall become 'Hand-out,' and his adversary shall become 'Hand-in,' and serve.

3. The ball shall be served by the 'Hand-in,' who shall stand so that one foot shall be without the base line of the court. He shall serve from the right and left courts alternately, so that the ball shall drop between the net and the service line of the court diagonally opposed to that from which it was delivered.

4. It shall be a fault if the service shall drop in the wrong court or beyond the service line. If the Hand-in serves a fault, he shall serve again from the same court. If the Hand-out shall take or attempt to take a fault, the service shall be treated as good.

5. The service shall not be volleyed by the Hand-out, *i.e.*, taken before it shall have touched the ground.

6. To return a ball is to play it back over the net before it has touched the ground a second time.

7. The balls shall be hollow, made of indiarubber; they shall be 2½ in. in diameter, and 1½ oz. in weight. Balls covered with white cloth shall be used in fine weather.

N.B.—The dimensions of the court are given as they exist at Lord's, but are not laid down arbitrarily. They will be found generally suitable for single matches. The dimensions of the court may be altered to suit the capacity of the players or the state of the ground, provided that the distance from the net to the service line shall be proportionately lengthened or reduced.

The Game.

8. At the beginning of the first game the players shall toss for choice of

courts and the right to serve. In subsequent games the winner of the last game shall serve, but courts shall be changed at the end of every game.

9. The Hand-in shall not serve until the Hand-out shall be prepared; but if the Hand-out takes or attempts to return the service, it shall be treated as good.

10. The Hand-in shall win a stroke and score one point if the Hand-out fails to return the service or any subsequent stroke; or strikes the ball in play so that it shall drop out of the court; or volleys the service.

11. The Hand-in shall be Hand-out if he fails to serve the ball over the net; or if he serves it so that it shall drop out of the court; [or] if he makes two successive faults; or if he fails to return the ball in play so that it shall drop in the court.

12. Either player shall lose a stroke if the ball in play shall touch his hand, or any other part of his person, or his clothes, or if he shall strike the ball more than once.

13. Lawn tennis is played by the game. The player who first scores 15 aces shall win the game.

14. But if both players reach 14 the score is called 'Deuce.' Another point called 'Vantage' is then introduced, and a player, in order to score game, must win two points in succession, viz., vantage and game; otherwise though he may have won vantage, if he should lose the next stroke the score returns to deuce.

15. A ball which drops on any line shall be considered to have dropped into the court marked by that line.

16. It is a good service or return, although the ball touch the net or either of the posts.

Double Matches.

17. The above rules shall also apply to the four-handed game, with the following additions:—

18. At the commencement of the game, one partner only of the side that is Hand-in shall serve; when he or his partner shall have lost a stroke the other side shall be Hand-in.

19. During the remainder of the game, when the Hand-in who first serves shall have been put out, his partner shall serve, so that before the side is Hand-out both partners shall have been put out.

20. The Hand-in shall deliver the service in accordance with Rules 3, 4, and 5, and his adversaries shall return the service alternately, but in subsequent strokes the partners may occupy any position in the court they may find advisable.

21. If the service be delivered in the wrong court, it may be taken by either adversary.

N.B.—If one player plays against two adversaries, he will be Hand-in twice, except at the commencement of the game.

Handicaps.

22. Half Court. The giver of odds may elect into which half court he will play. He will lose the stroke if he play the ball so that it fail to drop into that half court.

23. A cord may be stretched between the posts at a height of 7 feet, or any other height agreed upon, and the giver of odds shall play every ball over the cord or lose a stroke.

24. A player may give his adversary points.

25. A player may concede to his adversary the privilege of being Hand-in two or more times.

As lawn tennis can be played by ladies as well as gentlemen, it appears likely to supersede most of our outdoor amusements, besides, it is one of the great novelties of the season and fashionable; therefore, it is likely to be taken up in most country houses during the summer months.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XVII.

By the time Tom Franks had reached the western side of Holne Ridge, where the heathery waste slopes away in the direction of Aune Head, and at length forms a table-land of interminable bog, the birth-place of many a picturesque trout stream flowing into the estuaries of the southern coast, the sun had fairly disappeared behind the serrated heights of Hessary Tor, and now the gloomy walls of the vast French prison were no longer visible even to the moorman's keen grey eye. But, happily for him, the light of a young and silvery moon enabled him to distinguish the most prominent landmarks of the surrounding moor, and he could still recognise the bold outline of Bellivor Tor looming aloft in the far north, and the bluff, massive head of old Mistor, the monarch of the moor, to the north-west—bearings as useful to him as the polar star to a mariner guided by its light.

The riotous Duster, although frequently cheered by his master, and carrying his head directly up wind, had as yet never lifted a bristle, nor shown by any other sign that he had crossed the line or touched upon the drag of the fugitive mastiff; and Tom, who had come to a standstill at the edge of an extensive turf-ty, dotted on every side with the black pyramidical stacks of the drying fuel, began to entertain a shrewd suspicion that he had been misinformed as to the locality in which the missing dog had last been seen. While thus halting for a few seconds, deliberating which way he should turn and what do next, the voice of a man chiding his beast in angry tones attracted his attention; and as the sound appeared to come from the very edge of the turf-ty, not a hundred yards away, he at once jumped to the conclusion that some neighbour, in bringing home his turf, had approached too near the margin of the mire, and come to grief in the rotten ground.

'Why, Jack Hamlyn, be that yeu?' he said, with unfeigned surprise, as he recognised a man known as 'Slippery Jack,' a notorious smuggler, who was supposed to live at Post-Bridge, but who, when inquired for, was as difficult to find at home as a curlew at Christmas on Cranmere Pool. 'Whatever be yeu up tu now? where do

'ee come vor, and where be going?' continued the moorman, utterly unable to comprehend the object of the smuggler's presence at nightfall in such a dangerous locality as the Black Stables.

'Len' us a han', du ee, Tam, and don't ee ax zo many questions 'all tu wonce,' said Hamlyn curtly; 'us ha' been here up tew hours 'or more, and ef I'd a got a knife I'd cut this cussed moyle's droat 'vor un, where he lie'th; I wid, ef I was put to clink vor it next 'minute.'

The poor mule was no other than our old friend Jack-o'-Lantern, which, the week before, Sally Head, the huntsman's wife, had ridden from Watercombe expressly, it was believed, for the purpose of searching for Frank when he was lost in the mires. But the opportunity thus offered for paying a flying visit, long contemplated, to her kith and kin at Post-Bridge could not be resisted; and Sally, after taking a mere bird's-eye view of the great central bogs, passed rapidly on for the West Dart, and, fording it below Prince Hall, crossed the ridge of sound ground between Cherry Brook and Bellivor, and then, descending the hill, entered the hamlet of her home with a joyous heart, Post-Bridge, on the Eastern Dart.

But it was long past mid-day ere she reached that primitive spot; and then, one of the few friends she especially hoped to have seen being away at work, and not expected to return before a late hour in the evening, it did not require much pressure to induce Sally to take a night's rest, and put off her return journey to the following day. So Jack-o'-Lantern was unsaddled, and turned out for his night's lodgings and food into a small rush-grown croft, redeemed from the moor and adjoining the cottage in which Sally was housed.

Alas! either the fare was too coarse to suit the dainty tooth of the well-fed mule, or, pining for his usual company in the snug paddocks of Watercombe, the broken stone-wall fence in which he was inclosed proved no barrier to Jack-o'-Lantern; but, lightly topping it, away he went pointing for Two Bridges, and taking the main road direct for home. Nor was he missed before nightfall, too late to afford any hope of recapture, when the unfortunate Sally became frantic with alarm, the pleasure expected from her stolen visit being thus utterly marred.

But 'it's an ill wind that blows no luck;' and in this case it so happened that Jack Hamlyn, being abroad on one of his smuggling expeditions, met the mule at the foot of the hill, close to Two Bridges, and in one moment his brawny arm, fast locked round the neck of the beast, secured and led him away into a grim bondage by forcing him at once to do the work of his lawless and perilous calling.

In the very centre of the Black Stables, and in an old disused turf-ty, accessible only to the natives by a narrow strip of sound ground, intersected, however, here and there by seams of the blackest earth, Jack Hamlyn had stowed away some fifty tubs of French brandy, the result of a successful run into Mothecombe Bay during the previous month.

Woe be to the gauger who, tempted by professional zeal or cupidity,

might be rash enough to venture alone into these precincts; his fate would be as inevitable as that of a ship entering the lagunes of the Amazon without an experienced pilot; for here he would stick, fast planted in the mire; the crows would feed upon his flesh, and his bones would be bleached by the wind.

From this depôt the smuggler drew his supplies as they were needed by the small innkeepers and farmers for twenty miles round. The kegs, lashed in pairs for the better convenience of their transport, were carried like saddle-bags on the bare backs of the moor ponies; but, as these were not always obtainable, the burden was occasionally borne by the broad shoulders of the smuggler himself, for his companions were few, if any, whom he dared to trust with the knowledge of this secret store. The conveyance of a pair of kegs then, each one of which contained just four gallons of brandy, was no trifle even for Jack; indeed, the weight of the burden, at least seventy pounds, the long distances he had to travel, often through unsound, broken ground, and always at night-time, were labour enough for a Hercules, and too sorely taxed the power and endurance of the adventurous smuggler.

The capture of Jack-o'-Lantern, therefore, was to him a boon of luck he had little hoped for; an auxiliary he could safely trust; one who, whatever he might see, would certainly not betray him by saying anything about it; so, the smuggler, bestriding the beast, pricked along with a jubilant heart direct for his store: and every night for a whole week afterwards, as the sun went down and the desolate moor was wrapped in all but a stygian darkness, did he repeat the visit, often compelling the poor brute to carry three pair of kegs, and never less than two, with the frequent addition of his own weight, to many an outlying and far-distant farm.

In a bed of coarse rushes, which served as his only food, and in which, while he lay down to rest, his body was almost wholly concealed from view, the ill-fated mule was tethered securely during the day; so, what with the labour by night and the bad fare by day, weak, leg-weary, and sorely galled in his withers, he had literally broken down with sheer exhaustion, when Tom Franks found him struggling for dear life under this last burden of his cruel taskmaster.

'Then, haul off they kegs fust, and us'll zoon zet he 'pon 's legs 'agen,' answered Tom good-naturedly; ''tis over much vor the 'baiste, I zee 'tis, and he up to 's gammerels in mux.'

'That's no more than I've a carried mysel', many a time,' answered the smuggler, as he very unwillingly proceeded to unhitch the rope by which two pair of kegs were secured to the mule's back; ''tis a rale sluggart, I call un, and nort else.'

A savage kick in the ribs instantly following the removal of the tubs, drew from the poor beast a succession of heavy sobs, while, fairly lifted by the united efforts of the two men, he struggled up and stood upon his legs.

One glance at the animal, as he gained his footing and stood

quivering with fear on the firm edge of a heathery mound, enabled Tom Franks instantly to recognise Jack-o'-Lantern, whose wonderful adroitness in skimming over miry ground when carrying the kennel-boy up to the very tail of the Squire's hounds, had often and often attracted the moorman's admiration. 'Why, Jack,' he exclaimed, 'tis the Squire's moyle; I'd swear to un out o' a thousand; but 'however did ee come by'n? Sure-ly, yeu han't a stole un, I hop'?'

'No, no, Tam; I ban't come to that yt. I catched un on th' 'high road and only borr'ed un vor a night or tew to aize my own 'back; and that's no robbery.'

'Then, I zim, the soonder yeu tak' un home agen, the beter vor 'both ov ee; 'tis a wisht poor creatur', fai'! observed the moorman, stroking the mule's face and commiserating his forlorn condition; 'and 'if ort happen'th to he, yeu'm likely to zee voreign parts avore long, 'or th' Squire ain't the man I tak' un to be.'

Thus admonished, and detected, as he had been, not only in possession of the mule, but in the actual transport of his contraband goods, the smuggler was shrewd enough to perceive that a very serious scrape would be the too probable result if the beast were not speedily restored at least to liberty, if not led back at once to the very precincts of Watercombe. Naturally of a suspicious turn of mind, he trusted no man; and, although Tom Franks would take a fox at any disadvantage, he was the last man in the world to betray a neighbour by becoming 'king's evidence' or public informer against him. Yet Jack Hamlyn gave him no credit for such feelings, but, under the impression that Tom, if he turned approver, might be the means of getting him transported, or even hanged (for in those days the act of stealing a horse was not unfrequently followed by capital punishment), the smuggler's alarm amounted to absolute torture, when he considered how haplessly he had fallen into Tom's power and how likely it was it would be used against him, if only a reward were offered to discover the offender.

But when Tom, seeing the smuggler was about to replace his kegs on the mule's back, added, by way of further warning, 'I tell ee 'what 'tis, Jack, the legs of the baste won't stan' it; they'm a 'crickling under un already; and if yeu hap up they kegs agen, he'll 'come down stram, flump; and where a vall'th, there he'll turn up 'hes trotters, zee if he don't,' Jack Hamlyn's thoughts took a darker turn and led him at once to the murderous conclusion that his only chance of safety from transportation, and perhaps even from a worse fate, depended on his silencing Tom's tongue now and for ever.

But how was it to be done? The sailor's long knife he usually carried had been lost in one of his recent struggles with the mule; still, however, another weapon was at hand, and one perhaps that might be equally effective—the sturdy oak stick, on which, since he had first cut it in Wistman's Wood, he had carried some hundreds of kegs, slung in pairs, on his own shoulders; a weapon he could rely on and knew how to use, hard and heavy as granite and gnarled to its very knob. What better tool than this, then?—one with which

he had shivered the cutlass of many a coastguard man and cracked his head afterwards. A blow from it would do the job and never tell the tale; he could then bury him in a bog, and Tom's tongue would never trouble him more.

Quick as lightning did he come to this resolution, and, with the view of getting a fair crack at the temple of his victim just above the ear, he disclaimed the intention of again working the mule, and invited Tom, with apparent cordiality, to pick up one pair of kegs and carry them home for his own use.

'An' I'll tak' th' tother,' he said, as he kept his eye on Tom's movements and grasped his cudgel with a firm hand.

This was a tempting offer, a windfall which, at any other time, the moorman would have deemed irresistible; but now he had a job of his own on hand: he was in chase of the missing mastiff, and a five-pound note, which he felt quite certain of earning, had been promised for his recovery; it may be, too, that a gleam of suspicion crossed his mind (for, owing to his long and intimate association with the fox, he had become almost as wary and astute as that animal itself) that he should get into trouble if he was found to be mixed up either in the smuggler's lawless trade or in the matter of the stolen mule, a handle which he well knew the Squire would not fail to use against him to the uttermost rigour of the law. Be that as it may, Tom, instead of stooping to pick up the kegs, drew back suddenly, as if he dreaded even to touch the dangerous bait, saying, 'No, no, Jack, I've a got other vish tu fry and no time vor thickky 'job o' yourn thes night; I'll ha' a drop with ee zum other day, 'when I ban't zo hurried as I be now.'

'Don't be a fule, Tom; tak'n up, I zay,' persisted the smuggler; 'tis a faine spurrit, rale Cherbourg, and nort else.'

But he lied grossly; the liquor, in reality, contained a mere trifle of French brandy, just enough to give it a flavour: the rest of it, about nine-tenths, was a vile compound, distilled from the lees of cider and manufactured commonly in most of the villages on the south coast of Devon, but especially in and around Otterton, where this veritable fire-water is known as 'still-liquor,' and, though most unpalatable, is largely consumed in that district. When coloured and flavoured with the slightest dash of *eau-de-vie*, it is then sold as smuggled French brandy, and is eagerly purchased by the inland farmers; at least, such was the case at the period of our tale, when the business of agriculture and honest labour were all but paralysed by the incessant nightly work devoted to this contraband trade.

Tom Franks however, if he heard it, gave no heed to the smuggler's appeal; for at that instant the lively tongue of Duster rung upon his ear, and, without giving the kegs a second thought, of which they were really not worthy, he dashed off in the direction of the hound, cheering him at the top of his voice and prospectively feeling the five-pound note already safe in his pocket. So sudden was the action that, before Hamlyn could look around him or determine what next to do, Tom had disappeared in the surrounding

gloom over the dusky moor, where 'the cotton grass flutters its white 'tassels,' and where it would have been as idle to pursue him as the black master of the wisht-hounds.

A fearful curse followed him as he fled; but, as the Arabs say, 'Curses are like chickens, they always come back to roost,' it may be inferred that the smuggler himself was the only sufferer from that malediction, and that very soon afterwards it recoiled on his own head. Certain it is that ill-luck attended the first smuggling adventure in which he was engaged after that night, and that punishment followed it with no limping foot—a retribution he righteously deserved for the cruel ill-usage with which he treated the poor dumb brute, now left once more alone in the greater brute's power.

No sooner had Tom disappeared from the scene than the kegs were again loaded on the galled withers of the trembling mule; but he had proceeded but a short distance under his burden when a narrow band of black bog-earth, intersecting the heathery ridge over which he was labouring, brought him down, this time up to his girths in mire. The smuggler, seeing at a glance that, without help, the extrication of the beast was now all but hopeless, and that, even if he succeeded in landing him on sound ground, the animal would be utterly useless for further work, determined to abandon him to his fate, either to die where he lay, or mayhap to flounder out, as best he could, and pick his way back to Watercombe. So, again removing the kegs, he stowed them away in the old turf-ty in which, as it was no longer worked, he had hitherto on many occasions so securely hidden his contraband goods.

It was nearly a month afterwards ere the Squire of Watercombe took any active steps for the recovery of the mule, although there was no animal in his stable which he valued more highly or would have lost with greater regret. But Sally Head's tale as to his breaking fence and straying to the moor satisfied Mr. Raleigh that, sooner or later, the clever beast, so well acquainted with the locality, would certainly find his way back to his old quarters, and perhaps be all the fresher for his long run.

When, however, day after day Jack-o'-Lantern delayed his coming, and at length one of the Stanley gipsies, interrogated by the Squire, informed him that on a night when he was crossing the moor, between Hexworthy Bridge and Lartor, a man riding a mule passed him rapidly by, and that he recognised the man as 'Slippery 'Jack,' with whom he had fought fifty rounds in a pitch-battle at Brent Goose Fair, and that he had no doubt the mule was the same inquired for by the Squire, placards were then issued offering a substantial reward for the recovery of Jack-o'-Lantern, whether stolen or strayed; and if stolen, an additional sum on conviction of the offender.

In the meantime, the 'Alarm, a notorious lugger, under the command of Rattenbury of Beer, had succeeded in running a large crop of tubs into Shell Cove; and thither, to convoy it inland, had congregated a numerous assemblage of farmers, farm labourers, and

several of the most desperate characters connected with the smuggling trade of that coast, including Jack Hamlyn. Now, information of the intended run had been privately communicated to the Preventive officer of the district, a gentleman most certainly blessed with more courage than prudence, or, supported as he was with only two coastguard men armed with cutlasses, he never would have attacked such a lawless gang with so inadequate a force. He did so, however, and, after firing his pistol and missing the ringleader, who, bearing a pair of kegs, had refused to surrender, he manfully seized him by the collar, and at once proclaimed him a prisoner. Jack Hamlyn, however (for it was he), was not the man to be handled with impunity: with one kick of his powerful toe and a firm grip at the shoulder, he twisted the officer off his legs and threw him, like a sack of coals, violently to the earth. Half a dozen of the gang were then on him in an instant, and, a bowline knot being bent, the Lieutenant R.N. was slung and lowered by a rope, not much thicker than a crab-potline, just a few fathoms down over the edge of a perpendicular cliff, whence, three hundred feet below him, he was doomed to see the crew of the Alarm battling with the surf and landing their cargo in perfect security.

Not even here, however, did the courage of the gallant fellow forsake him; for on viewing his own two men pressed into the work and compelled to carry each a pair of kegs on his shoulders, his wrath knew no bounds, and as the smuggler who was told off to stand by the rope, made fast to a crow-bar with two clo-hitches, declared afterwards in court, it was awful to hear the bad language 'the 'Captain' used when he saw his men turned to that account.

Eventually several of the gang were identified, and notably Jack Hamlyn amongst the number; and as he was proved by the gipsy to have been in possession of Jack-o'-Lantern, and that animal was still not forthcoming, he suffered the penalty of a double indictment, and was transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life.

But even judges are mortals liable to error; for although the suspension of the officer, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between earth and heaven would have been sufficient perhaps to insure 'Slippery Jack's' extradition from these realms, he in reality had only borrowed the mule, which, more than a month after the convict had sailed for Botany Bay, found its way back to Watercombe, fat and sleek as a mole.

Many and many a time after that event did Jack-o'-Lantern show his tail to some of the crack horses in the Squire's hunt, skimming the mires like a moor-buzzard, and carrying the kennel-boy in glory over the most dangerous ground of Dartmoor. But Sally Head never borrowed him after that day.

Encouraged by Tom's lusty cheer, Duster and the ragged lot dashed off like demons on the fresh scent, and, throwing their tongues uproariously, led him a wild dance directly over Erme Head to the neighbouring sources of the Yealm, a region requiring all the energy and experience of the moorman to follow the cry and avoid

the thousand spongy pitfalls spread in his course. 'T'is a queer line,' Tom thinks, 'for the mastiff to take, gorged with mutton, as he must 'be, and travelling up to his hocks in mire at every stride.' Still, it could be nothing else; for the curlew, the snipe, and the peewit were the only living animals that frequented that ground; and Duster, riotous as he was, never yet had transgressed so far as to speak upon feather: if not the mastiff, it must be some 'wishtness' making a fool of him and his dogs over the treacherous ground.

Still the cry forged ahead merrily, and Tom followed as he best could over the dreary waste, now floundering up to his knees in the mire, and now bounding with a light foot over the sound heather, the prospect of the five-pound note still animating his hope and cheering him in the chase. But not till he reached the confines of Trowlsworthy Warren did the light of day enable him to make out the track of the beast he had been so long and so laboriously pursuing. It was no dog nor wishtness after all; but, as Tom told the tale at Buckbury on the following day, 'T'was nort else but a stinking fitch; 'he'd a come all that var to go a rabbiting tu thickky warren, and I 'reckon they rabbits will ha' but a coose time o't, zo long as thik 'varmint bid'th among 'em.'

'But how about the mastiff, Tom?' inquired the Doctor, who had been commissioned by his friend Cruwys to pay Tom for his labour, and employ him to settle with the Holne farmer for the loss of his sheep. 'You don't appear to have come across his line at all.'

'No, yeur honour, 'twas a fule's arrant, as yeu may zay; vor us 'never glimps'd un at a'; and ef I was to die, I can't tell what's 'come ov un.'

'Then I can enlighten you, Tom, on that point: we had 'scarcely turned our backs above ten minutes on Holne Chase, and 'were descending the hill towards Brook, when up came the dog, 'apparently delighted at having overtaken us, and exhibiting none of 'that hang-dog look evinced by the others; but, on the contrary, 'carrying his tail high, as if he had been doing a good thing.'

'Well, zur, 'tis a puppy, isn't it, and didn't know no other?' said the moorman, with an expression of disappointment he could ill disguise; 'but there, he's a larnt his lesson now, and, like enow, will 'repate it fust chance; they may zo well hang un, I zim, 't wance.'

'No, Tom, not quite that; he will still be useful in harness, and 'depend upon it will never be allowed to kill his mutton in that way 'again. But here's a five-pound note Mr. Cruwys left, with this 'injunction, that you should satisfy the farmer for the damage done 'and put the remainder into your own pocket.'

Tom's bright blue eye, if awhile dimmed by the labour of the night, so long and so utterly fruitless, absolutely sparkled with delight (for the man lived by the sweat of his brow, and was poor and needy as a church-mouse) when Host, as he handed him the money, kindly added, 'There ought to be a good balance in your favour, 'too, for I do not believe that more than two of the sheep could 'have been killed in so short a time, and ten shillings each would be

'quite as much, if not more, than their market value. You'll there-
'fore net for the night's work a good four pounds—a larger sum than
'you'd earn by killing foxes in so many months. And now, Tom,
'one word of advice: change your game, save the foxes instead of
'killing them; you've served one set of masters, the churchwardens,
'long and laboriously, and with what profit you best know, namely,
'for hard pay and harder fare.'

'Ees, ees, fai'! that's true enow,' interrupted the moorman; 'but
'yeur honour forgets the sport, and that's the stuff that sweet'ns the
'tay and butters the bread; and zo long as I've a got that, it mak'th
'but little odds how hard the crust may be. 'Tis a capical relish,
'I'll assure ee, vor any fare, is a bit o' sport over Dartimoor.'

'No doubt of that, Tom; but the question is, Can't you earn
'better wages, put a good coat on your back, live on better fare, and
'withal enjoy hunting to your heart's content? I think you could,
'and I'll tell you how. Give up fox-killing, and I am quite sure
'the Squire and his friends would find you employment all round the
'year; in summer to look after the litters; in winter to bring up
'the terriers and help the hounds. Give it a trial, man; and, my
'word for it, you'll never regret the change.'

'Yeur honour spak'th fair,' replied the moorman thoughtfully;
'but how be I to kip up wi' thay long-legged vox-hounds if I han't
'a got a hoss to ride? They'm in King's Wood one minute, and the
'next over Coryndon Ball or the Western Bickon, and, like enow,
'to ground in Stofor Cleaves; and then where be I and the tarriers
'tu wi'out a hoss?'

'Well, there shall be no difficulty on that score. I'll give you a
'horse, Tom, a thoroughbred un, too, out of my own stable; and,
'what's more, I'll guarantee an allowance for hay and corn and your
'own labour into the bargain: so, what say you now?'

Any prudent man would have looked twice at his money before he would have given a ten-pound note for the pick of Host's stable, and certainly the one he purposed drafting for Tom's use would have been a sorry purchase at a pound a leg, garnished as the garran was all round with curbs, spavins, windgalls, and the Devonshire arms. Still the gift of a horse that could carry the Doctor, and he a noted hard rider to hounds, sounded like a royal gift to Tom's ears, and, for the moment, he seemed to be overpowered by the generosity of the offer. The Doctor, too, made sure he had won over his man, and, by thus converting an inveterate enemy into a useful ally, already anticipated the credit he should gain from the Squire and his friends for so signal a service. With Tom disarmed, the extermination of the wild forest fox, than which no wilder nor gamer animal exists, would no longer be the subject of alarm; and the misery of a blank day on the moor would then become, as he hoped, a tale of the past, never again to be repeated.

But it was a castle in the air, this hope of the Doctor's, an imaginary structure without a foundation, as he speedily discovered on hearing Tom's uncertain, if not evasive, answer.

'Thank ee, zur, sure-ly; there's nort I should like zo well as to 'ride a vox-hunting wi' Squire's hounds; but there, what be I tu du 'wi' Duster and Dainty? My old mistiss call'th 'em her beauties, 'and widn't part wi' thay nit vor goold; but I'll ax her, and zee what 'her zaith, and then let yeur honour know.'

It is thus ever when a man means to be shifty; he suddenly remembers that he is bound to consult his wife, and that his own choice must be guided, if not governed, by her decision. *A locus penitentiæ* is thus provided in the background—a bolting-hole by which, when caught in a difficulty, he can escape under cover of his wife's petticoat. It is marvellous what shirks men become under the spell of that convenient and all-potent garb.

Nor did Tom's manliness of character save him from this general weakness; for it was too evident, by his evasive answer, that the sacrifice of Duster and Dainty was one which no money would tempt him to submit to, and that the renouncement of his vulpecidal habits was, for the present, as far off as ever.

THE ROAD IN 1875.

It seems but yesterday that it was our mission to give a description of the revival of coaching in these later days, and lay the doings of the road before many who probably believed at one time that the swinging trot of four good horses, the sound of the yard of tin, and the rattle of the pole-chains would be heard no more. However, 'Men may come and men may go, but time rolls on for ever;' and since then not only have men come and gone in a coaching sense, but two years have rolled away, and it is meet that we lay before our readers the changes that have taken place in them. Those changes, happily, have been all towards the interest of coaching, save in a few instances, as we shall presently have to relate, where good men and true have passed into that strange land beyond the border to which we all are hastening. In the provinces, as around London, the sport seems taking root; and whether we look to the north, south, or west, we hear of coaches being put on the road where there is the slightest chance of commanding a load, though we fear that all the wise men must have migrated from the east, where there is no sound of anything doing on the road. This is as it should be, for there is no summer sport more deserving public attention than coaching, looked at merely as a sport. Like the chase, it can be enjoyed by all; there is no distinction of class; and we will undertake to say that Mr. Smith, wanting a day's outing and a rest from his office-stool or from behind his counter, having booked the box-seat, will receive as much courtesy and consideration on the road as Lord Scattercash himself—nay, we know, from facts which have fallen under our immediate notice, that coaching has been the means of a lasting feeling of regard and mutual esteem having arisen between

persons whose lot in life had been cast in a widely different sphere. There are natural causes which easily explain this: first, no one going through the exhilarating country air, on a fine day in spring or summer, is inclined to be sullen or morose, but some of the lightness, vivacity, and determination to enjoy the pleasure of the hour, which are said to be so much more the characteristics of our neighbours across the Channel than ourselves, are pretty well sure to be imparted to them. Business is, as a rule, left behind for the day; there is no rattle and screaming of engines to stop conversation, and places of beauty or interest that are passed naturally lead up to it. Even should the frost of English demeanour not be thawed by the outward drive —though a mile or two generally achieves it—there is the luncheon, which must perforce do something to make us sociable; and men who have broken bread and eaten salt together can scarcely return in dignified silence. Above all, there is the freedom of the thing. You know nothing of each other's faults and failings; each being pleased, generally does his or her best to please for the hour (knowing that the chances are greatly against your ever meeting or even seeing your fellow-passenger again) without after-thought or constraint. Another thing is its perfect harmlessness and freedom from every sort of vice and gambling; for even should you indulge in 'the road game,' so well described by Birch Reynardson in his charming volume of reminiscences, it can scarcely lead to squandering an estate or robbing a till. No; commend us to the road for as pure an enjoyment as can well be found: it is one which, as we said above, all can enjoy with advantage to themselves, and know that it will cause no after-pang. Even the humanitarian, who sits down with complacency to his venison, his grouse, or his salmon, and is yet prepared to denounce the deer-stalker, shooter, or fisherman from whose skill his feast has been derived, cannot lift up his voice against it. Nothing is frightened, nothing killed, and the horses even only get healthy exercise in working for our amusement. By-the-way, one word about horses: many of those who interest themselves in discussing the present deficiency attribute it to the want of a market for horses not quite first class, at remunerative prices. Where, let us ask, is such a market likely to be found as in coaches? People who drive now give a rattling price for anything that can go the pace and is fairly good-looking, as we know from experience; and a horse which is not just grand enough for Park work, or too much troubled with the slows for a hunter, may make a first-rate coach-horse. What 'Nimrod' wrote years ago holds good now: 'To be a hunter, a horse must have length of shoulder, length 'of frame, peculiarly placed hinder-legs, and a well-bitted mouth; 'whereas, without any of these qualities, he may make an excellent 'coach-horse.' We may add that the lofty action which looks so grand in the Ladies' Mile, and for which so much money is now demanded, is by no means desirable in coach work, where it would knock their legs to pieces in a very short time. Hence, when we know that this year several coach-horses have touched close upon

three figures, we do not draw our bow at a venture in saying that the development of coaching must open a favourable market to horse-breeders for those of their stock not exactly suited for the chase or the Park.

But our preliminary stage having been a pretty long one, we must get back to the road, and note it as a favourable sign that many were inclined to commence the season this year even earlier than the historical 1st of May. Amongst these was the oldest coach now on the road, the Tunbridge Wells, which was started in 1867 between Beckenham and Sevenoaks, and the next year extended to Hatchett's and Tunbridge Wells, under its present name, with, we fancy, Lord Bective, then Lord Kenlis, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chaplin as partners; the Pawleys horsing it from Sevenoaks to the Wells, as they have done until the present season. Colonel Chaplin gave place to Colonel Hathorn about 1869. In 1872 Mr. Charles Hoare, the former proprietor, retired from this road, the Earl of Bective and Colonel Hathorn taking the command, with Selby as coachman, which management was continued until the present season, when Lieutenant-Colonel Chaplin mounted the bench in the place of Colonel Hathorn, who retired. The Master of the Blankney has been most indefatigable in driving, whenever time permitted, since he has had the command, and promises to be as good on the box as across country, which is saying not a little. They have a new coach this year, and are also using one that was built a couple of years ago, both painted white, with red under-carriage, and with a white horse on the panels, added, we fancy, lately, and which is scarcely an improvement. It was altered from the old mail-coach colour about 1870. Both coaches are worked every day, as they have a clean one to return with. There is certainly nothing which looks neater on the road than the Tunbridge Wells; and, whether it is from their colour or some other cause, these coaches strike us as being lighter than many that are now going—perhaps from not having one of those horrible affairs for carrying passengers on the roof—and hence smaller horses show to more advantage in them; and, contrary to the opinion of the late Mr. Chandos Pole, who liked big ones for the London ground, most now use smallish horses for town work. The teams of the Tunbridge Wells are one of the things people talk about. There is a team of two browns, a bay, and a roan that are as neat as anything possibly can be, and a nice, sharp lot to drive; while another, of bays and chestnuts, is as good. In the former lot it does not require the eye of a connoisseur to see that the brown leader has had other avocations before coming on the road, as he has entirely the cut of a hunter about him. On the stage from Green Gate Green to Sevenoaks there is a very neat lot, a black and bay at wheel, both powerful horses, and a chestnut and bay before them, that would take a lot of beating anywhere; and the lot that run from Tunbridge to Tunbridge Wells, four bays, are as coaching a looking lot of horses as we ever ran our eye over. They must have something that can both pull a coach up a

hill and hold her going down on this road, for the hills are something tremendous, and their pace as quick or quicker than anything now out, as they do their forty miles in four hours. We must not forget a grey leader over the previous stage—a regular trotter, and one that stands calling upon as often as you like. The journey, when they are once free of London, is a very beautiful one; and perhaps, as regards the road, there is not such another for the distance in England. It is simply perfect, and you could scarcely find a stone as big as a walnut all the distance, while, from the nature of the soil, we hear it is never woolly. The worst bit is just between Lewisham and Bromley, but of that there is little to complain. A more beautiful road, as regards scenery, it is almost impossible to imagine; and the bits you get just after passing the Polhill Arms, and again ascending and descending River Hill, are something that cannot be easily forgotten, while there is a bit, just about a mile or so before coming to River Head, that reminds one strongly of Devonshire. The whole thing is done in the most spirited manner; and though Lord Bective and Colonel Chaplin, from their parliamentary and other duties, are necessarily often absent, the horses and the whole turnout reflect great credit on Selby, the professional, who thus has the management thrown very much on his hands. He succeeded Tim Carter about four years ago. Before that they had, we believe, not had a regular coachman since Comley—who had been second coachman to the Duke of Beaufort—left and took a public-house in Gloucestershire, one of the Pawleys, who horsed it over the lower ground, often driving for them, as did Charles Ward and Botcherby. The guard is A. Fowrns, son of Fowrns, formerly with the Dorking, and now on the Virginia Water coach. Our notice of the Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells would scarcely be complete if we failed to notice the capital way in which travellers by it are provided for at the Royal Hotel when the end of the journey is reached. There is little time to see the beauties of the place, as but an hour is allowed for luncheon; those who make the double journey have eight hours on the coach, with only one for rest and refreshment—somewhat of a drawback many say, as the journey is too long; but for our own part, when a coach is horsed, driven, and generally turned out in the style the Tunbridge Wells is, the more we have of it the better we like it, and it would take a longish journey to tire our patience.

Turning to the Dorking road, our labour becomes a sorrow, for we must, first and foremost, record the death of Colonel Peter Withington, who, in connection with Sir H. P. de Bathe and Mr. A. G. Scott, was the first to take to it when the latter had found out its attractions, and loved it with a love which only its intrinsic merits and the great popularity he gained on it could have produced. Poor fellow! we sat by his side the last time he ever drove; and, strange to say, he seemed and said he felt better than for some time past, and appeared keener in the sport than ever, while we can safely say that he never showed to more advantage on the

box, or had a better lot of horses under his hands. No doubt that cruel 1st of May, with its rain from the north-east, hastened his end; but it was a pleasure he would have liked ill to forego, that taking down the same party that he had opened the season with for years. Peace to his manes! The coach is continuing the season with the other proprietors—the Marquis of Blandford, Mr. Praed, and, we think, Lord Macduff, and is better done than ever, if that is possible. Their London team—four well-bred chestnuts, save for a scar which you do not see as you sit behind them, on one of the wheelers—would not disgrace a meet of the Four-in-Hand or Coaching Club—nice smart horses all; and they were good to drive, in fact, as handy as kittens, within a week of their purchase. Any man who could pick them up in a public sale-yard, to match all round as they do, in a month, may fairly be able to hold his own in judging horseflesh. What, then, shall be said of the Marquis of Blandford, who purchased them all in one day at Tattersall's, and, moreover, selected them from *different lots*, no two coming from the same stud. This speaks well for the future horsing of the coach. All their teams are good; but in an article of this sort we can only skim the cream, and that lies, we think, in a team of browns, the late Colonel Withington's property, that work, or did work, over the middle stage from Balham to Epsom. The year before they had some wonderful bays over the same stage that many good judges considered the best of their lot—close, compact horses, with power, on short legs; but the Colonel said to us, on our inquiring for them on the 1st of May, 'I can beat them with some browns;' and we think he was correct, for this year's lot are as smart—'a shade better 'even to drive,' said one who handled both, 'and decidedly have 'more power than their predecessors.' We are inclined to place them, for real road-work, quite in the front rank of the teams we have this season sat behind. As we have said, the other lots are good (one team on the lower ground as perfect to handle, if not to look at, and real coach-horses all round), but at the time of our seeing them they wanted a little shifting about, to make them suit each other in pace and temperament, which, no doubt, has since been done. Their professional is Clark, a very good man, who can drive, and is civil and attentive.

The Boxhill coach, late Afternoon Dorking, requires only the names of Mr. W. H. Cooper and Mr. A. G. Scott, as proprietor and honorary secretary, to announce that it is well done. Last year they changed their starting-place in the morning from the town of Dorking to the little inn at Burford Bridge—a delightful change; for no sweeter spot could be found to pass a summer evening than amidst its shady lawns and sweet-smelling arbours, lying as they do between the silent Mole and the imposing height of Boxhill, which might not shame to show its head amidst wilder scenes than those of Surrey, with the song of birds making a concert that the grandest efforts of the mightiest composers, backed by the thousands that assemble under the conductor's baton at the Crystal Palace, may try in vain to

rival for sweetness, however much they may excel it in noise. Of course it is well horsed. Dear Me and The Drake, who are pretty nearly as well known to the coaching world as their owner, with a very useful roan and brown as rest horses, being wheelers over the London ground—a very powerful lot—and a skewbald and white-legged chestnut before the bars, with a very smart dun to relieve them. This little gentleman, who was bought at the Tunbridge Wells sale last year, where he had been leader, is rather an epicure as to his choice of ground, being inclined to break where it does not suit him, and at one time worked at the Burford Bridge end; but he was quite too smart to be lost amongst its leafy bowers, and as he does not object to the rattle of the London stones, they shifted him, and have now three very smart leaders. Mr. W. H. Cooper, in the autumn of 1873, bought Columbia, so called from the stars and stripes with which she is marked, being a very beautiful skewbald, at a long figure, to work as leader; but she was too good for coach work, and though her owner wanted her back, she was so beautiful that he could not let her go, and she is now one of the show animals at his place at Stoke, where she is in good company. Hence what has been said of her in a weekly sporting paper, where, by-the-way, she is called Columbine, is totally incorrect. Not however to be beaten for colour, the present one was put in her place. They are finely horsed over the middle ground with a lot of brown bays, that have made quicker time than anything going this season, all slashing horses, with true trotting action. Many of Mr. W. H. Cooper's lot were worked all the winter; for, like 'the Squire,' as Mr. Chandos Pole was called when on the Brighton road, he determined to stick to his work all the year round, we fear with not a very beneficial result to the exchequer, for the winter was scarcely such as to tempt people out at all, to say nothing of being an hour or two on a coach in it.

Two years ago we spoke of Mr. W. H. Cooper as one of the best if not the best whip on the road, and this season's experience tells us that his hand has not forgot its cunning; for the men are few and far between who can put them together and make them go in the form that he does. 'I like the Captain,' said a man who took a drive on the Boxhill, and who had apparently a greater knowledge of driving, if not its proper terms, than we previously gave him credit for having acquired, 'because he drives the *fore horses* and the *hind* '*ones* all at once. Mr. ——, that I rode with the other day, some-'times drove one pair and sometimes the other, occasionally three 'of 'em, but that was the most he could tackle; there was always 'one going wrong, generally two. The Captain ain't like that.' Well, it is a treat to see him sit and work his team along like oil; and when such men as the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. G. Lane Fox have borne testimony that the whole thing is perfect—'simply 'perfect,' as the former said after going down—praise of ours would be just mere impertinence, though we may state that 'Spicy Bill' —one of the very best of modern whips, who will, we hope, excuse

our speaking of him by his best-known title on the road—said there was really no trouble in driving the horses, they were so wonderfully well put together. And we believe Captain Bastard has expressed himself to the same effect. Hubble, his man, is very good too—strong on the box, and can take care of his coach and passengers down a hill should the skid break and the shoe be left behind; always civil and obliging. In fact, the whole thing, from starting-point to destination, is turned out in a perfect manner.

Next to claim our attention is the Guildford road one, that can boast as many attractions in regard to scenery as most, and which was opened up last year by Colonel Dickson, who did the thing right well, and worked his coach in such style, that we are sorry to see him relapsing to the Park business and meets at the Magazine. Like a few more we could mention, the sight of him there makes us wish that he had something more than mere parade business on his hands. This year the road is worked by Major Furnivall and Mr. Shoolbred—the former having for a couple of years, with Sir H. de Bathe, run a coach to Westerham, in Kent, which was very well done, but, from the nature of the road, slow, as the long hills were really killing for the horses, so that it was abandoned at the end of last season; and we think we are correct in saying that Major Furnivall and Mr. Shoolbred ran a winter coach to Beckenham, from which the latter retired when the Guildford was started—at any rate, this spring. This is a new coach by Shanks, carries a knifeboard on the top, and runs by Kingston, Esher, Claremont, and Ripley, into Guildford, and, we believe, loads well—though a man did say in our hearing, 'he believed the stout man who was always on the 'box-seat was a dummy, for no man would pay to go the same road 'so often.' We hear they are very well horsed all down the road. They have some rare teams out of London—one from Mr. Shoolbred's private drag—browns with a roan and chestnut—which appeared to our mind occasionally to want a bit of putting together—and another, bay leaders and chestnut wheelers, really a superb lot as far as appearance goes; an old friend told us 'that both 'Thorogood, when not driving, and Spencer, were at the horses' 'heads much oftener than he liked to see; for,' he remarked, 'either 'they have no confidence in the man on the box, he has no confi-'dence in himself, to allow it, or there is a d——d rum lot of 'cattle before you; neither of which is pleasant to contemplate.' However, we should be inclined to dissent from him, and put this down to extra zeal and precaution for the safety of their passengers, or, perchance, it was the effect of some fresh horses being put on when he was with them. Our experience of coaching is that the guard blows the horn, attends to the way-bill and passengers, and merely leaves the coach should any mischance happen, instead of enacting the part of running footman, leaving the guidance of the horses to the man on the box, be he who he may.

The Windsor road, last season in the hands of Mr. Williams and Captain Otway, is one that has been inhabited for some time,

though the attempt of Mr. Cherry Angell and Lord Carington, in the years 1870, 1871, was not a success, even with a picture on the hind boot given in. The road, very well going out of London, becomes flat and stale after a time, and from Brentford to Staines but little can be said for it. From there, however, nothing can be prettier, as you have splendid views of Windsor, going in one way, and out another; and it has the great advantage of a show place at the end of the journey, for admission to the Castle is easily obtained. Nothing could be better than the way it is now done by Mr. Hurman, Colonel Greenall, and Mr. Chichester. We fancy the 'Doctor's' face is oftenest seen on the box; and no jollier companion could any one addicted to sport wish for a day's drive, for he can tell of deeds of by-gone days, on the bench, with the Queen's, the Windsor Draghounds, and the days when, under another name, there was no one Josh Anderson of Piccadilly liked better to see have a leg-up on a good one for a spin between the flags, ere the modern cut-down courses, to suit the requirements of half-educated animals cast from the flat, were thought of. He has bought most of the nags, and rare good ones they are, though perchance he will excuse our saying they have many of them just a shade too much the look of cross-country work to be what we should set down as models of coach-horses. Yet there are some, too, that nothing could excel for the work: a black team, nearly perfect in appearance, with the exception of looking a little more like hunters than coachers on the London ground, where there is a team of bays very smart indeed, and with rather more roadster character about them. They seem all nice horses to handle; and whether the Doctor or Thorogood is behind, work steadily and well, though the former told us he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to have them perfect; so he will, perfect hunters as well as perfect on the road, we will lay our life on it, before next season is over. The coach is a strong one, built by Holland, to run on the Brighton road, for the late Mr. Chandos Pole, and painted the old mail-coach colour—a real good-looking one if they would only do away with the knife-board. We wish the Windsor every success, for it is in good hands and done in true sporting style.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

CRICKET.

The cricket difficulty to which we alluded in our June number has attracted further attention during the past month. The Secretary of the Marylebone Club in a letter addressed, not in his official capacity, but as an expression of his individual opinion, to the Editor of 'Bell's Life,' fully admitted that there was too much cricket nowadays, not meaning that cricket was too universally played, but that the attempt to have too many repetitions of certain

stereotyped matches was certain to end in failure. He further made some remarks as to the Eton and Harrow match, in which we entirely concur, but which we fear are not likely to be received with much cordiality by the ruling spirits of the Marylebone Club. We should have hardly thought that there could be any question as to which of the two matches, the Oxford and Cambridge or the Eton and Harrow, attracted the most interest. Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, however, writing from Eton to 'Bell's Life' of June 12th, appears to consider the latter just as interesting as the former. It may certainly be highly interesting from a certain point of view, but hardly from a cricketer's, for we suppose it will not be denied that about nine out of ten of the crowded assemblage never take the trouble to look at the cricket at all. The standard of play may have been of late years a high one for boys, but it seems difficult to estimate it fairly when hits not worth more than one are allowed to count four, and when there is not room to display real excellence in outfielding and covering ground. We fear that Mr. Mitchell's suggestion that the Committee of the M.C.C. should arrange their fixtures in concert with the representatives of the principal county clubs and the All England elevens can lead to no practical result. The case stands thus. The cricket season at Lord's for matches of first-class importance lasts on an average only two months, from Whit Monday to the end of the second week of July. During that time there are we will say nine Mondays and nine Thursdays, but several of these are prescriptively occupied, and no good could be gained by subverting fixtures which are as regular in their relation to each other as the Derby is to the Two Thousand, or Ascot to Epsom. The last Monday in June, for instance, is usually taken for the University match; and on that, as a basis, many of the other arrangements of the Club depend. The Monday and Thursday before the University match are always allotted to the return matches between the Universities and the M.C.C. and G., the Monday after is usually appropriated to Gentlemen *v.* Players, and the Eton and Harrow match comes at the end of the second week in July. Whit Monday is kindly given up for the benefit of the M.C.C. Professional Fund, but if, as might be inferred from the total failure of the match last Whit Monday, the professionals care little or nothing about the privilege, there seems little reason why it should be forced on unwilling recipients. We have now got rid of six out of the eighteen days at the disposal of the Committee, and we must also remember that during May and June the Club has to play out matches of importance in which it requires all its strength. Such are the matches at Cambridge and Oxford against the Universities, which usually take place at the end of May. Thus there are about five Mondays and as many Thursdays left for which important fixtures can be made, and, judging by the programme for this season, we must say that the Committee have done all they could to provide attractive matches for those days. Three Mondays have been given up to contests with three important cricket counties, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire, and

the only failure beside the North and South match has been the Old Oxonians v. Old Cantabs, which nobody ever expected would come to anything. It will be seen that the Marylebone Club is in a very different position from county clubs and All England elevens, which commence operations on the 1st of May and continue them to the end of September. Its time, for really first-class matches, is very limited, and many of its best days are appropriated with no possibility of alteration. We do not see therefore that any previous consultation with the managers of other clubs would enable the Committee of the M.C.C. to make better arrangements for the few remaining available days than they do now. Such arrangements to suit the convenience of their visitors as are possible are already made. It is well known, for instance, that the Yorkshiremen are fond of racing as well as of cricket, and like to pay their early summer visit to London about the time of Epsom races. Accordingly, the Monday before the Derby was given to them at Lord's this year, and it was, we suppose, anxiety about the state of their books which made them cut such a sorry figure on that occasion. No amount of previous arrangements can, we imagine, revive the fortunes of the Whit Monday match. Whitsun week is more and more a time of carnival in the North of England, and the cricketers find it suits their pockets better to play there than in London. The Yorkshire eleven have also, we regret to say, laid themselves out for a campaign against twenty-twos, which may be very remunerative to them, but which must effectually keep them more and more out of the great London matches. With one suggestion of Mr. Mitchell's we cordially agree. In the selection of elevens for great matches, those who expect to play, or have a claim to play, should most certainly have a voice. Men who are constantly in the field with the principal exponents, amateur or professional, of the game are much more capable of judging one another's merits or demerits than elderly gentlemen who live on the recollections of the past, and whose judgment is obscured by a fine crust of prejudice. 'It is most unpleasant,' says Mr. Mitchell, speaking from experience, 'to be put into the field with an inferior 'eleven, frequently selected by gentlemen of a past generation, 'some of whom have never themselves had any pretensions to being 'first-class cricketers.'

Our notes this month will refer almost exclusively to county and University cricket, though we shall only be able to announce the bare result of the Oxford and Cambridge match, leaving all comments on it till our next number. We must premise, however, that the second edition of the North and South match came off at Prince's, and was a very heavy scoring affair, the South ultimately proving victorious by five wickets. The Southern team was about as good as could be got together, but the Northerners sadly wanted the assistance of Daft. Some grumbling was excited by the fact that Daft was announced to play, but sent an excuse at the last moment. But men in business cannot always get away to fulfil

cricket engagements, though the practice of attracting the public by advertising the names of men who, it is known, will not put in an appearance is not altogether unknown on certain grounds, and cannot be too highly reprehended. The North played a new amateur bowler, Mr. Laidlay, who proved fairly successful, and Mr. Williams took the place of Daft. The South handled the bat first and heaped up a vast accumulation of runs, Mr. G. F. Grace (103) and Mr. W. G. Grace (82) being the principal contributors. Mr. Fryer and Lord Harris—the latter of whom is in great batting form this season and hardly ever misses making a good score—also played well. The first attempt of the North was decidedly feeble, Lockwood (56, not out) and A. Greenwood (39) setting an example which their comrades failed to imitate. But in their second essay matters mended very much, A. Greenwood (93) and M. McIntyre (58) heading a long list of double figures. Greenwood's play in this match was remarkably fine. Still the South were left with under a hundred to get to win—an easy task for such batsmen—yet five good wickets, including Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Buller, and Mr. I. D. Walker fell before it could be accomplished. We may now make a few remarks on the doings of the counties. Yorkshire has been beaten by Nottingham, and has beaten Surrey. The first was a close match up to the finish, when the Yorkshire bowling and fielding equally fell off. The batting was not in the ascendant on either side, though Shrewsbury acquitted himself well in both innings for Notts. The latter was practically won by A. Greenwood (61 and 40, not out), who, in the second innings, withstood the bowling of Southerton and Street, which proved fatal to six of his companions. Jupp's two innings (60 and 30) were the feature of the Surrey batting. Kent has been worsted by Sussex and Derbyshire, and has beaten Hampshire, a revived and, at present, rather humble aspirant to cricketing fame. The present position of Kent as a cricketing county is due mainly to the exertions of Lord Harris, who has worked most heroically during the season and has done a great deal more than his share of the run-getting. It is impossible, however, for a single cricketer, however eminent, to win matches without efficient support; and, considering the moderate character of the bowling and of much of the batting at present forthcoming in Kent, it is wonderful that the old county should have done what it has done. Against Sussex Lord Harris scored 84 and 26, and, thanks to him, a single inning's defeat for Kent was averted; but Charlwood, Howard, and Lillywhite batted so vigorously that Sussex won the match by ten wickets. Against Hampshire Lord Harris scored 92; and Mr. Tylecote (33), whose qualification for Kent consists, we suppose, in his being resident for a time at Woolwich, and Mr. Penn (39) assisted to make up a total which Hampshire, in two essays, could not reach. Indeed, the discomfiture of Hampshire would have been utterly complete had not the two last men, Paris and Galpin, put on 70 or 80 runs just at the end of the match, and as nearly as possible saved

their county from a single innings defeat. Willsher, we may add, played in this match, and bowled in the first innings of Hampshire with considerable success. Against Derbyshire Lord Harris made 51 in the second innings, and Mr. F. Penn 79 (not out) in the first innings of Kent, but the Derbyshire men proved unexpectedly strong in batting, or possibly the weakness of the Kent bowling was found out. We have never heard that Platts was remarkable as a batsman, but he managed to get 60 runs, and with 71 from Mr. Curgenven, and thirties and forties from other contributors, the score rose to 307, which was more than Kent could manage in two innings. Kent sadly wants bowlers, and then with two or three more batsmen of the stamp of Lord Harris she may do well. Gloucestershire has had its pride lowered both by Surrey and Sussex, and the remark we have often made, that no county could go on, without professional bowling and depending on the batting prowess of one man, in an uninterrupted career of victory, has at length been verified. Mr. W. G. Grace is not at present batting in his usual form, and though his bowling still continues to puzzle some among the professionals, others, and a good many amateurs, not of the highest class, are not at all terrified by it. At Brighton, Mr. W. G. Grace made 36 and 77—scores quite sufficient for any ordinary batsman, but not sufficient apparently to inspirit his side. His brother made no sign, and Sussex, scoring rapidly in the first innings—Mr. L. Winslow alone contributing 124—was left with only a small number of runs to get in the second to win, which the southern county succeeded in doing by seven wickets. Mr. Winslow is a good hitter, but has no pretensions to be considered a formidable batsman against really good bowling. His large score against Gloucestershire was proof more of the indifference of the Gloucestershire bowling than of great batting ability on his part. At the Oval Mr. W. G. Grace did even less with the bat than at Brighton, Pooley—whose wicket-keeping was extraordinarily brilliant—and Southerton getting rid of him in both innings. Mr. G. F. Grace came to the rescue with 26 and 37, and Mr. Wyatt with 37 also; but the totals only amounted to what used to be an ordinary innings of Mr. W. G. Grace himself; and despite the vigorous efforts of Mr. G. F. Grace (34 overs, 52 runs, 6 wickets), Surrey showed enough batting strength to gain a well-earned victory by 26 runs. Surrey, however, was just saved by rain from a decisive defeat at the hands of Notts. The first innings of either county was a curiosity of cricket. Surrey got Notts out for 49, and then Notts returned the compliment by disposing of Surrey for 33. Then A. Shaw and Selby got together and put on 100 runs between them for their county, and, aided by Shrewsbury (34), who played in good form, left Surrey with about 230 to obtain. Seven Surrey wickets had fallen for 83, when the match was drawn, owing to the state of the weather, but of course the northern county had all the best of it. A. Shaw has plenty of batting in him, but it is wonderful how little trouble he takes to show it in the matches at Lord's. We suppose

he considers his work as a bowler is quite sufficient trouble for him then. In the match against Middlesex, Surrey again gained a well-earned victory by 21 runs, the chances being very much against them almost up the last. Middlesex was deprived of Mr. Buller's services, but Mr. Hadow (42 and 42) did good service, and Mr. Webbe (28) was well set when he was run out. Jupp, Elliott, and Pooley batted well for Surrey, and Mr. Game (34) showed sounder cricket than he usually plays. With 54 runs only to get and six good Middlesex wickets to fall, the match looked lost for Surrey; but the Surrey men stuck to their work and pulled the match out of the fire. Pooley was, as usual, conspicuous at the wicket, and six Middlesex batsmen fell victims to his dexterity. Two matches have been played at Lord's since we last wrote, that deserve a few words of notice. Lancashire had to succumb to an eleven of the M.C.C. and G., which included Rylott and Randon as bowlers, and Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Green as batsmen. The former was soon disposed of, but the latter hit in his best form, and his 53 and 27 (not out) went far to secure the victory to his side. For Lancashire Mr. Hornby (26 and 34) played in his usual admirable style, and Watson (29) hit hard; but for the rest there was a lack of muscle about the north-country batting. The corresponding match between Nottingham and the M.C.C. and G. was one of the most extraordinary of the season. The Club had a fine batting eleven, but Clayton was their only professional bowler. Mr. Buller played a grand innings of 54, while Clayton hit hard and merrily for 22, but Mr. W. G. Grace was again sent back for an insignificant contribution. Only Daft (25) and McIntyre (41) made a stand for Nottingham, the former playing as scientifically and the latter hitting as freely and as unscientifically as usual. With about 40 runs to the good the M.C.C. and G. went in for their second innings, but such was the bowling of A. Shaw and Morley that only Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Buller, and Mr. I. D. Walker could do anything with it. Such batsmen as Mr. Webbe, Lord Harris, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. Hadow were quite helpless against it. A. Shaw's analysis is perhaps one of the most astonishing of modern days. It is as follows:—41·2 overs, 36 maidens, 7 runs, 7 wickets; and the wickets were those of Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Buller, Lord Harris, Mr. Herbert, and Clayton. As a mere bowling feat this analysis may possibly be matched; but the unequalled merit of the performance lies in the fact that seven such batsmen were disposed of by A. Shaw, after they had only scored an average of one run each off his bowling. Despite this great bowling triumph the runs left for Nottingham to get were too many; and Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Ridley accounted between them for the whole Nottingham eleven in the space of two hours. The north countrymen played the amateur bowling with little spirit, always excepting Daft, whose 35 (not out) out of a total of 75 was as masterly an exhibition of patient defence and judicious hitting as he has ever shown.

We now come to University cricket. Each University had an uninterrupted career of success both at home and abroad till it appeared at Lord's, and each sustained its first defeat at the hands of the old Club, assisted by those eminent professionals A. Shaw and Morley. On their own grounds both Oxford and Cambridge were victorious against the M.C.C. and G., but it must be admitted that the batting brought against them was anything but strong, and A. Shaw and Morley, who are giants at Lord's, find that on University grounds they are treated with comparative unconcern. The Messrs. Walker took down an excellent amateur eleven to each University, but were unsuccessful in the attempt to lower the colours of either the Dark or the Light Blues. Against Oxford a good batting team assembled, including Mr. G. F. Grace, Mr. Thornton, two Messrs. Walker, and Mr. Hadow. Yet they would have made a poor exhibition of themselves had it not been for Mr. Rutter, who unexpectedly made 50, and more unexpectedly still was bowled by Mr. Game, after five Oxford bowlers had in vain tried to get his wicket. If six bowlers tried their hands for Oxford, no fewer than nine were enlisted into the service of England before the last Oxford wicket fell. Mr. Webbe (120) was ably backed up by his captain, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Lang, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Game, but after the practice they must have had at the best professional bowling during the early part of the season, it must have been easy indeed to dispose of the indifferent stuff now offered for their acceptance. Mr. Buchanan seems to have lost much of the spin for which his bowling was so noted, and Mr. G. F. Grace requires, we think, a wicket of his own selection. Anyhow, Oxford got without difficulty well into their fourth hundred, and then, when they were all out, the spirit of bowling suddenly fell on Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who, last season, was but an indifferent performer with the ball, and he bowled so fast and so furiously that the strong England eleven could not look at him. Mr. G. F. Grace succeeded in making 16, but his ten companions only scored 30 amongst them. Mr. Kelcey's analysis shows that he obtained seven wickets for 15 runs in 25 overs. At Cambridge Mr. Hornby played instead of Mr. G. F. Grace, and in other respects the eleven was not so strong as that which played against Oxford; while Mr. Buchanan again failed to come off, the Cambridge batsmen treating him with extreme levity, and Mr. Greenfield in particular running out almost to every ball and driving it along the ground. On such an easy wicket as that at Fenner's these liberties may answer, but at Lord's a batsman attempting them is sure to pay the penalty sooner or later. It must be said, however, that Mr. Greenfield ran out to Alfred Shaw with some success, when Cambridge came to London later in the month, though more than once he narrowly escaped the consequences of such temerity. Mr. Greenfield, however, is an exceptional cricketer of an original type, and when he does run out, is careful to adopt no half measures, but to run well out. Still orthodox players shake their heads and doubt

whether the practice of constantly leaving one's ground is sound cricket, and we must say we share in their objections, though perhaps Mr. Greenfield, who is wonderfully quick on his legs, is the exception that proves the rule. The weakness of the Cambridge bowling was soon found out by Mr. Walker's party at Fenner's, and nine of them got into double figures in their first innings. In their second they were not so fortunate, though Mr. Thornton's dashing innings (64) was a brilliant illustration of his peculiar style. The general impression produced by the Cambridge bowling was not highly favourable. Mr. Sharpe was straight, and he varied his deliveries with some judgment, but he offered abundant opportunities to a free hitter, of which Mr. Thornton and others took ample advantage. Mr. Patterson was straight, but extremely easy, though he secured a moiety of the wickets in the second innings of England; while Mr. Sims was fast and nothing else, his bowling being without pitch or precision. The Cambridge batting was meritorious; and on their own ground, and against moderate amateur bowling, the Light Blues were bound to make a formidable score. Mr. Longman did not come off in either innings, but Mr. Blacker (46 and 64, not out) came off in both; and in the first Mr. Greenfield (77) and Mr. Lucas (48) fairly broke the England bowling. Mr. Lyttelton, who came on the ground late, showed fine hitting capabilities in his 19; and in the second innings nothing could have been better than the way in which Mr. Blacker (64, not out) and Mr. Patterson (60, not out) won the match hand over hand for their University. The latter batsman has some admirable points, but he is best to fast bowling on a good wicket. An awkward wicket and slow bowling bother him awfully. The visit of the rival University elevens to Metropolitan grounds commenced triumphantly for both. Cambridge beat Surrey—not represented by a very powerful team—by 192 runs. The Cambridge bowling was all done by Mr. Sharpe, who got twelve wickets in the match, and Mr. Greenfield. The latter gentleman is a nondescript sort of bowler, who bowls sometimes roundhand, sometimes underhand, sometimes full pitches, and sometimes grubs, *à la* Mr. Thornton. He occasionally proves effective, as batsmen, who never know what sort of stuff is coming next, are uncommonly liable to lose their wickets, but he has no pretensions to be considered a bowler. Surrey batted in very poor form, Jupp (31) and Mr. Chandler (74) being the most conspicuous scorers. Mr. Blacker (40 and 53) was again well to the fore for his University, and was well backed up by Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Sims (68). The latter gentleman was again unable to bowl a little bit, but is developing into a good batsman, having a fine free style, and playing the ball hard. At the same time Oxford was defeating Middlesex with equal ease at Prince's. Mr. Thornton (62) and Mr. I. D. Walker (60) enabled Middlesex to attain a respectable score in the first innings; but in the second Mr. Foord-Kelcey treated

them to a *replica* of his performance at Oxford, and got 7 Middlesex wickets in 34 overs for 39 runs. Unfortunately he sustained some injury to his foot during this match, the effects of which were only too apparent when he attempted to bowl at Lord's in the following week. Fast bowlers are as liable to accidents as racehorses, and it is perilous to make too much use of them on the eve of a great match in which their services are most especially required. The Oxford batting against Middlesex would not have been of much account in the first innings save for Mr. Webbe (33) and Mr. Ridley (23); but in the second it improved vastly, and Mr. Webbe (68) was well backed up by Mr. Ridley (42), Mr. Pulman (46), and other double-figure scorers. So far appearances were in favour of the superiority of Oxford over Cambridge in the great match, for though both elevens were manifestly strong in batting, Cambridge had no fast bowler equal to Mr. Foord-Kelcey, while it was very doubtful whether Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Greenfield were as good as Mr. Lang and Mr. Ridley. At the same time it must be said that many good judges considered Mr. Sharpe the second best bowler in the two elevens, and certainly his performances have been consistently good throughout the season, and he has fairly got his wickets in every match. A great change, however, came on the prospects of the University match in the following week, when both Cambridge and Oxford sustained their first reverse at the hands of the M.C.C. and G. The Club played a moderate batting team against Cambridge, relying on their two bowlers, A. Shaw and Morley, to make up for any deficiencies in other departments of the game. On the first day the wicket suited Morley to a nicety, and he bowled with surprising success. Some of his shooters could have been stopped by no batsman of whatever calibre. A. Shaw, though less successful in getting wickets, bowled with his customary admirable precision, and it was wonderfully difficult to put him away. Mr. Greenfield played very well and very pluckily in both innings, and Mr. Longman, in the first, was playing in his very best form when he was unfortunately run out. Mr. Sims showed good defence and hitting powers also in the first, and Mr. Macan played well in the second innings. Altogether, considering the state of the ground, and the character of the bowling, the totals (108 and 106) were not discreditable to the reputation of the Cambridge eleven. One or two of them, it is true, were by no means at home. Mr. Blacker, to whom Lord's seems fatal, bagged his 'brace,' Mr. Patterson did little better, and Mr. Lyttelton did not seem to relish either the ground or the bowling. He was got out, however, very unluckily, and somewhat doubtfully also, in both innings, before he had time to get set. For the M.C.C. and G. Mr. Wyatt, a new and valuable addition to the playing strength of the Club, scored 52 and 36, and Mr. Booth, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. L. Winslow were the other principal contributors. Mr. Sharpe once more proved himself the mainstay of his University in bowling, and secured 11 wickets

in the match. It is easy to say that there is nothing in his bowling, and that it ought to be hit freely. Such a persistently good average of wickets obtained by him throughout the season is proof that there is something in his bowling. Otherwise the weakness of Cambridge in this department was once again manifested. Mr. Sims was again totally unable to bowl straight, and Mr. Patterson did not prove very formidable. In the end the M.C.C. and G. won by 57 runs, a result by no means discreditable to Cambridge, when we remember the bowling they had to meet. Still the weakness in batting of the Club eleven must be taken into account as a set-off. How many runs would that eleven have obtained against first-class professional bowling? We fancy about 50 would have been their total. Against Oxford the same bowlers were played, but additional batting strength was imported into the Club eleven in the persons of Mr. Hadow, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Tylecote; and when Mr. Foord-Kelcey broke down after bowling a few overs and was compelled to leave the field, that increase of batting strength was bound to make itself felt. The first innings of Oxford was rather a feeble exhibition, Shaw and Morley disposing of them for 85 runs only, and the backers of Oxford looked uncommonly downcast. Some of the Dark Blues, especially Mr. Pulman and Mr. Royle, showed good form, but the crack batsmen, such as Mr. Webbe and Mr. Ridley, were not at all at home. The Dark Blues were also all abroad in the bowling department after Mr. Kelcey had been forced to retire, and Mr. Wyatt (74), Mr. Hadow (33), Mr. Tylecote (33), and Mr. Francis (34) did what they liked with the bowling, the first and last-named of these four playing especially dashing innings. Eight Oxford bowlers were tried, of whom Mr. Ridley proved the most successful, but he could not do the whole of the work, and Mr. Lang was not on the spot, and the fast bowler was crippled. Mr. Tylecote bowled a good ball now and then, but he tries to bowl too fast, and thus loses command over the ball. In the end the Club got 229, which, compared with the small Oxford score, created a very depressing feeling among the supporters of Oxford. In their second innings, however, the Dark Blues quite retrieved their character, and a score of 175 against such bowlers as Shaw and Morley may be pronounced a highly creditable feat. Mr. Ridley's innings (64) was a masterly exhibition of batting; and Mr. Webbe (32) showed also in his true colours. There were also some minor contributions obtained well enough to justify the belief that against moderate bowling the Oxford batting would prove to be very powerful. Of course the Club got the few runs required to win without any difficulty, but the friends of Oxford were quite satisfied with their champions performances, and opinion on the forthcoming University match resolved itself very much into an anticipation that—assuming the Oxford fast bowler was disabled from playing—it will be a contest between two strong batting elevens opposed to indifferent bowling, that both sides ought to make large scores, that the one which won the toss would have a considerable advantage, and that a

good deal would depend on the weather. By the time these lines appear in print the match will be over, and all the world will know how far these anticipations have been fulfilled; and in the meanwhile we shall defer to another opportunity a more detailed criticism on the merits of the two elevens.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The Thames yachtsmen have been hard at work during the past month; and the three great river clubs between them provided almost a plethora of sport, as the Royal London and New Thames had chosen the same day for what should have been important matches, though the New Thames cutter race suffered from their measurement scale not being acceptable to most of the owners of crack cutters, which were accordingly left at their moorings or went cruising to have a sight of the Corisande and Florinda's fine struggle in the Royal London yawl match. It is, however, an ill wind, &c., and, thanks to the absence of the cracks aforesaid and the collapse of the Fiona, three of the old-fashioned sort had a day to themselves, and the Cygnet—which in the America days was thought something of—secured a handsome prize.

The Royal London, who now put yawls and schooners in separate classes, could of course not expect a large entry for their yawl match round the Mouse; but the event was unusually interesting, owing to the meeting of the two cracks, Corisande (Mr. J. Richardson) and Florinda (Mr. W. Jessop). Last season the latter carried all before her, and on several occasions displayed wonderful speed and weatherly qualities, but during the winter the Corisande had been a good deal altered and, as her owner hoped, improved; so the match was looked forward to with a good deal of interest. The Surf (Mr. F. D. Lambert) and Snowfleck (Mr. A. Snell) were also entered, but the latter gave up in Sea Reach, having come into collision with the Surf. At the start Mr. Lambert was first away, but in Sea Reach Corisande got in front, and below the Mucking the other big ship took second place, and, beating down towards the Mouse, Florinda and Corisande had a close tussle; the latter, however, getting a trifle the best, and passing the Nore nearly five minutes ahead, though Florinda got some of this back soon afterwards. For some unknown reason the steamer stopped, and the yachts were signalled to round a mile or more above the lightship. At the turn Corisande had two and a half minutes advantage in addition to the forty seconds she had to allow; and though Florinda gained on her in the run home, Mr. Nicholson's clipper maintained her lead, and finally won with over a minute to spare, showing that so far the alterations had proved, what they do not invariably turn out, advantages. As we have previously hinted, the New Thames Club have hitherto made few converts to their special measurement scheme among the owners of racing cracks, and the entry for their cutter match—from Gravesend round the West Oaze buoy and back—consisted, with the exception of the Fiona, of vessels little likely to catch the judge's eye nowadays, though some years ago the Cygnet showed herself a fair boat on more than one occasion. In addition to Mr. Boutcher's clipper, there were the Vigilant (Mr. H. Willis), Cygnet (Mr. J. Weeding), and Nimrod (Mr. H. Lord), and with a nice east breeze there was every prospect of a pretty day's sailing, even though great pace were denied us. By common consent the Fiona was marked as a certain

winner, but the chapter of accidents, a tolerably long one in yachting annals, came to the aid of her competitors, as when after making a very bad start she had gradually worked up to her rivals above Thames Haven, she came to grief and gave up, leaving Cygnet with the lead, though Vigilant looked threatening more than once. The course was shortened about three miles, and Cygnet was first round, and kept ahead to the finish, Vigilant taking second honours.

The Royal Thames match for cutters will long be remembered, on account of the unusual number of casualties, no less than eight of the competitors coming to grief, more or less; indeed, only half the starters completed the distance. The course was, as usual, from Gravesend round the Mouse and back, and the entry consisted of Kriemhilda (Count Batthyany), Cuckoo (Mr. H. Hall), Veronica (Mr. T. G. Freke), Iona (Mr. Ashbury), Neva (Mr. Holmes Kerr), Fiona, and Christabel (Colonel Gourley). Second class—Norman (Major Ewing), Britannia (Captain Hartwell), Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa), Canopus (Captain Thompson), Myosotis (Mr. D. Macmaster), and Coralie (Sir F. Gooch), but the last did not start. The day was perfect, and with a nice S.E. wind there seemed every prospect of a fine day's sport when the second class were started, and the Bloodhound, which had got away very smartly, commenced the chapter of accidents by fouling a barge and smashing her bulwarks, which reduced the number of competitors at once. On the big ships being started, Veronica and Christabel were soon in trouble, the latter smashing her topmast and retiring, while Veronica carried away her bobstay, and lower down, near the Nore, she was placed *hors de combat*, her mainsail coming down with a run. Something of the same kind had happened to Kriemhilda near the Chapman, and she returned to Gravesend forthwith. Others were, in the meantime, contending with minor *contre-temps*; but the crowning disaster of the voyage down was the Cuckoo's mainmast going close to the deck, which, of course, rendered her quite helpless, and she had to be taken in tow by Mr. Brassey's screw, on board which the Prince of Wales had hoisted the Commodore's flag. Rounding the Mouse the order was Neva, Britannia, Iona, Norman, Fiona, and Myosotis, and this half dozen were the only ones that completed the course. No further casualties occurred, everything that could possibly go having gone during the voyage down, and the first-class prizes fell to Neva and Iona. Britannia won the first trophy for the 40-tonners, a loving cup given by Mr. Gibson and of about dozen-bottle capacity, and Norman took second honours. The R.T.Y.C. day for schooners and yawls was blessed with a good S.W. wind, and the reappearance of Egeria, after important alterations during the winter, added to the meeting of Florinda and Corisande, which is apparently coming back to her old form, gave some special interest to the occasion, though schooners were less strongly represented than had been hoped. The usual course, Gravesend to the Mouse and back, was announced, and the entry consisted of Egeria (Mr. T. Mulholland, M.P.), Olga (now owned by Mr. J. A. Hankey), Sea Belle (Mr. H. Taylor), Corinne (Mr. Nicholas Wood), and Gwendolin. The yawls, in two classes, were—first, Corisande and Florinda; second, Rosabelle (Mr. J. Pim), Gertrude (Sir Andrew Fairbairn), and Surf. On the yawls being started, Gertrude showed the way, and throughout the day had her prize pretty safe. Florinda had a little the best of her opponent during the voyage down, and the schooners were making a pretty race of it, Egeria, which had started badly, gradually working through the fleet, though Mr. Hankey's big ship just kept ahead of her, and they rounded the lightship as follows:—Florinda, Olga,

Corisande, Egeria, Gwendolin, Corinne, Sea Belle, Gertrude, Rosabelle, and Surf; the schooners and big yawls being all within eight minutes of each other. On getting round, Corisande and Egeria cut out their respective leaders the first board, and Olga, in addition, soon after gave way to Corinne and Sea Belle, though farther up Corinne went astern again, her mainsail rigging giving way in the Lower Hope, and Florinda regained a bare lead of the Corisande, and winning, though the struggle was magnificent to the end. Egeria was the first schooner home, and easily enough beat the Gwendolin, which lost second prize to Sea Belle by time. Royal London had no lack of wind to complain of for their schooner match, when there was half a gale from S.W., and of the quartette entered only Egeria and Sea Belle were prepared to start, Corinne not having had time to repair the previous day's damage, and the Olga also not putting in an appearance. On getting to their moorings, which they soon began to drag down the river after them, Messrs. Mulholland and Taylor determined to start at once, without waiting for the Club steamer, which was late, and agreed to tack round the Mouse instead of gybing as usual. Sea Belle was first away, but Egeria was soon on terms with her, and led throughout the day, though all the way down Sea Belle was well within her time. In the beat home, however, the bigger vessel increased her lead, and succeeded in winning this splendid match. The New Thames match for yawls and schooners had a breeze from much the same quarter as the Royal London, but it had toned down into a fresh W.S.W. breeze, in which the Dauntless carried whole sails, while reefing, more or less, was the order of the day amongst the smaller craft. In addition to Mr. Willan's fine vessel, the entries were Surf, Mignonette (Mr. T. Hall), and Sweetheart (Mr. Stirling). The big ship had to give the Surf over twenty minutes, no easy task, but it was just the day for her to do it, unless indeed the sun, which was coming out strong, should burn up the wind. Surf led the way to the East Blyth, where the big ship overhauled her, and, tearing away, led by eight minutes round the Mouse, the two others being palpably out of it. In the voyage home Mr. Lambert's craft held her own bravely, and even gained a trifle on the Dauntless, which was delayed by a ship in tow, though this did not influence the result, as Surf was home only seven minutes and a half astern of her, and had thus over twelve minutes to spare. The splendid way in which Dauntless stood up under her canvas was well worth seeing, and the performance of the Surf must be a great triumph to both owner and skipper.

Henley Regatta was as successful as ever, and the attendance of visitors, if not up to the average, was sufficient to send apartments up to ruination price, and clear out the reserve provender of all the hotels. Wonderful to relate, both days were fine, and the scene, whether on the bridge, the lawn, the towing-path meadows, or the picnicing quarters opposite, was unapproachable. Phillis Court again looked so charming as to make us involuntarily break the commandment (we forget its number in the book) which warns us against coveting, and the meadows beyond contained bivouacking friends in a profusion that rendered perfect sobriety, even with the most virtuous intentions, practically impossible. The arrangements were admirable, and punctuality reigned more than supreme. The Swift, a vessel which, from its name, may be safely put down as the slowest and most tubby steamer of the district, did swamp an unoffending lady and some other folks, but Mr. Lord took the offender's name and address, and the Thames Conservancy will no doubt visit him with the utmost rigour. Other steamers were equally offensive, but did not all succeed in swamping ladies. After the Regatta a good many noisy idiots rambled about the town and made a row, which was generally attributed

to the Dublin men. We do not suppose they are immaculate, and they were no doubt excusably elevated at their victory, but they are certainly guiltless of the bulk of the riot, which is for the most part caused, and certainly fomented by a lot of outsiders, who have no connection with the regatta, and are certainly not acquainted with the competitors. On this occasion the usual regatta night festivities were heightened by the presence of Wombwell's menagerie and of a detachment of the 12th Hussars, who, most unfortunately for the innkeepers, were billeted on them on the second day of the regatta.

The racing commenced as usual with the Grand Challenge, for which there were three heats; though, owing to Eton reserving themselves for the Ladies' Plate, the second was a walk over for Molesey. In the first, Thames, Leander, and London came together, and there being no wind the position of the Thames men at No. 1 station, on the Berks or towing-path side, was undoubtedly the best. In all cases we endeavour to mention crews in the order printed on the card, that old oarsmen,

'Scattered over the face of land or water,'

may the better understand our well-meant, if perhaps feeble attempts at description of scenes which many readers of 'Baily,' however familiar with the places alluded to, can now only see with mental vision. The Thames Club crew were a powerful lot (may we use the phraseology of the ring and say 'bar two'?), and during practice rowed the course in very good time indeed; but taking a bird's-eye view of the boat, which one can do from the bridge at Henley probably better than from any place in England except Hammersmith Bridge, they certainly did lack finish; and where was Slater, incomparably the best man who ever donned the somewhat nondescript colours of the Thames Rowing Club? The judges fancied Leander or London, and, as far as money went, the latter for choice. If not, why not? for had not the London Rowing Club won the great prize until their victory was, like that of Oxford Etonians a few years ago, getting dreadfully monotonous? And with the same indefatigable oarsman, Gulston to wit, as stroke, and a fair nucleus from last year's winning eight, they must win: thus argued Putney and the City of London generally, and assuredly they had good ground for the faith that was in them. To revert to Leander. A crew with six Presidents of University boat clubs, and everybody except one a blue, must be formidable: thus argued Oxford and Cambridge, and the remnant of Putney and Hammersmith who did not swear by either Thames or London. The opponents of Leander had also great justification in the fact that what we may call University resuscitations are, as a rule, failures. We can name Risley, Brown, Woodgate, Willan, and others more or less famous as brilliant exceptions; but who has not on his tongue's tip any number of examples to back up the rule? However that may be, the heat, for by common consent the winner of this heat would win the pot, resulted in an easy victory for Leander, who from the centre, undoubtedly on the day the worst station, took the lead from the start and kept it throughout. Thames were quite outpaced at the beginning, but improved towards the finish, and as London, when they found they could not beat Leander, did not persevere, the Thames, who had the corner at Poplar Point, drew up and came in second. L.R.C. men will of course say that London saved themselves for subsequent races, while the Thames men will insist that the L.R.C. worked to the finish, and were nevertheless passed by Thames. We must, however, incline to the view that Gulston, who is so good a waterman as to be called by his detractors a water-jockey, did not persevere when he found absolute victory impossible. The second heat was a walk over for Molesey, and in the third Cambridge (First

Trinity) disposed of Kingston, who had been unfortunate in having to change a man at the last moment, but were otherwise a very powerful lot, though most inadequately trained.

The final heat showed the Leander crew to great advantage, as they won from start to finish, though the Molesey men, from the worst (centre) station, pushed them very gamely for half the distance. There can be no doubt that the Leander, whose last victory in the Grand Challenge dates just thirty-five years ago, had brought a very fine crew, who, being scarcely fit, were getting better every day, so that their shortcomings a week before the event only served to prejudice lookers-on against their chance, which on paper, as it proved on water, was undeniably formidable. The Stewards' Cup, which generally brings out the most finished crews of the whole regatta, was this year very numerously contested. The London, who have held it for six out of the last seven years, were, of course, among the entries, and with the same crew as a year ago, looked indeed dangerous. The Leander, with four Cambridge blues, rowed very well in their practice, and had many admirers. Corpus (Oxford) were very well together, though in practice their steering was somewhat erratic; the Thames, with a powerful but rather rough lot, which lacked Slater's assistance at the after-thwart; and Chester, who, like University College (Oxford), had the advantage of having no other engagement, made up the contingent. In the first heat Leander, Chester, and Thames were engaged, and Chester, getting away, came over to Leander, until the latter, spurting, caught them in their water, and of course the Dee-side cracks, though they were first home, were disqualified. Undoubtedly Leander went for the foul, and got it, but equally, undoubtedly, Chester were out of their proper place. In the second heat, London made short work of University College, who against nine out of ten crews would have shown to advantage; and in the final London ran right away from Leander, who, despite the station, could not extend them. The Pairs brought out, in the first heat, Way and Trower, and Chillingworth and Herbert, and the first-named went right away and appeared to be winning easily when they must needs run into the bank, and the others, who are pretty wideawake, walked in. The second heat was a paddle for Gulston and Long from Benson and Rhodes, and the final should have been the same, but Gulston, after going right away, took Chillingworth's water, and, forgetting that he was rowing under the new rules of boat-racing, let the others come quite close, until Chillingworth, biding his time, bumped them, and of course won on the foul, which was most annoying both to the disinterested admirers of the crack pair and to those more mercenary beings who had laid odds on the moral, as indeed it ought to have been.

The Diamond Sculls produced half a dozen entries. In the first heat, Herbert, Dicker, and Playford came together, and, by common consent, the race was considered to lay between the two last. Dicker, as everybody knows, has held this trophy and the Championship for two years, and was sculling as well, if not better, than ever; but so great was the prestige of young Playford, who, from his breeding as well as his own performances, was entitled to consideration, that the London division took short odds about his winning. The result showed Dicker to be, for the present, invincible, as he came right away and won as he liked. In the second heat between Close, Chillingworth, and Owthwaite, the first-named won as he liked, but he had no chance in the final, the Champion running right away and winning any how. The Wyfold had but three entries, Thames, Molesey, and London; so it was rowed in one heat on the second day, when

Molesey were outpaced, and the others made a grand race, Thames having a trifle the best of it up to the Point, where the station told, and they won easily. In the Ladies' Plate the station (Berks) won each time, Cambridge (First Trinity) of course doing Radley, Dublin beating Eton, who are not up to their usual form, and in the final the station again serving the Irishmen, who won after a splendid race. In the Thames Cup, West London beat Ino easily, and London, from the worst station, beat Thames after a grand race, in which the coxswain of the former indulged in some hazardous steering and trespassing, which, but for a good deal of both luck and judgment, must have resulted disastrously to his boat. However, all's well that ends well, and in the final, having the station, he had no occasion for the exhibition of his powers, and the corner gave his crew the race without much exertion at the finish, the crews, as was the case in the Wyfold, being remarkably evenly matched.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—A Midsummer Budget.

It is the Saturday after the Derby. We awake in the morning with an uneasy something on our mind, which, as we struggle into full consciousness, resolves itself into the feeling of how very idiotic we were not to back Galopin. We lie and ponder on the grand things we thought and predicted of him as a two-year-old when he tore up the Ascot hill, with his penalty, in the Fern Hill Stakes. We remember saying that there was the winner of the Derby, and believing it, too; and then came, alas! prejudices—those banes to the fortune we intend to make some day on the Turf—'He couldn't stay,' and 'he wasn't trained,' and fifty other things besides; and so we backed the Repentance colt—a sad come down. And as we lie and chew the cud of bitter memories, it suddenly occurs to us that this is about the severest Saturday in the year, a day on which every hour is taken up; when we are expected at an early Academy—say 11 o'clock; to be in a particular spot in the Row at 12·30, and able to name every one there if called upon to do so; to lunch at the Agricultural Hall at 2 with the excellent Chairman of the Company; to do the Show for one batch of country cousins, and to escort a relay of that commodity to Hurlingham at 5 o'clock; to hurry back to a family dinner, and afterwards to see our friend the Rev. Lothario Snuggles through the perils of Cremorne. A toil of pleasure, with a vengeance; and we were laying in bed and thinking of Galopin!

And here it flashes across us that we are entirely out of order, and that all this occurred in the merrie month of May, and our invoice is labelled June. Never mind, the Saturday after the Derby is a movable feast, and we will make it in June. And of the programme that was chalked out for us, how much was done? Well, we basely compounded for the Academy and Hurlingham, and allowed the Row, the Agricultural Hall, and the family dinner to slide. Do our readers remember what a bitterly cold day it was—the last (?) of our fifth winter? Even those insatiable harpies, country cousins, voted it was hardly weather for the Row, but they *must* see the 'tent-pegging.' And what a curious misnomer is that tent-pegging, which is not anything of the sort, and why so called, the 5th Lancers ought to be called upon to explain. Hurlingham is a pleasant place in the leafy month of June, when the sun shines and the zephyrs just stir the current of the Thames, but it

shares the fate of all other places when Eurus rages, and is quite as detestable. The cold spoilt the show, which else would have been one of the season. Everybody was there, or meant to be; and if everybody had not looked cold and cross it would have been a pretty sight. As for the tent-pegging, there was some disappointment, mainly among the female members of the country-cousin brigade, as to the actors in the scene. When it was discovered that the performers were not what a dear old Irish lady used to call 'the horse 'officers,' but that the 'pegging' was relegated to the troopers, all interest in it died out. The east wind might have been encountered cheerfully if the 'captains' had been to the fore, but there could be no enthusiasm about the sergeants. In vain did we point out how well one gallant fellow brandished his lance, how neatly he brought it to rest, and how skilfully the peg was lifted; it was all in vain. Even the strongest tea that Hurlingham could brew would not appease them; and one country cousin, with an aptitude for speaking her mind, was hard on Hurlingham, and even went so far as to question the *bona fides* of the 'Van' driver. Our readers will agree with us that she must have been a bad young woman.

But the next week we made amends, and our star, which, on leaving Hurlingham, had sunk below the horizon, was again in the ascendant. We regained our position by taking the cousins on a coach, and achieved a triumph beyond our expectation. It has been remarked before how devoted the sex are to coaches (and coachmen), and our cousins were no exception. They had heard, too, that dukes and lords drove coaches, and that colonels and captains were quite common; and there is, say what you will, a flavour about a lord on the box which is denied to a commoner. We selected the Afternoon Dorking (Cooper's) coach for our trip, and our only regret was that the excellent proprietor was not able to take us down. So neat and natty is Hubble, the professional, and so very quiet in demeanour, that an idea did flash across us to create him Marquis of Upper Clapton on the spot, but a fear that the cousins, if they found it out, would dissolve the relationship, restrained us. The afternoon was in our favour; the horses, fresh after a rest during Epsom week, bowled us over the ground; and Hubble's driving was as neat and finished as his appearance. We put the prettiest cousin on the box, and she was charmed. A roan off leader that we had at Merton wanted to jump out of his skin, and kept the cousins in a gentle tremor for the first mile, but Hubble talked to him, and he was soon quiet. A charming team from the Marquis of Granby—the brown leaders, who do their work admirably up hill and down—and we are landed at Burford Bridge to the minute. There is time to climb the glorious hill, or get nearly to the top, and the view is duly admired; and then we descend to the comfortable inn—and the Burford Bridge Hotel is good and comfortable in every way—and find Mr. Holdaway, the landlord, has provided a banquet, or, at least, we agree to call it a banquet, because we are all in excellent humour, happy, and very hungry. Wild ideas of how nice it would be to stop at Box Hill for a couple of days come into our heads after the second bottle of champagne, and our chaperon has to call the party to order. In the midst of our enjoyment we are reminded that time and train wait for no one, and soon the latter whisks us away from Box Hill and its delights. But the day has been most successful, the cousins are devoted, and we have regained our prestige.

We are glad to know that Cooper's coach will continue to run this season as heretofore. There was some idea, as our readers are aware, of its being changed into a Brighton Age, but for this year that idea has been abandoned. It will prove a reality in '76, we believe, and a little bird has whispered to us

that if our cousins come up next summer one of the dearest wishes of their hearts may be realised, and a noble duke will drive them to Box Hill.

And we have been keeping Mr. Robert Leeds, the worthy and popular Chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, and the indefatigable Secretary and Manager, Mr. Sidney, waiting all this time, and we were to have lunched with them ever so far back. Some of our friends tell us that we have coaching on the brain, and perhaps our readers may think so too. We pray them to excuse us while we proceed to speak of the Horse Show, that wonderful institution, which, coming on the top of the Derby, acts as a strong preparation for Ascot by keeping up the horsey excitement of the time. We must here express our thanks for the courtesy and kindness shown us by both Mr. Leeds and Mr. Sidney on the occasion of our visit, for they went out of their way to get seats for ourself and some friends; and that the country cousin cropped up at Islington we need scarcely say. Every one knows 'Bob Leeds,' even those beyond the confines of his Norfolk home. He is a neighbour of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and that H.R.H. likes and appreciates his neighbour his friendly greeting on the day we were there showed. Mr. Sidney was, in the best sense of the phrase, 'all over the 'place,' looking to everything; and we could not help being amused at the expression of doubt, not to say dismay, that came over his face when, there being a slight delay in getting some one to act with Lord Portsmouth as judge of the jumping, Sir George Wombwell suggested that we should officiate. Happily, this shock to Mr. Sidney's nerves was spared him by our pointing out that Colonel Harford was present, than whom no better judge could be found—a suggestion capped by Sir George to the effect that, if there was any 'difficulty,' Colonel Harford would ride the horse over himself! This settled the point; and, with Mr. Chaworth Musters 'to see fair,' what better trio could we have?

The liberal prizes offered at Islington brought together a goodly array of horses at the Agricultural Hall, and there was one feature that especially deserved commendation. The judges, in awarding the prizes, had the pluck to rely upon their own judgment, and not, after the manner of so many judges who, sheeplike, follow in the beaten track, and give prizes to horses merely because they have been prize-takers before. In the class for weight-carrying hunters they gave the prize to a powerful dark bay gelding, upon short legs, the property of Mr. Oldaker, a horse without a name and without a pedigree, that had been regularly hunted last season, and had never seen a showyard. Those favourites of the circus, Marshal MacMahon, Paramour, The Banker, Loyola, and Cawton were amongst his opponents. In the next class for hunters without condition as to weight, they gave the prize to another genuine horse, Voldarno, belonging to Mr. Toynbee of Lincoln, that had been hunted last season with the Burton and Blankney Hounds; the winner is a clean-made, wiry horse, and, like all the Volturnos, has rare nice action. What a pity that such a sire as Volturno should have been suffered to quit the country! Liverpool and Jester, both subsequently winners a few days later at Alexandra Park, were in this class.

But the sensation horse of the year was to appear amongst the four-year-olds. This was Mr. Musgrave's Talisman, by Theobald, dam by Galaor, granddam by Brutandorf, great-granddam by Young Phantom, great-great-granddam by Welbeck (the dam of Elmore's Lottery). For this wonderful animal it was reported that 800*l.* had been offered, but that his owner had stood out for 1000*l.* There were not wanting critics round the ring who said that he was of a soft mealy colour, that his hocks were pinned together,

that in strong work he would get light behind the saddle, that he was light of bone, that he had pony feet, &c., &c., but we did not hear any one object to his shoulders or his action. Mr. Musters put the tape round him and found him to measure six feet one inch and a half in girth, and eight inches below the knee. After Captain Greville had had a ride upon him, and declared that he was 'the nicest horse he had ever ridden in his life,' we were quite prepared for the decision in his favour. We have rarely seen a young horse with such perfect manners. The judges subsequently gave him the Agricultural Hall Cup as the best prize hunter in the Show. Sir George Wombwell's Enterprise by Volturno, carried off the prize for hacks under fifteen hands and a half, and he will continue to do so as long as 'Our Sir 'Garge' sends him to compete.

The fixture this year of the Bath and West of England Society at Croydon for the very same days as the Islington Show necessarily caused the show of hunters in Surrey to be a scanty one. A few west-country breeders, as in duty bound, supported the society by sending their young stock. The prizes for four-year-olds were taken by two colts by Paul Clifford, bred near Tavistock, Devon, useful animals enough. In the class for threes we had our first sight of Glengyle, by Knowsley, bred at Cirencester, a bloodlike chestnut colt, with a remarkably neat head, good back, and fair bone, but he will not make more than a 12-stone horse. His action was excellent, and he had the first prize, second honours being awarded to a brown colt by Gemma di Vergy, bred in Devonshire.

The natural advantages of ample space, open air, and green turf, with easy access from town, by rail or road, have combined to make Alexandra Park the Great Horse Show of London. There are few more pleasant spots to pass a summer's afternoon than at the foot of Muswell Hill. On the Wednesday the members of the Coaching Club, with the Duke of Beaufort at their head, mustered in full force: we counted eight and twenty drags drawn up on the upper side of the course, facing the Grand Stand. All judges of horseflesh were agreed in the propriety of giving the first prize for stallions, for general purposes, to the Earl of Aylesford's Vanderdecken, a magnificent brown horse that will improve every day, having been only taken out of training in March last. Old Laughing Stock has seen his best day, and the Dean of Westminster, from the late Mr. John Gerard Leigh's stud, although a magnificent-topped horse, has doubtful-looking fore legs.

In the three-year-olds class Glengyle repeated his Croydon victory. Before he went into the ring, Sir George Wombwell bid 350*l.* for him, which was declined. Primus, by Windham, was placed next to him. This colt with less quality, but more bone than the winner, will eventually make a hunter up to a deal more weight. But the most powerful youngster of the lot, Bishop Blaize, by Baron Cavendish, only got commended.

The first prize for four-year-olds was awarded to Talisman. The opinions adverse to the 'crack,' as he was termed, were more decided than ever. Some said that he could gallop no faster than they could wheel a barrow of bricks, others said that he was a roarer, and Mr. John Lett lodged an objection to him on the ground of a spavin on the far hock. After an examination, however, by Professor Brown the award of the judges was confirmed. Sunbeam, by Carleton, a true made, muscular, chestnut mare, rather upon a small scale, was placed second. In the confined space at Islington her action had been found fault with, but, with plenty of scope of ground to extend her, she went with rare freedom and vigour. The Duke of Hamilton offered 450*l.* on the spot. A telegram was sent to her owner in the North,

but the answer came back, 'Her price is 500 guineas, and I will not take 'pounds.' Beckford, by Van Galen, a great leathering colt, with a plain head, was placed third.

There was a large entry in the class for hunters up to not less than 12 stone, in which Jester, by Laughing Stock, a good horse over a country, with a man upon his back, was placed first. Jester, being a trifle long on the leg, makes people imagine that he is light of bone, which is quite a mistake, as he measures over nine inches below the knee, bigger bone than almost any horse in the Show. On this occasion Valdarno only got the third place.

When six and thirty horses entered the ring for the heavy-weight hunter class, the spectators exclaimed that the judges had their work cut out for them. But Captain Skipworth and his helpmates, with the utmost patience, weeded them down to the following lot:—Cawton, Cashier, The Banker, The Sheriff, Ensign, Marshal MacMahon, Earl King, Bedford, Breakaway, Shakespeare, Liverpool, Boyton, Claimant, and Paramour. These again were gradually reduced to nine, and then to four, and ultimately the red ribbon was handed to Mr. Richard Barker of Malton, for his horse Liverpool by Wild Hero.

The winner has capital shoulders, big ribs, broad back, and good flat legs. He is a trifle light in the neck, which, however, will improve every day, as the horse was very poor and backward in condition. Mr. Barker bought him, rising five years old, at Beverley fair in February last, for 85*l.* He was just out of a grass-field, with feet in a very neglected state, so that Mr. Barker had but little time to get him into any form. The Banker, by Best Returns, a good type of the short-legged weight-carrying hunter, was placed second, and Cawton, by Volturno (sold cheap enough for 250*l.* to a gentleman hunting in Baron Rothschild's country), third.

The four hunter prize-winners were then put together for the championship, which was decided in favour of the three-year-old Glengyle, the lad that looked after Talisman bitterly remarking, 'We had to thank a friend for that,' in allusion to the objection that had been made to his horse.

Enterprise, as usual, carried off the hack prize. We suggest to Sir George that he should in future call him Take Prize.

On the evening of the judging day the members of the Horse-dealers and Job Masters' Provident Fund dined together at the Alexandra Palace, under the presidency of the Noble Master of the Buckhounds, who made a first-rate Chairman.

Ascot was Royal Ascot indeed, and such sport as was seen on the first two days has probably never been surpassed in the annals of the royal meeting. It was royal weather, too, barring a trifle of cold on Thursday and Friday, and all the accessories of royal inclosures, lines of coaches, and coach-loads and rail-loads of pretty women were to the fore. We have often made mention in the columns of the 'Van' of the glories of the first-named—that 'thing 'of beauty' which cannot, alas! be 'a joy for ever,' seeing that this is a beauty that perishes. But yet, perhaps, the poet was right, for though the thing perishes the memory of it survives, and royal inclosure's joys may live in tradition when the actors in the scene shall have passed away. How many Books of Beauty would not that small lawn have filled, if those gorgeous volumes of our youth, with 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' as a frontispiece, were still in existence. There were beautiful women in those days, doubtless, but the hottest *laudator temporis acti* must have lowered his lance before the display of this year of grace. Do women get prettier as they—we mean we—get older? The general opinion is that it is quite the other way;

and yet, let our readers believe it, on the honour of one who knows what he is writing about, there never was such a show as this royal inclosure showed.

And the sport was worthy of this beautiful and distinguished presence. Our three-year-olds, with the exception of Galopin, we had, perhaps, better say little about. Given all the benefit of their coughs, influenzas, and the other ailments that afflicted them at Longchamps, we believe the French horses would have walked away from them; and it is as well that we should think this, and not seek to make excuses for the wretched figure we cut across the Channel. If we can in the Leger efface the memory of the licking we got in the Grand Prix, well and good. It is—such is 'the glorious uncer-'tainty'—just possible to come to pass, and if it does, we will frankly apologise for the bad opinion we now entertain of our three-year-olds. Well, at Ascot they were out of it, and our old horses carried us to victory. There was something to be proud of in the performances of Doncaster, Lowlander, Lilian, Thorn, &c., &c., and the running of the two first-named stamped this Ascot with a right royal mark. Of course there were 'surprises,' because it was Ascot, and about the biggest one was Earl of Dartrey's win in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. We have, we need hardly say, got over our surprise by this time, because we racing people are an eminently recuperative people, and our Turf analysts have settled it that the running is all right and Earl of Dartrey a rogue, which is very probable. But still he ought not to have won the Prince of Wales's Stakes, save and except that he did beat the Repentance colt by many chalks in the Newmarket Biennial—a fact on which those irrepressible racing men who are always right after the winner's number has been hoisted much relied. 'The running is quite cor-'rect, you see,' said Noodle to Doodle (Noodle having backed the Repentance colt), and Doodle solemnly shakes his head. We met a great many Noodles that afternoon who were quite cheerful on the subject, and said that they had fully expected it; but not even the greatest liar of the lot—and the Noodles are terrible liars—dared to say he had backed the Earl of Dartrey. One adventurous man we did hear of who, out of his inner consciousness, had taken 30 to 2, but his statement, we must confess, was received with quiet derision. Bay of Naples ran well in this race, and will probably run better, though we don't think he will ever do anything wonderful. There was a slight come down of French form, too, for Perplexe, who was only two lengths behind Salvator at Paris, finished here behind Garterly Bell, and both nowhere. This was perplexing, for, taken as correct, where might not Earl of Dartrey have been in the Grand Prix? One of the finest races ever seen was that for the Ascot Stakes; and the Admiral must have looked proudly on the result of his handiwork as Organist, Lilian, and Bertram struggled home together, and 'heads' was Mr. Clark's fiat. Very good performances were those of all three; and we must not omit Scamp, who was fourth, about a neck behind Bertram. The running rather surprised us, as we had not looked upon him as a stayer. Lilian, but for having incurred a 5 lbs. penalty, would undoubtedly have won, for Griffiths was hard on Organist, and only his gameness brought him home. Marie Stuart, with, as far as we could see, no trace of her last year's thoroughpin, carried off the Gold Vase without her three opponents, Carnelion, Kaiser, and Peut-être, troubling her much. The French horse ran fast for about a mile and a quarter, and then seemed done with—different form this from when he astonished us all, his owner and trainer, it was said, the most, by beating Lily Agnes, Lilian, Eole II., Scamp, and Thunder over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course in the second October. Tangible showed himself in rare form in the Queen's

Stand Plate, and Folkestone upset the euphoniously-named Come, Kiss Me, a young lady not so good as she was called, in the Eighteenth Biennial. Some surprise was expressed that such a potent and grave seignior as Lord Falmouth should have stood sponsor to such a playful appellation, which, pretty as it is, hardly sounds like a winning one. Come, Kiss Me had been highly tried at home, but she was never in the hunt, which makes Folkestone, who is rather a lazy horse and difficult to ride, look something very good. Dover had been able to improve him since Epsom, and as he is a perfectly sound horse, Lord Rosebery, we are inclined to think, has made a lucky purchase.

The Hunt Cup day was about the most crowded we remember. People are beginning to find out that it is the very pleasantest of the meeting, and that on that day and Tuesday the cream of the racing is to be skimmed. There was a very uneasy feeling, by-the-way, among the backers of Thuringian Prince that they would not only have none of the cream, but would have to put up with the milk, to which they had certainly helped themselves. Joseph Dawson and some of those immediately connected with the stable had not a sixpence on the horse, and the question was, who would disgorge, and what? for, unless something of that sort was done, the trainer declared the horse would not start. So for about an hour the backers of the Prince were in a state of fear and trembling until it was announced that everything had been 'arranged,' and the horse would not only start, but win. We don't mean to say that that was 'arranged' also, and that the nineteen other competitors had been squared, but that so good a thing was it that he could not lose. He stripped, a great, fine horse in the paddock, but it was evident that Joseph Dawson had had a great deal of trouble with him at one time or another, and his legs were none of the best, and there were others in the paddock more admired than Prince Charlie's half-brother. Thorn was looking wonderfully fit and well, so was Lowlander, and, great things as they were both asked to do, their owners fancied, or, at least, Mr. Batt very much fancied, Thorn, about whom 8 to 1 was not always to be had. Mr. Merry's representative, Daniel, after many doubts as to what that representative would be, came at last, a very warm one indeed, but he ran very badly. However, so many were eased when at the distance it was seen Thuringian Prince had the race in hand, that it is hard to say what ran well or ill. Whitebait was second, but we much doubt if the winner had been out of the way, if Captain Stirling's horse would have taken the prize. Lowlander and Thorn might have been much nearer if they had pleased, but of course were not persevered with when it was seen what stones in hand the favourite had. It was a wonderfully good thing, certainly; and what happened to him at Lincoln, and how he managed to lose, it is difficult to say. Joseph Dawson only won about 4,000*l.* over the horse, which is not much, considering the trouble and difficulty he has had with him. Of course the other race of the day was that in which Galopin was to meet Coronella, and a very interesting race it was. It was looked upon as a match between the two, and though Mat declared he should beat them both with Bella, no one heeded him. Coronella had showed herself such a quick one from the slips (old racing men could scarcely call to mind a quicker) that it hardly looked 2 to 1 on Galopin, but she was a trifle off, and her trainer was afraid that might turn the scale. We think the result would have been the same, though, if Coronella had been quite well. She was, as usual, first off, but, descending the hill, the Derby winner came up and did with her what Prince Charlie used to do with his opponents, namely, make them stand still. Galopin went on galloping, and the others dropped one by one away. Coronella was the first to retire, and Bella was beaten

by four lengths. So we have in our Derby winner an undoubted good horse, one that can go fast and stay, though there is still a doubt flung by some people round his thorough stamina, which will prevail, we suppose, until he wins a Cup. Pity he is not in the Leger. Mr. Houldsworth's colours came to the front twice this Ascot—a remarkable circumstance. On Wednesday, in the Triennial, with Correggio; and on Thursday, in the New Stakes, with Coltness. The former is a Parmesan, from Necklace, the dam of Macgregor, and he beat Fame, a filly of Lord Falmouth's, and own sister to Queen's Messenger, who came from Newmarket with a great private reputation. She did not act well on the hill, though, and Correggio won, after a fine race with the Ravioli colt, by a head. The winner is small, but a good-shaped one, and as Mr. Houldsworth is one of those to whom Fortune has not been prodigal of racing favours, every one was glad he should get a turn at last. Lord Falmouth, Heath House, and F. Archer were certainly 'dead out' this Ascot; and when the Oaks winner, Spinaway, was defeated by Gilbert, no wonder that Lord Falmouth said he had not a horse in his stable that was within 7 lbs. of decent form. It looks very like it, we must say, and probably all the mares this year are as moderate as the horses. Gilbert ran badly in the Derby, but he proved here he could stay, and it is just on the cards that he may win the Leger if anything goes amiss with the favourite. F. Archer only scored one win during the week, as a persistent backer of his mounts found, to the cost, it was said, of 14,000*l.* Very easily dropped, if one went on, and, we must add, most unsatisfactory gambling.

Thursday saw the usual mob, but whether it was quite as big as on some Cup days we can hardly tell. The take at the Grand Stand during the week was very large—24,000*l.* it is said, but that, of course, included private boxes, stalls, standing for coaches, &c.; so the weekly ticket alteration seems to have answered, which it did not look like doing at first. It was not exactly a pleasant day, the Cup festival, for there was more than a suspicion of cold in the atmosphere, and many ladies looked as if they would have worn their sealskins if they had dared. Women in velvet looked down upon women in silk, and the former were hated by the latter. There was the usual procession, and more than the usual cheering; Lord Hardwicke, faultless from hat to boots, on a perfect hunter; the Prince cheery; the Princess smiling and beautiful; the Duke of Edinburgh gravely enjoying himself; and the Duke of Connaught, having made his escape from that dreadful Oxford Commemoration, which must, by all accounts, have been something awful, looking as happy as a schoolboy at the end of 'the half.' Society took its cue from the royal visitors, and everybody in the inclosure affected a happiness if they had it not, and chirped, smiled, and lunched in their best form. It would be perfectly indecent if people looked unhappy or were ill at Ascot. Such outrages on the *convenances* of society would not be tolerated, and we are thankful to say that no one was guilty of committing them. The Cup field could not be called a bad one. Doncaster, who finished behind Boiard and Flageolet last year, the Cambridgeshire winner, a Cesarewitch ditto, and a horse second in the Grand Prix made up a quintet not to be despised. Doncaster was a different animal from what he was last year, and the admiration he excited in the paddock was unbounded. A worthy successor to Stockwell, indeed, furnished into a magnificent horse, full of muscle and not trained too light, as was the case, we fancy, with him last year. Here was something good enough to plunge on, and plunging consequently began. 'That dear Lord Dudley,' as the 'World' calls him,

led the way, and kindly laid 10,000 to 5,000 on Mr. Merry's horse. A friend of ours has suggested that owners of racehorses should subscribe, say about 15,000*l.* or so annually, and present it to Lord Dudley, on condition that he leaves their horses alone. The sight of that eminent peer approaching Mr. Steel must strike terror into owners' breasts, because, of course, Mr. Steel very naturally makes a price for the Worcestershire Plutus, and a horse about which 5 to 2, or some such figure, might have been obtained, starts, directly Lord Dudley interferes, with odds on him. He *must* be pensioned, and we shall be happy, if owners will put themselves in communication with us, to open a subscription. Other plungers followed suit—gentlemen from the City, with hook noses and a good deal of jewelry, small plungers from Aldershot, &c., all saw that Doncaster was a very good thing, indeed; and Mr. Merry, we are afraid, must have used emphatic language. Aventurière looked so well and so thoroughly trained that she won much favour in many eyes; and she ran well, only she was no match for Doncaster, who went to the front directly Fordham thought proper to allow him, and won in a canter. Mr. Houldsworth had another turn with another two-year-old, Coltness, who won the New Stakes in a canter, Pulcherrima, the favourite, cutting up badly. Coltness is a son of King Tom and Crocus, and so easily did he squander his field that we supposed him about the best we have yet seen until his colours went down at Stockbridge. It was a grand sight to see the way in which Lowlander hauled over his field in the All-Aged Stakes (more plunging on Lowlander), and that field including Tangible; and we may be permitted to be proud of such a horse as Lowlander. Doncaster added to his laurels in the Alexandra Plate, and then out came the story of his purchase by Robert Peck for 10,000*l.*, and the handsome bonus Robert was offered for his purchase nearly as soon as he had made it, with other things, which will be found duly chronicled in another place. And so Ascot came to a brilliant end.

Stockbridge was of course delightful, as it always is *qua* Stockbridge, which means a pleasant outing in pleasant society, bracing air, peace and quietness, and a little good racing. We do not go so much for sport as to enjoy ourselves, and wherever our lines may be cast, this we generally do. There are a few drawbacks especially felt by those who make Southampton their headquarters. That pretty part was once everything that was nice, barring the railway service between it and Stockbridge, which was and is slow and badly managed. Not above a score of racing men had found out how agreeable it was, and you took your ease in your inn, undisturbed by anything but the mild associations of the town. Now that is all changed. In an evil hour somebody said that Southampton was a very nice place, and Radley's and the Dolphin very good hotels, and so racing men who had been accustomed to put up with such accommodation as Stockbridge could afford now come on to Southampton, and the hotels are crowded with the flower of Sheffield and the *élite* of Nottingham and Birmingham. Prices have risen in consequence, for wherever the racing man goes, he is marked as a victim, and the quiet few are already thinking that next year they must seek some other haven. The Club Day was a very mild affair, as it generally is, racing clubs having had their day and the race of gentlemen jocks gradually dying out, but on Thursday and Friday there was some good sport. Colonel Randolph and Mr. Powell Montgomery had sought at the meeting of the Bibury Club on the previous Saturday to give some of our amateur jocks a lift by bringing forward a motion, 'That any member 'of the Club riding shall be allowed 6 lbs. unless he shall previously have 'successfully competed on equal terms with professional jockeys for a stake of 'the value of 100 sovs., when no allowance shall be given,' but the Club

would not have it at any price. There is something to be said on both sides, doubtless, though whether the 6 lbs. would do some of our amateurs any good may be questioned. Mr. Powell Montgomery was anxious, by-the-way, to make a sporting wager at Stockbridge. He was ready to back his horse Sir Walter Tyrrel to be the sire of the Derby winner of 1879 against any of the stallions exhibited at the Alexandra Park Horse Show for 1,000*l.* Lord Aylesford ought to have taken the bet, as he had Vanderdecken at Alexandra, but we did not hear whether Mr. Montgomery had been accommodated. Lowlander gave us another specimen of his quality in the Stockbridge Cup, and he was anything but quite right either. He cut down Tangible and the two others, Slumber and Ivan, from the start, winning by twelve lengths, and immediately he had passed the post, the subject of a match that had been mooted at Ascot between him and Galopin came on the *tapis*. The only obstacle to the match coming off is the course, Prince Batthyany wanting the Rowley Mile and Mr. Bird stipulating for the last mile of the Cambridgeshire. Neither at present seem likely to give way, so probably it may come to nothing after all. Friday was a terrible day of surprises, and Coltness, that we thought at Ascot the top of the tree, or something like it, was badly beaten by the Polly Peachum filly—a 10-to-1 chance which few but Mr. Charles Rayner availed themselves of. Some people thought that Custance or King Death, who looked all over a winner at the distance, did not see the Polly Peachum filly; but that is often said on a close finish and without just cause. People who laid the odds of 7 and 8 to 1 on the Earl of Dartrey for the Biennial must have passed a few very uneasy moments, as he only just got home, and perhaps if Cannon had but come a little sooner on Town Crier, the consequences would have been awful. There had been plunging even at these prices to get back a little of the previous losses, and even the Admiral laid 7 to 1, while those who had induced the bookmakers to take 100 to 15, thought themselves in luck—luck just saved by a head. There was a very amusing race—a Welter Sweepstakes, with owners up, in which Lord Aylesford, Sir George Chetwynd, Mr. Rolly, Sir Reginald Herbert, and Count Jaraczewski rode. It was hoped Sir John Astley would have ridden Lady of the Lake, but there were difficulties in the way, and Sir John was quite content to see Mr. Rolly in the saddle. Badly as Lady Atholstone had ran, she was the favourite, with her owner to steer her, but Chandos, with Lord Aylesford in strapless trousers, hardly inspired confidence. It turned out though that his Lordship knew how to ride his horse, for he waited with him, brought him to the front at the distance, and won easily. Lord Aylesford created much amusement by his account of the race afterwards, how his waiting was caused by his ignorance of the course and his determination to follow some one who knew it; how he let Chandos do just as he liked, and his utter astonishment when he found he had won! Clearly his Lordship stumbled on the right way by accident. He sat perfectly still, never bustled him, only just let him gallop, and Chandos rolled in. This was an unexpected commentary on amateur jockeyship, and Lord Aylesford will be in request for the future.

Mr. Hare's artistic little theatre is decidedly the fashion, and seems to increase in popularity as the season progresses, stalls and boxes filling nightly in a manner which proves the attractiveness of the last novelty produced under the title of 'A Nine Days' Wonder,' from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Aidé. We have not read the novel of which this piece is a dramatised version, but the plot is essentially French, and there is something not quite pleasant to our English taste in the struggle which arises from the contending love affairs of

mother and son, on which the whole interest of the comedy rests. Mrs. Kendal comes out in a perfectly new *rôle* as the middle-aged matron, whose designs on her former lover, Mr. Vavasour, form the groundwork of the plot, and it is no detriment to this charming actress to say the part, though delicately handled, is less suited to her than those she usually assumes with so much success. We are amongst her devoted admirers, and we prefer her *au naturelle*, whilst we admit there is much that is praiseworthy in the treatment of a character which fails to enlist our sympathy. Even in the relation of the somewhat hackneyed story of the heroine's married life, and the more impassioned scene with her son, we remained untouched, nor can we think that emotional acting is Mrs. Kendal's forte. Mr. Hare's performance, as usual, is a finished portrait, and we feel for the true-hearted gentleman, whose generous nature is so severely tried by the woman who never really loved him, and whose selfish schemes are only to secure herself a luxurious home for the remainder of a misspent life. Mr. Kendal acts the part of the young lover and deserted son with judgment and good taste, but we sometimes wonder if being so very virtuous night after night does not become rather wearisome. We fear we should avenge ourselves elsewhere, and so it is fortunate we are not called upon to be good even on the stage (this *par parenthése* only), and we give Mr. Kendal all credit for his performance of up-hill characters, which in other hands might be tame. Miss Hollingshead is improving rapidly, and gives a very charming illustration of the *ingénue* part as Kate Vavasour, in which she may be said to have made a *succès*. The minor characters are well sustained, and Miss Hughes adds greatly to the comic element by her clever and humourous delineation of the village spinster, but we would rather have dispensed with the village curate's presence on any stage, though it was rendered as little objectionable as possible by the good judgment of Mr. R. Cathcart, who personated the part. There are some strikingly good situations in the piece, which may be said to have more of the drama than the comedy element, and the *mise en scène* and fittings are such as we are accustomed to see at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and therefore of course in themselves form an attraction in addition to the good acting, for which this management is now famous. Tha comfort of the audience, too, is secured at the Court by good ventilation and shaded lights, whilst Mr. Hare is truly judicious in 'the hours to which he limits his performances, commencing with a bright little *comédietta* at eight, and seldom entending beyond eleven o'clock. Mr. Clayton and Miss Amy Fawsitt have a good opportunity for displaying their vivacious talents in book the third, chapter the first, and there is little doubt that 'A Nine Days' Wonder' with this *lever du rideau* will continue to draw till the end of the present season.

The report of that admirable institution the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society is before us, and we are glad to see how much good it has done, and, if supported as it ought to be, how much it may yet do. There are a good many subscribers; and although money is saved and invested, yet every penny is wanted to form a capital, for the expenses of the society, when the time comes that benefit members will be entitled to superannuation annuities, will be very great. We are sorry to say many hunting men do not subscribe, as they should do. They are like the servant who said, 'I go, sir, and went not.' They are always intending to belong to the society, and write to the Secretary for rules and lists of members, and, having done this, think their consciences satisfied. They are the 'cheap Jacks,' who hunt here and there, and subscribe to nothing. One man, a rich one too, upon being asked to subscribe, said,

'If you had asked me to subscribe to the Railway Servants' Society I would 'have done so with pleasure.' What are the odds that he would not, if applied to for the railway servants have answered *vice versâ?* After the annual general meeting the benefit members dined together, the dinner being provided by subscription among a few honorary members. This was a great success. There is nothing like a dinner to bring men together for a social chat and comparing of notes; so the huntsmen hope to meet every year, and we trust that those who have so liberally subscribed to the society will reserve a small donation for the dinner fund. The Committee have derived great assistance from the recent election of the Earl of Radnor, Sir Reginald Graham, and Mr. T. F. Drake, who take a great interest in the progress of the society. Mr. Josiah Cartledge has succeeded Mr. Safford as Secretary, and he will gladly acknowledge all donations.

In 'Our Van' of November last we alluded to an extraordinary case of 'setting' a broken-winded horse which came before the Southwark Police Court in the shape of a prosecution by Mr. George Cox of Stamford Street, the well-known dealer in horses, against one Richard Newman, an ex-riding master of Cheltenham, for palming off on him a broken-winded screw as a sound horse at the round price of 120*l.* The prosecution broke down simply because a Cheltenham attorney, who was retained for the defence, was an expert at 'earth-stopping,' and all the witnesses who could have assisted at the elucidation of the mystery were subpœnaed for the defence. If Mr. Richard Newman had 'left well alone' the public would have heard no more of the case, but, not content with having escaped by the skin of his teeth, 'the 'young man from the country,' having retained the services of a young lawyer who has just commenced practice in the City, brought an action for false imprisonment against Mr. Cox and put his damages at the modest sum of 1000*l.*! The case was heard in the Common Pleas on Friday, the 25th ult., before Mr. Justice Archibald and a special jury. The counsel for the plaintiff were Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., with Mr. Bush Cooper, and for Mr. Cox, the defendant, Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., with Mr. Meadows White and Mr. Douglas Straight, instructed by Mr. Neville Willicombe, a strongish team, and the result was, that after the cross-examination of the plaintiff, which was of the most scathing description, the judge, with the full concurrence of the jury, stopped the case, and the learned counsel for the plaintiff, with solemn faces, had to consent to a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Cox has therefore demonstrated, at a great expense it is feared, that his first impression of the case is a right one, and that he was cleverly and successfully imposed on. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Cox got a verdict through the case for the plaintiff breaking down, for he had, it was said, by means of the most assiduous services for his attorney, obtained the whole history of the horse, which was truthfully described as a 'Flatcatcher,' and the process by which he (Cox), the renowned Fred Jacobs, and the experienced Vet., Mr. Mavor, were absolutely gulled. The Cheltenham talent were in court in strong force ready to be called for Mr. Cox, and the leading members at the bar were perfectly astounded at the elaborate 'get up' of the horsey fraternity, who seemed to have in their provincial *ménage* an architect in habiliments equal to Poole. Mr. Cox talks of reopening the case by means of another prosecution; but by this time perhaps he has found that law is like a country dance—you get led up and down in it till you get completely tired.

Though men speak now and then of the good old coaching days with bated breath in presence of the rising generation, it is pleasant to know that some of

the old sort are still left to give us a lift over many a bit of well-remembered road. Coaching, as everybody knows, is not what it was, but we have to thank Mr. Birch Reynardson, himself an amateur, for doing his best to make things plain. 'Down the Road,' as his book just published is called, is full of reminiscences of days and nights long ago when every milestone had a history and driving was indulged in by gentle and simple. We thoroughly believe in the author's enthusiasm and his love for the road, but his lay is a lay of the past, and pace will surely win the day. There are numerous coloured illustrations, which form not the least attractive feature of the book.

A huntsman, whose family name is as well known as any in the hunting world, not long ago asked leave to go to London on 'urgent private affairs,' and said that he would return by the first train in the morning, in time to hunt the hounds; but when it arrived he did not make his appearance, but I believe did by the next, and on being asked what had detained him, he said that he had gone up to London to get married, and that he was sorry he was late; whereon his master, who was not aware of his intention, expressed astonishment, and said he thought he had enough of that style of life. 'Well,' replied the huntsman, 'you see, sir, the first two were d——d bad ones, and I wanted to 'have just another try.'

At a meet of the Devon and Somerset, Sir —— asked Farmer —— what he thought of the Tichborne case during the trial. He replied, 'Well, 'Sir ——, he ain't Roger, that's certain.' 'Then do you think he's 'Orton?' 'No, Sir ——, I don't; but I thinks as he's an *illogical* '(illegitimate) son of old Sir James!' and subsequent events have shown that there are a great many other illogical people about.

Our old friend the letter *h* has much to answer for. Lady C—— was talking with her agent, Mr. B——, about a cottage which she wished to purchase, and asked him how negotiations were going on. Mr. B——, who drops his h's freely, replied, 'Well, my Lady, there's an 'itch about that 'cottage.' 'Oh, then, pray Mr. B—— have no more to do with it; nothing 'is so difficult to get rid of as the itch!'

We are not aware whether Messrs. Moody and Sankey would approve of the following petition which was put up by a young gentleman, aged six years, residing in the State of Connecticut. There had been heavy floods in the part of the country where his father lived, and his house was partially surrounded. The young gentleman in question was taught that he ought, in his prayers, to ask the Almighty to take away the plague of waters, and this was in consequence the prayer:—'I don't like this. Take it away. You '*said* there should be no more floods. How is this? Amen.'

A well-known London silversmith hired a manor in —— last season. Pheasants were the principal attraction, but there happened to be some black game of which the keeper was highly proud. 'Now then, sir, shoot, shoot!' he said one day as two or three cocks rose. 'Hang it, man,' said Mr. ——, 'I came here to shoot pheasants, not them d——d big blackbirds!'

We need hardly inform our readers that a very large majority of the subscribers to 'Baily' are real good pay, and no mistake. But there is no rule without an exception. Some time since we were compelled to make a written application to a subscriber of five years' standing and of five years' default. His answer, if unsatisfactory, was not destitute of point: 'I paid your 'account,' he said, 'in August, 186—. If you doubt my word, ask Mr. 'Commissioner ——.' A reference to the public prints of the day named

showed us that it was on this very date that our friend had taken the benefit of the Act.

Mr. Moody happened the other day to go into a well-known insurance office in the City, reported to do business on the most 'Equitable' terms. Being asked by one of the Directors, who was present, whether he would not like to insure his life, he replied that he didn't make much account of his *life*, but that if the Director would insure his *soul* he would be happy to negotiate with him. The Director rejoined that he was very sorry, but that his office totally declined 'fire' business.

A firm wrote from Germany to their agents in London inquiring as to the credit of Coutts and Co. and (we will call the other gentlemen) A. B. and Co. The answer was concise, but true, viz.: that both the firms in question were *good*. Coutts and Co. good for *anything*; A. B. and Co. good for *nothing*.

At one of the Bishop of Rochester's visitations a Kentish parson gave a little proof of his wit when a neighbouring divine told him that he couldn't well pay attention to the address, from the annoyance of a certain small animal that was biting him. 'Simply a verification of the text,' rejoined our friend, '"The wicked *flea*, and no man pursueth."'

At a village not far from Neath, the minister—as is the case with some Welshmen—was not over-liberal in his outlay for coals. 'In fact,' said a parishioner prone to grumbling, 'the old parson hasn't given us a bit of warmth 'in our chapel for the last twelve years.' 'Except the *foire* in his pulpit!' exclaimed a Paddy who stood close by.

George Carter, the popular Fitzwilliam huntsman, is responsible for the following characteristic utterance. He was looking on one frosty day while a certain noble lord, given to ride too close to hounds before they have quite settled on their line, was engaged in a fray with the cue, and excitement ran high. His opponent played a stroke, and his lordship proceeded to follow before the ball had come entirely to a full stop; upon which Carter's familiar voice again conveyed the oft-repeated but sound advice, '*Give 'em time, my 'lord; give 'em time.*'

The near approach of the Eton and Harrow match reminds us of a story told in connection with last year's contest. A young lady (who knew as much of cricket as the generality of the fair ones who affect Lord's on the occasion referred to) was asking after an Eton boy, a pal of hers, and a candidate for the eleven. 'Why do they not play Mr. S. in the eleven?' she inquired of one of the Etonians. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'S. has not been playing with '*a straight bat* lately!' 'Then why in the world does he not *buy* one?' was the innocent reply.

We have to thank Mrs. Frances G. Faithfull for giving us in 'Love me, 'or Love me not' (Shakespeare) a really interesting and exciting novel, just published by H. S. King and Co. Ladies nowadays seem to think that unless they can weave a few murders, illicit *liaisons*, &c., into their books, they won't go down with the public. Here, however, we have a good novel without these accessories—one which may be left on a drawing-room table for young as well as old to read.

Coaches, we are glad to say, thrive in the provinces as well as in Piccadilly, and Manchester has one. Of course it was to be expected that when Cottinopolis went in for luxuries and got a bishop other things would soon follow. It had long beaten us in high art; and pictures and pottery, such as only millionaires could buy, have been for years the pride of Lancashire. It

would have been odd if our newest passion, taste, call it what you will, had not found some followers in that great hive of wealth and industry; and, from what we can hear, it has been taken up in the right way and by the right sort of people. A coach between Manchester and Altrincham—only a single stage it is true, but even Manchester must have a beginning—has been running since the commencement of June, leaving the latter place at 8·30 in the morning and returning from Manchester at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Three Manchester gentlemen, Mr. G. Belcher, Mr. W. Mewburn, and Mr. E. Bellhouse, are the promoters, and the two first-named the coachmen. We hear it is very well done, or, to quote from a local reporter, it is 'a very 'handsome and serviceable vehicle with two teams of spanking horses,' which, no doubt, translated into English, means that Mr. Belcher and his friends have set to work in the right way. We need scarcely add how cordially we wish them success.

Mr. Emanuel, of 27, Old Bond Street, has executed the Goodwood Cup for this year—a handsome group in silver representing the defeat of the Saxons by King Arthur. It is enriched with silver *relievi* representing the landing of the Saxons, the slaughter by Hengist of the Britons, &c., and is very effective.

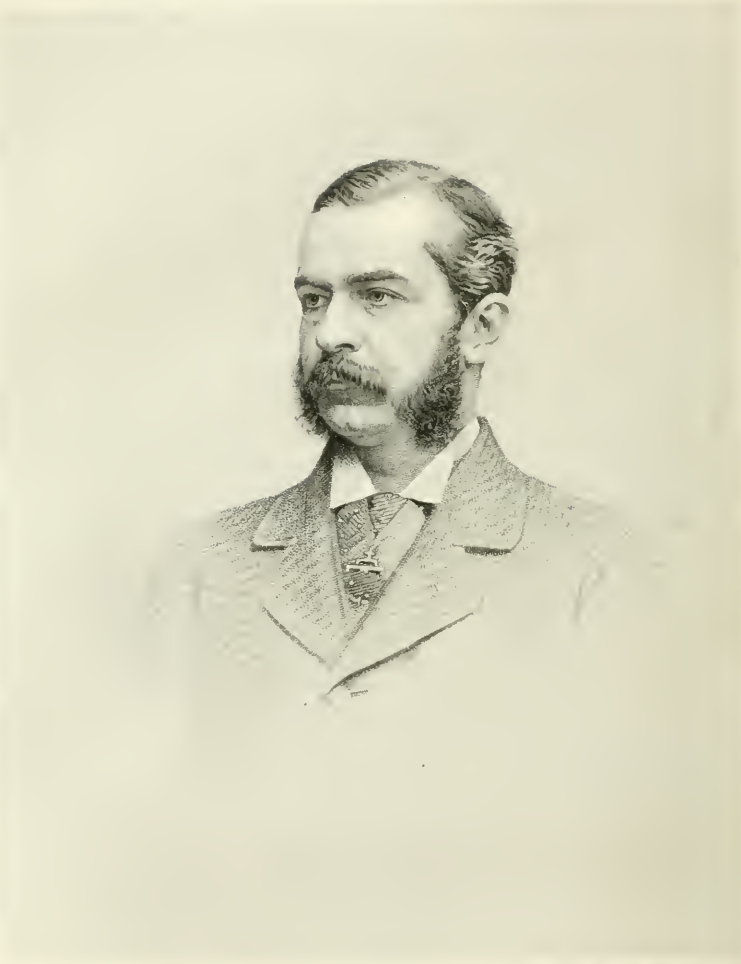
Homing pigeons are beyond us we candidly confess, but happily they are not beyond Mr. Tegetmeier. It almost takes our breath away to hear what wonders will be accomplished at Alexandra Palace on the 22nd of this month, or, rather, not exactly there, but over several miles of space of which Alexandra and Mr. Tegetmeier will be the centres. Brussels, by-the-way, will be another centre, for on that day there will be races from London to Brussels, and from Brussels to various parts of England—two distinct *concours*, in fact, going on at the same time. Some birds will have to fly a distance exceeding 270 miles, and those liberated at Brussels at 5 o'clock in the morning will make the best of their way home again to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Worcester, &c., or wherever their owners reside; while, from the Alexandra Palace at 11 o'clock on the same day will be liberated birds whose destination will be Brussels—'200 miles,' says Mr. Tegetmeier, 'in a straight line.' These birds, as far as we can make out, have never been the road before, but that they will all, or the large majority of them, reach their destination there is little doubt. Mr. Tegetmeier, who is the organiser of this international *concours*, will have telegraphed to him at the Alexandra Palace the time of the arrival of the various birds, and the prizes will be awarded accordingly. The whole affair will be no slight labour, but to Mr. Tegetmeier it is one of love.

We have but brief space to allude to the highly successful Cobham sale, which was in every way satisfactory bar the weather. The average was a very good one, and might have been yet higher if the sun had shone. The way the yearlings were brought up reflected the highest credit on Mr. Bell. They were in condition, but not overloaded with fat, and the trainer who took them away would have little or nothing to get off. The company lost Macaroni, though they bid up to 7,000, but the Mentmore commissioner meant having him, so they retired at that sum. He will be well placed at Mentmore, where the numerous King Tom mares will suit him, and the combination with the Sweetmeat strain may produce another Favonius.

A friend of ours was at a railway station in Yorkshire not long ago talking to a horse-dealer who was Yorkshire too, and a very great character in his way. While in conversation the Archbishop of York emerged on the platform, and our friend said, 'Dicky, there's the Archbishop. Did

'you ever see him before?' upon which Dicky went to 'tout' him. Most of our readers are probably aware that the most reverend prelate is what the ladies call 'a fine man,' good limbs, broad shoulders, &c. Dicky took stock of him, and, upon our friend asking him what he thought of his Grace, replied, 'Well, sir, they should have some little common chap for a bishop 'and made yon big beggar work.'

Hurlingham has seen many brilliant gatherings of the noble and the fair, but on Saturday, the 26th of June, when the Prince and Princess came down and presented a Cup to the victors in a polo match—The Blues *v.* The 12th Lancers —we think it saw the most brilliant. Generally, Hurlingham has been unlucky in its grand *fêtes*. About this time last year, when the new polo ground was inaugurated, and royalty and all the world came to assist, the rain came also, and spoilt the whole thing; and to the tent-pegging day this year came the east wind, pinching the cheek of beauty and unkindly nipping her by the nose. But on this Saturday everything was *couleur de rose;* it was not too hot, and there was a gentle breeze. The King's Road was from soon after 3 P.M. one long procession of coaches and carriages of every description, and the inhabitants of that part of Chelsea, what between Hurlingham and Cremorne, must have a very lively time of it we should imagine. By-the-way, they are going to build a church near Cremorne. What an enviable cure will not the incumbent have! But this is a digression. Well, the King's Road was *en fête*, and the block as we neared Hurlingham rendered walking pace necessary. Very pretty looked the polo ground, gay with a royal marquee, gay with toilets of Ascot beauty, gay with coaches, pretty faces, and bright sunshine. The Prince and Princess, with two of their children, arrived about 4 o'clock, and the match immediately commenced. So good was the play on both sides that only one goal was made in the allotted time, and that, thanks to Mr. Brocklehurst, fell to the Blues. This gentleman got at first what looked like an ugly fall early in the game, for one of his legs was under the pony, but he was soon extricated with nothing more than a bruise. It was such an exciting match, and the play was so good, that, though the lawn was at its loveliest, and tea, strawberries and cream, and flirtations awaited society there, society stuck manfully and womanly to polo, and it was only after our Princess had presented the Cup to the victors with some gracious words that the rush on the lawn began. There were nearly eighty dinners ordered at the Club, and the excellent *chef*, M. Gautier, was almost in despair, but we believe he rose to the occasion and acquitted himself like a man. It is a pleasant thing to dine at Hurlingham always, but moonlight nights are much preferred—when we listen, but not for the nightingale, though our ears expect—but we are lapsing into poetry, which is a bad sign. It is getting late. Let us hope we shall not lapse into Cremorne.



Henry Tufton.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR HENRY JAMES TUFTON, BART.

It has been remarked that it would be difficult satisfactorily to explain the deep interest with which nearly all sections of the English public regard a coach and four horses. True, we are a horse-loving, not to say horse-worshipping, nation; but yet that will hardly explain why, in the height of the season, fashionable and unfashionable London flock to the banks of the Serpentine to gaze at the long procession of the Four-in-Hand and the C.C., and we must go back to the old associations of a now old generation—the coaching days of our childhood, when 'the music in three feet of 'tin,' combined with 'the speed of the Tantivy trot,' were our ideas of travelling excellence—to seek the cause. The traditions of those days have descended from father to son, and, fostered by the sporting tastes of men able to indulge in them, have created a passion for coaching which seems likely to take root and abide. To it the season is indebted for a new show, and a new pleasure has been provided for those perchance a trifle *blasè* with the accustomed round. Four and twenty coaches, all horsed and driven to perfection, is a more exhilarating sight than superintending pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham; a drive to Alexandra or Richmond much more pleasurable and exciting than the daily penance on the Ladies' Mile.

There are degrees in coaching and coachmen, a senior school and one much its junior. We have paid tribute in these pages to the representatives of the former, among whom may be classed the Earl of Macclesfield, the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Poulett, Mr. W. H. Cooper, and the late Mr. Morritt, men able to hold their own against the best gentlemen coachmen of sixty years since who stirred the dust of the Brighton road, or, farther afield, tooled the Edinburgh and Glasgow mails. About two years ago we gave our readers a portrait of the leading representative of the juniors, Lord Carington, and we

have now much pleasure in adding a fellow junior, in the person of Sir Henry Tufton, to our gallery. The eldest son of the late Sir Richard, he was born in 1844, educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; was originally intended and passed his examination for the army, but his commission in the 2nd Life Guards being long in coming he abandoned that intention, and in the pursuits and occupations of a country gentleman, superintending a stud-farm, shooting and driving, which latter amusement Sir Henry took to before even he had well arrived at man's estate, found his chief pleasures. His father, who had inherited the large estates of the Earls of Thanet in Kent, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland, died in 1871, and in the following year the present Baronet, having married the second daughter of the Rev. W. Stracey of Buxton Vicarage, Norfolk, settled down at the family residence, Hothfield Place, near Ashford. Never having lived much in a hunting country, Sir Henry Tufton has not done much with hounds; but he has done something deserving of commendation in establishing at Hothfield a stud-farm for half-bred hunters, coach-horses, and hacks, where he has fifteen or sixteen half-bred brood mares. His sire is Amsterdam, purchased at the late Mr. Blenkiron's sale; and Sir Henry, we need scarcely say, makes liberal arrangements by which his tenants and the farmers and people in the neighbourhood can benefit. He has at present fifteen yearlings and sixteen of this year's colts, and he intends to sell his stock at four or five years old.

His blue and red coach and team of black-browns are familiar to all Londoners of coaching tastes and knowledge. He is one of the most promising of our young coachmen; is a member of both Clubs, the meets of which he rarely misses; always puts his horses together himself, and allows no one to intermeddle with his joy in so doing. He is of the stuff of which coachmen are made, because, while thoroughly fond of the pastime, he is yet not too proud to learn its business. Those who know him best speak of him as popular in the highest sense of the term, because his is a popularity gained among his own people and in the surroundings of his home. And we know there can be none higher than this.

AN APPEAL TO SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

After a debate in the House of Commons, after a deal of letter writing and some talk of a subscription, the Horse Question remains just where it was. The difficulty of obtaining sound and useful horses, for any purpose whatever, is increasing year by year. Not only did the number of horses brought for sale to Cahirmee, the great horse fair of Ireland, on the 12th and 13th of July, fall far short of the number of the previous year, and that again of the year before, but those that were exhibited were extremely deficient

in bone and substance. It is difficult to foresee where this state of things is to end. Some spirited landed proprietors, to wit, Mr. Chaplin in Lincolnshire, Baroness Meyer de Rothschild in Bucks, Lord Combermere in Shropshire, and others that we could name, have done much to encourage breeding in their respective districts, by keeping stallions of their own for the use of their tenants and neighbours. Is it to be imagined that the liberality of individuals in a few favoured localities is to absolve the Government from the obligation of dealing with a subject of such national importance? We know that it would be useless to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a money grant of sufficient amount to meet the necessity of the case, but surely he might be induced to divert the sums at present wasted upon Queen's Plates to some well-considered scheme for the encouragement of the breed of horses. We take it for granted that the money is annually voted by Parliament with that intention, and, as now applied, it signally fails in the object. In giving evidence before Lord Rosebery's committee, says Admiral Rous, 'They talk of giving us a boon in the Queen's Plates. If they will 'put racehorses upon the same footing as other horses, we do not want 'the Queen's Plates.' The tax upon racehorses that the Admiral then complained of has since been repealed. And before the same committee, Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, stated that Queen's Plates had no effect in encouraging the breed of horses in Ireland, and did not even contribute to the amusement of the people.

One of the many causes that have led to farmers leaving off breeding has been *the want of good and sound travelling stallions.* It is well known to practical men, although it may not be generally known, that the stallion must go to the mares: the class of farmers who breed this description of half-bred stock will not, and in fact cannot, send their mares to a stationary stallion. But it requires a better class of stallions to be sent to their gates than the broken-down weeds, with all sorts of hereditary diseases, which now poison the country. Many of these horses have been bought for 50*l.*, or even 25*l.*; but as they cover mares at as low a fee as fifteen shillings and a pint of beer to the groom, and towards the close of the season reduce their price to ten shillings, with the stipulation of no foal, no fee at all, farmers are induced to use them. They do so to their cost, for like begets like, and the produce is pretty sure to be a weak, ill-shaped animal, inheriting all the evil qualities of its sire. Many a farmer has, in consequence, parted with his brood mare, and given up breeding in disgust. But if good, sound horses, at a moderate fee, had been brought to their gates, those men would probably have gone on breeding to the end of their days. Farmers must rear stock at the least possible expense, and there is no reason whatever that the mare should not be kept upon the farm at her accustomed work, and only be brought into a barn or shed to have the hopples put on.

There are many sound, well-shaped horses, with plenty of bone, that are not speedy enough for racing purposes, that would be most suitable for country stallions. For this description of horse the

foreigners, who readily give prices varying from three to six hundred guineas, are the only customers: within the last three years we have lost several of this sort. Sincerity, a bad racehorse here, is making for himself a great name in France, at the stud. Satyr and Volturno have gone to Italy; the latter an irreparable loss to Yorkshire, as all his get were beautiful movers. Master Willie, a nice stamp of horse, but no racehorse, having won the Baden Steeplechase, four miles and a quarter, under high weights, was secured by the Germans. In Uhlan the French got hold of a sound, stout, weight-carrying horse and another sound stayer in Windham, who has left some good half-bred stock behind him in this country. Wingrave, by King Tom, dam by The Cure, hunting blood on both sides, has also gone to France; and be it remembered that he is the sire of Lilian, the soundest mare in training and winner of twenty-four Queen's Plates. We hear an excellent account of Ivanhoff at the French haras. To this list we may add Bacchus, Ben Nevis, and Sussex Stag, gone to Germany, Laneret to Austria, Ceylon and Brindisi to France, and many others respecting whom we have no information, besides scores of roadsters of the very best class. Of horses sold to go abroad within the last three years, at a somewhat higher price, we might mention several, notably King Alfred to go to Denmark and Xi to Germany.

There is so little encouragement to persons to keep this description of horse in the country. The travelling stallion men cannot afford to pay more than 60*l.* for the use of a stallion, with perhaps the addition of the railway fare from and to his owner, at the beginning and end of the season. Travelling a stallion is attended with considerable expenses, as the horse has to be out at inns and public-houses five nights in every week from the 1st of April to the 1st of July. The horse leader must have a pony to ride, and the expenses of the man, horse, and pony, with a bit of treating that has to be done, will make a hole in a 5*l.* note every week. A stallion will travel from 70 to 80 miles a week, and get back to his own stable on Saturday night: he will rest on Sunday, and start again on his rounds on Monday morning, and, if he is a good horse and a sure foal-getter, he will be able to cover from 120 to 150 mares in the season, if there are that number of mares in the district. The average number would be more likely to be about eighty mares. The season being over, the horse is returned to his owner, who has to keep him for nine months until the commencement of the ensuing season; and, when the risk of accidents is taken into consideration, it is little wonder that the owners of such horses should prefer the certainty of the foreign market.

A friend of ours, who has had the greatest experience in the breeding of half-bred stock, especially as it is carried on in Yorkshire, has forwarded to us, for the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the following scheme to induce the owners of stallions to retain them in the country, and to make it worth their while to let them at the sum the travelling stallion men can afford to give.

The sum expended upon Queen's Plates is, in round numbers, 3,300*l.* per annum in England, and 1,700*l.* per annum in Ireland.

With regard to the latter sum our friend does not venture to make any suggestion (there is no lack of good stallions in Ireland), and confines the following proposal to the appropriation of the money given as Queen's Plates in England:—

That an annual Show should be held at the Alexandra Palace Company's grounds at the end of March, where thirty or more prizes of 100*l.* each should be competed for by stallions whose owners are willing to let their horses, subject to the following conditions:

1. The stallion to be passed sound, and free from hereditary disease, by a veterinary surgeon nominated by the Government.

2. The stallion to travel a distance of not less than 60 miles per week, from the 1st of April to the 1st of July.

3. The stallion to have served not less than 70 mares at a price of not more than 2*l.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* the groom.

4. A Government certificate to be given to the owners at the time the horses are passed sound, and the certificates to be published in the 'London Gazette.' The 100*l.* premium to be paid to the owners of the horses at the conclusion of the covering season, the conditions (2 and 3) having been duly complied with.

The accommodation at the Alexandra Palace is in every way suitable for the exhibition; and we have been informed that the Directors of that Company would be willing to give corn, hay, and straw gratis to all exhibitors during the time the Show lasted. It has also been whispered to us that the Directors of the Great Northern Railway Company would, if applied to, further the good cause by granting a return ticket for the horses at a reduced rate.

No doubt it will be objected to this scheme that it is upon too small a scale, and that it will have no appreciable effect. But we well know how a single good stallion makes his mark in a country, which is not effaced for years. The Strephon mares, the President mares, the Carbonaro mares, the Belzoni mares, are talked about to this day.

This scheme would in no way interfere with private enterprise, which, on the contrary, it would foster and encourage. The Agricultural Societies would soon follow the example of Government and would give similar prizes to stallions covering in their own districts at a moderate fee. If we had imagined that the economists in the House of Commons could have been induced to vote a further sum in aid of this scheme, we would have asked them to do so. But there are too many in that class of politicians who care little whether England has ships, or men, or horses: we look for a more English view from a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer.

R. G.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

In a few short days the sporting world will be called upon to witness the dispersion of a racing stud the representatives of which, for over thirty years, have boasted such a following among the inhabitants of these islands as to make us regret more deeply that the time has come when we shall know the yellow and black no more as a rallying-point for the clans, and when the cry shall no longer arise, echoed in broad northern accents, or in the milder effervescence of southern enthusiasm, that 'Merry wins!' One by one they are dropping away—those disciples of an earlier school of sport who had so far outlived their times as to see their favourite pastime devoted to baser uses, and a generation springing up around them of apostates from the ancient creed which bade men to seek the highest honours of the Turf, and to leave the study of handicaps and the diplomacy of selling races to a lower class of racing adventurers. There is something of solid grandeur about such names as those of Glasgow, Derby, Hawley, and Merry, which stand out like towers of strength among their Turf contemporaries; and though, while the colours of Falmouth, Crawfurd, Savile, and Bowes are still enrolled in the pages of Weatherby, there is no fear of the 'old sort' dying out, we do not see so many as we could wish of the younger generation rising up to fill their places. It is strange how many of our best sportsmen since the days of Baird and Ramsay have hailed from the 'land o' cakes,' which confidently entrusted her honour to the keeping of Eglinton, Glasgow, and Merry in days gone by, and still looks to Crawfurd, Johnstone, I'Anson, Rosebery, and Houldsworth to flaunt their colours triumphantly in the eyes of the proud Southron. Still the yellow jacket has been quite their favourite of late years, and many a course north of Tweed has rung with true Scottish cheers for the laird who has stood nobly by his ''ain countrie' at her humbler centres of sport, and has vanned across the border more than one crack to wake up 'belted Will' I'Anson on the time-honoured braes and links of Ayr or Kelso. To over-curious electors of the Falkirk Burghs 'Jamie's' curt replies to their tender inquiries about Student's poor feet, or the state of Belladrum's pipes will be long cherished in that sporting community; and the Foreign Office might have taken a hint from their member's tact displayed in so perplexing a situation. Beyond an esteem for his thoroughly sportsmanlike instincts, both North and South had a keen admiration for his spirit in speculation; and Britons, who, after all, like a spice of 'devil' in a man, will hold Mr. Merry's memory in fonder recollection as the dashing Lancelot of the Turf than those of a dozen blameless King Arthurs of the racing world, who wooed the Queen of Sport too coyly, and waged no war against the odds of the ring on her behalf. Between the red-hot and reckless plunger and his opposite—the over-cautious and

timid speculator—there is a happy medium, which it was Mr. Merry's good fortune to hit, and he acquired the character of a dashing bettor without any reproach of that madness which too surely precedes perdition. He took and retained a very high line during his connection with the Turf, and, without any bid for popularity, soon came to be recognised as a safe and good man to follow, always aiming at the highest game, and courting Fortune patiently. His career was distinguished by an even tenor of brilliant success, taking one season with another, and he was never induced to throw up his hand in pique, or to startle the racing world by constantly recurring sensational sales of his 'entire stud,' which, it may be remarked, was always kept within moderate limits, and its useless members impartially drafted at the close of each season.

It is not often that we are called upon to chronicle the doings or to review the career of a leading character upon the Turf until he has been laid to rest under its green bosom at last. With most whose lifetime has been devoted to the pursuit of racing the ruling passion is strong even until death; and it is recorded of its loyalest and royalest supporter that he caused messengers to ride post haste from Ascot to acquaint him with the result of each race as it was decided, even when death stood face to face with him in his chamber. Other sports demanding a larger share of physical energy than is left with many octogenarians are relinquished one by one; but racing tastes are the last to pall upon the appetite for excitement, which attends us even to our latest breath. Now, however, after many reports current as to his intended retirement, Mr. Merry bids a final farewell to the fields from which he has reaped so glorious a harvest; and, after having achieved well-nigh every distinction which Fortune could award, he withdraws, *uti conviva satur*, from the banquet, which may, perhaps, be said at last to have ceased its attractions for declining years. And, amid actual and rumoured secessions from the ranks of Turfites, when men alternately relinquish and renew their racing connections, it is refreshing to be in a position to chronicle one genuine retirement, deeply as we may regret the irrevocable decision of a sportsman to whom, we consider, the racing world must be beholden for his long and consistent support of their favourite pastime. Mr. Merry, be it remembered, did not 'blaze the comet 'of a season,' but his star has illumined the Turf firmament with a steady light since the days when Chanticleer made his name famous at Newcastle and Goodwood, through a long series of brilliant successes, down to the hour of his crowning triumph with Doncaster and Marie Stuart.

Mr. Merry was not of that ephemeral order of sportsmen who, like the gaudy insects of a summer's day, register their colours in the book of nature in the morning to withdraw them for ever at night. His heart was thoroughly in the sport which he had selected as a relaxation from the anxieties of business, the interests of which he always held paramount to his hobby. He brought to bear upon the management of his racing stable a keen insight into men and their actions, a large

share of natural hard-headedness and determination to carry through single-handed what he judged to be his true policy, and an ability in administration which contributed in no small degree to profitable and honourable results. Like Sir Joseph Hawley, he was in a marked degree his own manager in the matter of trials and general stable economy, preferring to judge for himself of the chances of his animals, and weighing their merits in a just balance. His trainers were confidential servants, and not masters of their employer's destinies; and hence it came to pass that he was always well and faithfully served, and that the tide of success, which almost invariably set towards him, was not influenced by alteration in subordinate commands, but consistently took its direction from the rule of a master-mind. The successions of Waugh to Dawson, and of Peck to Waugh, were not marked by any of those convulsive changes which upset the order of things; but the machinery continued to work smoothly and easily, owing its harmonious action not so much to experienced hands which set it in motion as to the controlling power which directed it; hence men knew and felt that the man who was 'man and master of his fate' was not one to be trifled with or cajoled; and the firm, decisive tone which pervaded all his actions, while it drew the racing public towards him, made him respected and held in awe by the more boisterous elements in betting circles and the dangerous classes of the Turf community. More than one hard-fought battle with the ring proved that victory does not always incline towards superiority in numbers; and metallicians gleefully furbished up their pencils at Mr. Merry's approach, knowing that it was to be a fair fight, without any attempt at dictation or bullying on the part of the Master of Russley. He shook them grandly once or twice: notably in Thormanby's year, when Ginger was veritably 'hot i' the mouth,' and contributed nothing towards that black Monday's ninety thousand pounds settling; again on that sultry July day when Danebury plunged desperately on its Duke in the face of Liddington, and the heavier metal of Merry silenced the plunging fire of Hastings for once; and yet once more when Lioness came sailing across the Flat, to meet with anything but the usual reception of her owner's cracks. Through the fiery ordeal of these times, when men speculated madly in sale ring as well as in betting ring, Mr. Merry quietly held his own with the most hot-headed among them, holding on his course with unsinged wings, while all around him lay the scorched and mangled bodies of those who had tempted the treacherous flame to their cost. Amid the extravagant competition for yearlings in the Hastings era, Mr. Merry's judgment as to their value was not blinded by a reckless desire to outbid the golden youth, but, his heart once set upon a Marksman or something by 'old Thormanby,' he was bad to beat, and his bids came quick and strong, like blows from Tom Sayers's shoulder, when business was meant. Old favourites, who had done him good service in their racing days, were not forgotten when their turn came to claim sireship of some yearling crack; and no man ever stood so

persistently by his own blood, both at home and abroad, as the purchaser of Dundee and the breeder of Scottish Chief. A very select coterie of nursing mothers was that which owned his rule, whether they roamed under avenue shadows at Russley Park, cropped the sweet pastures of Croft under Winteringham's eye, or led their rugged pledges to fresh fields within sound of York's minster bell at Moorlands. Sunflower, Sunbeam, Lioness, Morgan-la-faye, Catherine Hayes, Miss Ann, Necklace, Burlesque, Blanche of Middlebie, Masquerade, and Rambling Katie—almost all of these record the name of some great winner; while to the ranks of their produce were added, year by year, as occasion demanded or fancy dictated, powerful reinforcements from the choicest sources of blood in England, to sustain the reputation of the great Berkshire stable. Doncaster was Mr. Merry's lucky 'spot of ground,' for from thence Matt Dawson brought home Thormanby in Sunbeam's year, and in the following autumn Dundee, his legitimate successor in Derby honours, and, as 'The Druid' has described him, 'the mightiest second that ever made the Scots cock 'their bonnets so proudly.' The little black Saunterer Zambesi returned thither the year after his purchase to inaugurate a series of Champagne winners for Mr. Merry; and then comes Snarry, leading the youthful Doncaster into the magic circle, a hero destined to revive the flickering flame of Russley successes along with the home-bred Marie Stuart, and to retire from Turf labours as gloriously as his owner through the reflected glories of the Sledmere chestnut. Want of space, and consideration for the patience of our readers, warn us to forbear from running the gamut of the various cracks which, from time to time, have revelled in the 'bugle breezes' of Weathercock Hill, or foreshadowed public triumphs by the result of their 'Previous Examination' past 'Two o'clock Bush.'

Since Thormanby's year the public have made a steady and persistent demand on Mr. Merry for winter Derby favourites; and who shall deny that their requirements have been met and their loyalty duly satisfied? There are some with whom prescriptive rights to such annual pets are supposed to reside; but who, save Mr. Merry, can boast to have produced such a successive crop of them? Dundee, Buckstone, Scottish Chief, Liddington, Student, Marksman, Belladrum, Macgregor, King of the Forest—all these have held the proud position of Derby favourites during their respective years; but it is the outsider Doncaster who comes to crown the edifice, and we care to penetrate no further into the unresolved mystery of Glenalmond, or to fill up the blanks in the years marked by the victories of Macaroni, Blue Gown, and Galopin. Nor did Mr. Merry's Derby favourites owe their position to mere sentimental support. That most of them had solid claims to public recognition should be patent from the fact that, during fifteen years dating from 1860, the yellow jacket was thrice carried into second place by Dundee, Marksman, and King of the Forest, while Buckstone and Scottish Chief had to be content with third position, but amply compensated for their shortcomings at Epsom by placing the Ascot Cup in two successive years to the

credit of their owner. Thormanby and Doncaster each contributed a similar trophy; and the latter proved a worthy successor to Saunterer for the Goodwood Cup, while Chanticleer distinguished himself in the same line at Doncaster. His Oaks and St. Leger success, with one of the best mares that ever trod the Turf, is fresh in our memories; but though 'Isles' and Macgregor represent his Two Thousand successes, the 'Ladies' Mile' race at Newmarket was persistently denied to his many attempts.

It would be tedious as well as unprofitable to recount the many triumphs of the yellow jacket, but the curious in such matters are referred to the 'Decade of Turf Cracks,' which appeared in the pages of this Magazine a few years since, and which records the more important successes of the Russley stable from its *annus mirabilis*, in 1860, up to times within reach of the most juvenile recollections.

After the 'division of labour' between Prince and Dawson, in 1868, with Blanche of Middlebie and Sunbeam, Mr. Merry's entire string passed into the latter's hands, whose present position as director of the largest and most influential and aristocratically supported stable at Newmarket, testify to the ability and integrity which he brought to bear upon his labours for Mr. Merry. A desire for change combined with other causes induced him to resign his seals of office in 1867, when he committed Marksman to the care of Waugh, his successor at Russley, with the remark that he had a Derby horse in the chestnut, should he get the better of his waywardness with age. Waugh found the same excellent material to work upon as his predecessor, and did full justice to it during his brief reign of four years, at the expiration of which Robert Peck, who comes of an old and well-tried stock of trainers in the 'north countrie,' took the reins of government, and but for King of the Forest being upset in his trial for the Guineas, a mishap from which he did not fully recover until Ascot, Favonius might have had a tougher task set him at Epsom. Since that time things have prospered well, and the yearly financial returns have been of the same satisfactory character, the celebrity which had so long attached to Mr. Merry for his strong hands in two-year-olds being well maintained, and some good things in handicaps also falling to his share, though adjusters of the weights generally paid him the compliment of treating his horses as if they suspected him to be holding another Lioness in the background. As for jockeys, Mr. Merry may be said in his time to have employed nearly 'all the talents,' and if his frequent changes have occasionally been referred to undue suspicion or mere caprice, it should be remembered that he always endeavoured to command the best riders of the day, being especially anxious that full justice should be done to his many cracks. Aldcroft, who was associated with Mr. Merry's first great victory with Lord of the Isles, from time to time had his best mounts when not required by his noble but eccentric countryman, Lord Glasgow; and at one time Wells frequently sported the yellow and black, which Luke Snowden carried to the fore on Sunbeam. 'Our little lad' Custance graduated under Matt Dawson at

Russley, and rode Thormanby to victory in the Derby very early in life; and on the cessation of his connection with the stable, Harry Grimshaw steered Buckstone at Epsom, and Fordham at Doncaster; while Arthur Edwards, Challoner, and Covey did most of the riding next season. Jem Adams was retained for Scottish Chief at Epsom, and brought Liddington through his Ascot and Newmarket races; and then, after many chops and changes, Jemmy Grimshaw was attached to the stable, and, after an interregnum of Johnny Daley and Fordham, reappeared in the well-known colours on King of the Forest in 1870. Snowden then became 'first whip,' and was succeeded by Morris, who in turn 'handed the reins' to Cannon, and he to Tom Osborne, with occasional recourse being had to Webb, whose 'quiet way' with Doncaster brought him triumphantly through most of his victories. Latterly Fordham has once more taken in hand the 'glorious chestnuts' of 1873; and from the above brief recapitulation it will be seen that there are few indeed among the leading artists of the past half century who have not 'taken their orders' from Mr. Merry, though the connection of most of them with his stable has been both short and intermittent.

The racing policy of Mr. Merry was so well known and so thoroughly appreciated that we need not dwell at length upon its merits. No one ever dared to whisper of pulling, roping, or milking in connection with his horses; and, unlike many owners, he seemed to take no harm from that system of 'forestalment' too often advanced as an excuse for the disreputable market movements in connection with their horses. The kind of races he most affected (excepting of course, the classic contests of the year), were precisely those which gave bookmakers but little thought beforehand—Cups, the richer two and three-year-old stakes, and post sweepstakes seldom lacking liberal entries in his name, to the exclusion of chicken handicaps and selling races. He was a constant subscriber to the old Black Duck Stakes at York, one of the few races in which any share of luck followed Lord Glasgow, whose crimson and white jacket often opposed the wasp-like colours of his countryman. Mr. Merry has been much taken to task for overworking his two-year-olds, but he could always instance 'old Thormanby' in defence, and, with the characteristic shrewdness of the Scot, he fully understood the value of making the most out of what experience had taught him to be perishable commodities, from which the 'bloom' might depart as much through inaction as through excess of labour. Hence he always ran his two-year-olds out for their engagements; and nothing but a happy kick prevented Doncaster from becoming a bread-winner for the stable in his two-year-old days. Of course no man, racing and betting so spiritedly as Mr. Merry, ever came quite unscathed through a Turf ordeal of so many years' duration, but he lived down all the petty calumnies and insinuations which would have tortured less sensitive minds, and his colours were followed as enthusiastically as ever to the last.

From the first days of his racing bouts at Paisley and Lanark until he carried war across the Tweed, and, gradually pushing his way southwards, secured one coveted prize after another, Mr. Merry must have marked the tide of sport ebbing from Gullane, in his native lowlands, towards the Sassenach border, and, widening, sweep down in broad waves from its old home in the north to the moors and wolds in the county of acres. With Sunbeam he was among the first to break the proud current of Yorkshire triumphs which Surplice had stemmed ten years before, and which the Squire of Wantage had rudely checked with his Saucebox and 'tiny Wells' in the puce and white. Since the yellow jackets settled between them the hopes of the North, the Southron invader has made good his foothold in the old vantage ground of Scott, Fobert, and I'Anson; and though the presiding spirits of Tupgill and Spring Cottage still survive to talk over the 'brave days of old,' only the phantoms of former glories flit mournfully about their ancient haunts of Middleham Moor and Langton Wold. Newmarket is the Aaron's rod which has swallowed up all thoroughbred creation; and a few years may see the snug cottage at Russley untenanted by a master in training craft, and the 'cracks' box' consigned, in the words of modern social regenerators, to 'more useful purposes.' But a halo of departed greatness will long linger round its old habitation in the hollow behind the hill, and ghosts of departed heroes and heroines mingle nightly in the weird dance which the famed White Horse is reported to lead near his airy habitation. The name and fame of Merry will be the theme of many a tradition in the Vale; and who shall maintain that its latest associations have not been worthy of the noble sport sacred to the genius of the place, and that the end has not crowned the work?

AMPHION.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE midsummer holidays were now near at hand, and if the amount of happiness they were expected to bring were only half realised, they would doubtless be remembered hereafter by the Buckbury schoolboys as the happiest days of their life. A 'gay hope, 'by fancy fed,' truly was theirs, and suffered no cloud for the present to obscure their sunny prospect; and as for the 'grisly troop' lying in wait for them in the vale of years, they felt they had Elysian fields to enter before they could be called upon to encounter that 'murth'rous band,' so, to forecast the form of care, or give it even a thought, would have been an encumbrance indeed at such a time.

That the programmes sketched out for the enjoyment of the vacation were of endless variety may well be supposed, differing as they did one from the other, according to the taste and fancy of the

several artists; but in the determination to see nothing but pleasure in the distance, and to make that mirage the sole object of their chase, the whole school, with the solitary exception of Harry Somers, were in perfect accord. He, like a brave fellow, had set himself manfully to prepare for the battle of life, and to train for the struggle which he knew awaited him without wasting another hour.

Endowed intellectually with only average ability, it was an uphill game he had to play, real collar-work to deal with, his companions taunting him as a 'sapper' on one side, and the thousand temptations incidental to youth besetting him on the other. Still, the glorious goal ahead, if won, would make a man of him for life; the honour and independence of a fellowship would more than compensate for all the self-denial he could practise, all the industry he could now employ towards the attainment of so great a prize. But the scholarship—an open one for men born or educated in Devon or Cornwall—must be gained first, and for that he rose early and late took rest, working for it day and night.

Very different was the bill of fare on which Frank Raleigh proposed regaling himself when emancipated, as he called it, from the discipline and drudgery of Twigg's rule. Greek and Latin, History and Mathematics, formed, as might be expected, no portion of the entertainment; against these his palate rebelled, and they were shunted aside as a tough and indigestible diet, for which, whatever its merit, he himself had no fancy. Nevertheless, opposite as the two boys were in tastes, habits, and culture, they were united, strange as it may appear, by a bond of friendship so disinterested and so lasting, that, through many a revolving year and many a rude ordeal, this brotherly love was never once shaken, never impaired; and in spite of so great dissimilarity in character, their schoolfellows were wont to liken them to those heroes of antiquity, Pylades and Orestes, Nisus and Euryalus, whose friendship became proverbial, so true was their loyalty to each other under every circumstance that called it forth.

The time was now drawing near for their departure homewards; and as one was destined for the army and the other for a learned profession, it seemed probable to both that the separation would be a final one, or at least that many years would elapse ere they would be likely to meet again. Frank, therefore, ever anxious to enjoy the company of his friend while he had the opportunity, and believing, as he did firmly, that Somers was undermining his health by study, too close and too continuous, now burst in upon him while poring over a Greek play, and insisted on his joining him in a coracle excursion down the river.

'This will be our last outing together,' he said, almost pathetically, 'and come you must, old fellow, or all that Greek will set your 'teeth on edge and choke you, I expect, some day.'

'Like the wild boar of Shotover, aye? But remember what the 'dose was—Aristotle at a gulp! No wonder the brute was choked.'

'I never heard that story,' said Frank, whose interest was at once

roused by the mere mention of a wild boar. 'It's one of your 'ancient myths again, I suspect, Harry, more classical than true. 'Any relation to the big pig killed by Hercules?'

'None whatever. The Shotover boar was the founder of an 'annual feast, or *gaude*, at Queen's College, Oxford, which, both 'for its antiquity and conviviality, has become a time-honoured and 'almost a sacred institution in that college. The legend is this: 'A Taberdar,* in cap and gown, while passing through Shotover 'Forest to serve a church, was attacked by a boar, and, having the 'Ethics of Aristotle in his hand at the time, he thrust the book into 'the boar's throat, shouting as he did so, "Græcum est." The boar 'fell, choked on the spot; while the Taberdar, whose arm was 'protected by a voluminous gown, escaped without a scratch. The 'boar's-head carol, quoted by Wynkyn de Worde, is still preserved 'at Queen's College; but the carol, though sung in modern times, 'is of far older date than the establishment of that college by Queen 'Philippa's confessor, in 1340. The first verse runs thus:—

'"Caput Apri defero
Reddens Laudes Domino."

'The bore's head in hande bringe I,
With garlandes gay, and rosemarye:
I pray you all sing merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

'But on this boar's-head feast at Queen's there is a more modern 'song, written by Dr. Harrington, founder of the Harmonic Society, 'which is so full of humour that I have been tempted to commit it 'to memory. Will you hear it now, or shall I wait till we get to 'the coracle?'

'Oh, tell it on our way to the river,' said Frank, almost impatiently, as he seized Harry Somers by the arm and fairly dragged him into the open air. A few hasty steps quickly brought him into the long meadow on the outskirts of the town, and then Harry, to Frank's great delight, repeated the following verses:—

'Tam Marti, Quam Mercurio.'

I sing not of Roman or Grecian mad games,
The Pythian, Olympic, and such like hard names;
Your patience awhile with submission I beg,
Whilst I study to honour the feast of Col. Reg.
Derry down, &c.

No Thracian bowls at our rites e'er prevail,
We temper our mirth with plain, sober, mild ale;
The tricks of old Circe deter us from wine:
Though we honour a boar, we won't make ourselves swine.
Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,
Yet he proved but a dull ass in cleaving of blocks;
But we had a hero for all things was fit,
Our motto displays both his valour and wit.
Derry down, &c.

* Or Bachelor of Arts on the old Foundation.

Stout Hercules laboured, and looked mighty big,
When he slew the half-starved Erymanthian pig;
But we can relate such a stratagem taken,
That the stoutest of boars could not—*save his own bacon.*
Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this bristle-backed foe did appear,
You'd have sworn he had got the wrong pig by the ear;
But, instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
He rammed in a volume, and cried, 'Græcum est.'
Derry down, &c.

In this gallant action such fortitude shown is,
As proves him no coward, nor tender Adonis;
No armour but logic; by which we may find,
That logic's the bulwark of body and mind.
Derry down, &c.

Ye squires, that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,
And think you're full wise when you outwit a poor fox,
Enrich your poor brains, and expose them no more,
Learn Greek, and seek glory from hunting the boar.
Derry down, down, derry down.

'Thank you very much, Harry; the lines are those of a scholar, 'no doubt; but, with all due deference, I venture to think he knew 'a deal more about Greek than he did about a fox. I've heard my 'father say it requires a sensible man to make a good huntsman, and 'that a fool is no match for the wily fox. I should like to have 'whispered that old proverb of yours in the author's ear, "Ne sutor '"supra* crepidam," when he wrote that last verse lecturing the 'squires.'

The two boys had now reached the stream, and crossing it by a foot-bridge (called in that country a clam, it being commonly a fallen tree, over which the passenger must needs clamber), they entered the hanging copse in which the coracle was hidden, high and dry, under a shelving rock. Turned bottom upwards in its shady retreat, Harry Somers had some difficulty in recognising the coracle as the same compact little craft he had seen when it was first launched, and when Carew, by capsizing it, was nearly brought to an untimely end; for now, clouted and patched over its ribs with broad and unsightly canvas-plasters, all smeared with pitch, it looked as if a beggarman's jacket had been substituted for the neat smooth covering in which it had been first encased.

'I never thought her safe when she was new, Frank; but now, 'hang me if I'd get into her for a mint of money,' said Harry, with a look of misgiving as he scanned her cobbled sides.

'Nor I either, if I couldn't swim,' said the other, candidly; 'for, 'to tell the truth, those plasters do drop off sometimes when you 'least expect them; and then, it's sink or swim without further

* This proverb is usually quoted *ultra* crepidam; but Pliny, who writes of Apelles rebuking the presumption of the shoemaker, uses the word supra: 'denunciantem ne *supra* crepidam sutor judicaret.' Valerius Maximus does the same.

'ceremony. Poacher Richards had his revenge; but there, we 'stopped his fun by bagging his lines; so we're about quits on that 'score.'

That ruffian, it will be remembered, had knocked Frank down for this act of his; and, expecting a warrant would be issued for his apprehension, had quitted the neighbourhood of Buckbury immediately after that event, the river thereby obtaining a rest it had not known for many a previous year.

A big trout, supposed to weigh from two to three pounds—an unusual weight for a Devonshire river—had been seen in the weir-pool near Duckyford Mill; and although the Rev. Llewellyn Powell had twice hooked it—once with a live May-fly, and the next time with a kicking grasshopper—the game fish had broken away and treated the parson's best tackle like a spider's thread. Powell's description of the fish, with its yellow belly shining like a butter-cup, and the spots on its sides big as a sixpence—weighing, too, as he avowed, at least five pounds—had so excited Frank's imagination that, strict as the interdiction was against the use of the coracle, he was quite ready to brave Dr. Twigg's wrath, even to expulsion, if he could only land that trout fairly with hook and line.

For this purpose he had provided himself with a few live 'fern-'webs' (a kind of small cockchafer commonly found in the hay-fields, and supposed to be the insect represented by the Welsh *Coch-a-bonddu*), which, when a couple are put tail-to-tail upon a hook, are known to be an irresistible bait for a big trout at this season of the year. But in order to use it with the best chance, the coracle was found to be a *sine quâ non;* for in it he could approach the very centre of the weir-pool, and, under cover of a huge boulder, which reared its head high above the flood and served as a convenient screen, he could manage to drop his fern-webs with a gentle and invisible hand into the very eddy frequented by the fish. The wide-mouthed landing-net which Powell had lent him was entrusted to Somers, who, stationed on an open spot at the lower end of the weir-pool, had received minute instructions as to the exact time and mode in which he was to use it. 'He'll be too 'big to fry,' said Frank; 'and I vote we make old Barrett stew or 'bake him in his oven; there will be supper for six of us at least.'

'Then I hope you'll get something else, Frank, besides this trout, 'or some of us may haply go hungry to bed.'

'No, you won't; there will be fish enough and to spare for so 'many fellows, except they eat like hounds,' said Frank, not perceiving the real drift of his friend's remark.

'Yes, if you catch him, my boy; but there's many a slip 'twixt 'the cup and the lip,' replied Harry, with a provoking smile of doubt on his countenance, but with little expectation that the truth of the proverb would be so speedily realised.

His playful irony was, however, lost upon Frank; for the roar of the river, tumbling over the rocky barrier and seething like a boiling cauldron in the gulf below, prevented his hearing a word of it; and

already he had launched his frail bark into a mass of foam, the only quiet corner of the agitated pool. Shooting out into a favourable eddy, he endeavoured to paddle her directly between the weir and the boulder, but a counter-eddy catching the craft twirled her, like a duck's feather, right into the trough of the backwater under the weir-head, and in an instant she and Frank disappeared together, swamped under the irresistible weight of the falling flood.

A score of times before had Frank been capsized out of that coracle; but on those occasions, being unskilled both in keeping his balance and in the use of the paddle, he had always taken the precaution to embark in a pair of light trousers only, and sometimes, indeed, if the weather suited, in a state of complete nudity, so that, being a good swimmer, he was prepared for any emergency. Here, however, encumbered as he was with clothing, and suddenly engulphed in the boiling flood, the currents and counter-currents of which were rushing hither and thither in wild fury, the case was very different; and if the banks of the pool had not been quite free from overhanging willows, with their old snags formed like fish-hooks below, his chance of escape would have been a remote one, and, instead of the supper he anticipated, the eels probably would have fed upon him.

As it was, had he carried one ounce more weight in his pocket, the balance would have been certainly fatal to him; for, strong swimmer as he was, the whirling eddies and the rushing tide so tossed him to and fro, that, when at length he rose to the surface, he was almost too bewildered to strike out and make for the land. Half choked, however, he was now thrown into the main current, and floating steadily on it, soon managed to gain the bank; there Harry was at hand, and, with the help of the landing-net, in a few seconds dragged him ashore. The coracle, too, not long afterwards was carried to the same point, and being lugged out, was laid bottom upwards on the greensward; while Frank, none the worse for his ducking, stood by draining the water from his saturated dress.

'By Jove! that was a near shave, Frank, too near to be pleasant; 'for you went down like Palinurus, and, not seeing you rise, I 'made sure the coracle was on top of you, and that you would be 'drowned.'

'A miss is as good as a mile, Harry; and as for being drowned, 'a watery bier would never suit me; I like a glass of good ale too 'well for that.'

'Don't jest about it, that's a dear fellow, when you've had such a 'narrow escape,' exclaimed Harry, not a little shocked at the levity with which Frank treated the matter. 'I wish this vile coracle had 'become a total wreck, and been swallowed up by that Charybdis, 'never to be seen again. It must have been cursed by some evil 'genius when it was first launched; for the scrapes are legion into 'which you have been led by it from that hour to this. Do get 'rid of it, Frank, or it will surely become your coffin some day.'

Frank suddenly started, but not at the kindly advice his friend was

giving him: his eyes and thoughts were intently watching a dark object moving rapidly towards them behind a screen of trees fringing the whole length of the meadow in which they stood.

'By jingo! Harry, that's old Twigg stalking us. I'll swear to his 'shoulders a mile off; and he'll have us, too, if we don't bolt like a 'shot across the river; that's our only chance.'

'You forget, Frank, I can't swim,' exclaimed the other, half speechless with terror.

'Well, then, you shall float over on my back. I can carry you 'quite safely, never fear; so come along.'

'Not for the world!' responded his companion, decisively; 'you 'couldn't do it in those wet clothes, and we should both be drowned.'

'Then look sharp,' said Frank, almost at his wit's end, 'and get 'in under the coracle, do; he's yet two or three hundred yards off, 'and won't see the move,' said Frank, lifting the gunwale of the craft; while Harry, who was lying on the grass alongside it, crawled under its hull. 'There, be quiet for your life,' he added in a whisper, 'and I'll stand my ground.'

So saying, Frank seated himself on the ribs of the coracle, and there waited, not without trepidation, the approach of the pedagogue, for it was he beyond a doubt. It was a pure accident, however, that brought him there; he had gone out simply for his daily exercise, and chance alone had led him into the footpath passing through an adjoining meadow so near the boys. Nor did he catch sight of Frank until, resting on a stile within twenty yards of him, his eye lighted on the figure of the boy perched upon the coracle; but so bedraggled and sodden was his appearance that, for some seconds, Frank's identity remained a perfect mystery to him. But not long could the penetrating glance of Dr. Twigg be baffled. 'It must be, it is, that boy Raleigh again!' he exclaimed so audibly that Frank absolutely shuddered at the grim tone in which every syllable was uttered.

'So, that's you, is it, sir?' the Doctor said, approaching the coracle, with a hard but triumphant expression on his pitiless face; 'then I've caught you at last *flagrante delicto* in the very act of 'disobeying my mandate.'

Frank stood up as the pedagogue advanced, but he answered not a word; the charge was too true, and could not be denied. He had wilfully transgressed, he knew; but so long as Harry Somers escaped detection, for that would have been ruin to him, he was quite ready to become the conductor of the Doctor's lightning and bear the full measure of his wrath, even the penalty of expulsion, on his own head.

'You've been submerged, too, I perceive, and, apparently, half-'drowned,' continued the Doctor, observing the water oozing out of the boy's ears and nostrils and his hair dank with wet. 'But how 'came the coracle thus far on land?'

'It was hauled up, sir,' responded the lad, 'and then turned 'over to dry.'

The Doctor ran his eye over Frank's slight, boyish figure, and shook his head mistrustfully, indicating thereby his full conviction that he had told him a lie.

'Impossible! It would require the strength of two such as you 'to accomplish that task,' replied the Doctor; 'you could not have 'hauled it up alone; so who helped you?'

'It isn't so heavy as you think, sir,' said Frank; 'it only weighs 'seventy pounds.'

'Don't trifle with me, sir,' thundered out the pedagogue indignantly; 'I'll have a categorical answer to my question. Who 'helped you to haul up that coracle?'

Frank's strategy could help him no further; he had been taught and felt how contemptible it was to tell a lie; and yet if he spoke out and betrayed Harry, a sense of shame and remorse would inevitably haunt him to the day of his death. No, he would be flayed alive rather than do either.

Such was the resolution the brave boy arrived at, even under the scowl and gaze of the Doctor's threatening eye, with which, as if he were a wild beast, he hoped to cow him into fear and submission. Is it not the great moralist who says, 'Without courage 'there can be no truth, and without truth no virtue?' At all events, Frank's 'pluck' pulled him through on this occasion, and by a timely accident he was speedily released from the horns of the dilemma to which he was exposed.

While the pedagogue, with a fixed eye, was waiting for his answer, the mutterings of an angry bull, that hitherto had only been heard at the far end of the meadow, suddenly burst out in a fiercer tone close to them; and as the beast had quitted the grazing herd, and at every step was tearing up the earth with hoof and horn, drawing nearer and nearer to the spot on which they stood, the Doctor's thoughts were at once diverted to his own danger and the necessity of saving his life by an immediate and speedy retreat.

The wavering look of the pedagogue was enough for Frank, who, seizing the cue, proceeded at once to play his game on the Doctor's nerves. Pointing towards the bull, now within fifty yards of them, he inquired tremulously, 'Can you swim, sir? for the river is our 'only chance now. 'Tis Farmer Thom's bull, that tossed old 'Splatt, the gardener, and broke six of his ribs. We'd better be 'off, sir; he can run like a deer.'

Dr. Twigg, seeing at a glance that any attempt on his part to run for the stile, the only available refuge, save the river, in his rear, would probably be a race for life between him and the bull, found himself compelled instantly to adopt Frank's suggestion—an undignified and anomalous necessity which, if he forgave, he never forgot to the day of his death. Happily for him, he was an expert swimmer; so, without another thought about the coracle, he walked steadily backwards towards the bank of the river, and divesting himself of coat, waistcoat, and shoes with all celerity, he entered the water and crossed to the other side.

Frank, too, took soil at the same time; but, floating downwards with the current for some distance, he landed again in a thicket of old willows on the same side and in the very meadow he had just left. It had occurred to him while in mid-stream that the bull, a real vicious North Devoner, one of the famous Molland herd, might take a fancy to the coracle, and, if so, that Harry's life would be in imminent jeopardy thereby. Accordingly, in order to show himself again at a safe distance from the enraged brute, and divert him from that object, he climbed to the head of an old pollard willow overhanging the stream; and thence spying, as he expected, the bull intently regarding the little craft and tearing up the turf, as if at any moment he was about to charge it, he took off his jacket, and, waving it frantically to and fro, shouted at the beast like a very madman.

No sign of life or motion, however, emanating from the coracle (for Harry, well aware of the proximity of the bull, lay curled up under its cover as still as a dormouse), the fierce brute stalked leisurely forward, as if prepared to resent the challenge sent him from the tree; but, whether it was the unassailable position in which Frank was perched, or the distant lowing of a heifer that attracted his attention, he suddenly turned on his heels and jogged back at a full trot to join the herd.

Relieved from this enemy, Frank looked eagerly up the meadows on the opposite side of the river with the hope of catching a view of the other, feeling well assured that, soaked as he was to the skin, 'old Twigg' would hasten back to obtain a change of raiment without a moment's delay.

'Yonder he goes, by jingo!' he shouted wildly, as if he was viewing a fox, rather than the stately pedagogue, who, taking a short cut through a field of long mowing grass, was making the best of his way home to Buckbury.

'Now, then, we are quits, old fellow,' said Frank, lifting the coracle and liberating Harry from his narrow prison; 'if I have 'been nearly drowned in the weir-pool, you, too, have had a narrow 'escape. At one time I really expected the bull would have unearthed you; but "all's well that ends well," and, let me tell you, 'you owe that beast an eternal debt of gratitude; he scared old 'Twigg off the premises, and he's gone, knowing no more about 'your tenancy of the coracle than the bull does.'

'Thank goodness for that!' replied Harry, who had been enduring the agonies of mortal terror during his imprisonment, which, though it lasted but a short half hour, seemed to him a long age. 'I'll 'never abuse that coracle again, Frank, and you're a downright 'trump to stand by me as you did; I can never repay so kind an 'act. I don't believe the old gaffer was ever so baffled before; but 'I fear he'll owe you a terrible grudge for all this, for that undignified flight of his, which you witnessed, will stick in his gizzard 'so long as he lives.'

'He'll sack me for a certainty, I know he will,' responded Frank

in a tone bespeaking but little dejection on that account; 'but he 'can't say I told him a lie, that's one comfort, though he tried 'hard to make me do that, or betray my friend.'

In spite of what poets have said with respect to friendship, the strong sympathy that existed between those two youths, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, could in reality be called by no other name. Goldsmith's 'Hermit,' for instance, goes so far as to doubt the existence of that virtue between man and man :—

> And what is friendship but a name,
> A charm that lulls to sleep!
> A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> And leaves the world to weep!

And even the amiable Cowper appears to have been tainted with the same scepticism, for, though the poet must have found something very like a true friend in Mrs. Unwin, he puts strong language into the mouth of Horatio, who, in his anxiety to see a man described as 'a friend,' says :—

> And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,
> I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

Gay, too, seems to have entertained a similar doubt, or in that exquisite fable he would not have pointed a moral by so pathetically depicting the distress of the poor hare, deserted in her utmost need by so many faithless friends, though—

> Her care was never to offend,
> And every creature was her friend.

But, for the credit of humanity, it may fairly be hoped that such sentiments were inspired rather by poetic licence than by a just estimate of real life.

Frank, having lost his paddle as well as the whole of his fishing-gear in the weir-pool, had now no further power to work the coracle, even had he been disposed to do so; it was accordingly hauled into a temporary hiding-place, under the old willow in which he himself had sought a retreat The two boys then followed the river for many a mile, examining the edge of every pool minutely, in the hope of recovering at least the lost fishing-rod, which, being the gift of his father, and made by Chevalier, of all his worldly goods was valued by Frank the most; but from that day he never set eyes on it again.

On the arrival of Dr. Twigg at the schoolhouse, his first business was to summon Mrs. Hopkins, the housekeeper, to his presence, and to command her to despatch two men in search of the coracle, which, he informed her, they would find at the lower end of Farmer Thom's meadow. 'But,' he added, 'tell them to beware of the 'bull; for the brute is dangerous, as I know to my cost.'

Such an announcement, coupled with the sodden and unusually disordered appearance of Dr. Twigg, at any other time would have elicited from Mrs. Hopkins a string of anxious inquiries as to the plight he was in and the danger he had been exposed to; but now that

one word 'coracle' had filled her with apprehension, and she felt convinced, from the stern expression of the Doctor's countenance when he mentioned it, that Frank Raleigh, her especial favourite, was implicated in a fresh scrape, and, if so, that his days were numbered in that establishment.

'Bless the boy!' she said to herself, with a brimming eye, 'there's not a scrap of vice in him, and yet he's always in trouble.'

The men soon found the coracle, and that evening, when the muster-roll was called, it was carried to the playground, and there, under the eye of the Doctor, and in the presence of the whole school, it was chopped up, set on fire, and consumed to ashes.

That ceremony over, the Doctor formally expelled Frank, telling him his lawless nature and inordinate love of sport would bring him, sooner or later, to inevitable ruin. The breaking-up day, however, was still two days off; and as the several horses destined for the homeward conveyance of those pupils who lived within a day's ride had already been sent to Buckbury in anticipation of the break-up, Frank, on quitting the schoolhouse next morning, instead of taking the high road to Watercombe, turned his horse's head, and rode direct for Heathercot.

He had promised to call there, he said, before he left for the vacation, and his saddle being furnished with a valise, he was prepared to tarry a day or two in that bower of roses, if only the fair widow would repeat the invitation she had so recently given him.

THE ROAD IN 1875.

(*Continued from p.* 156.)

The next road to claim our attention must be the Brighton, verily the King of Roads, and here, as on the Dorking, sorrow for those lost to us must mingle with what we have to say; for no one can read or write of the Brighton road without recalling the memory of Mr. Chandos Pole, undoubtedly the greatest amateur coachman of modern times. In our articles on the road two years since we spoke of the death of Tedder. The Squire did not long survive him; for in a very few months after those articles were laid before our readers he was gathered to his fathers. We shall never look on his like again. On the box he was *facile princeps*, and we believe that our very best amateur whips would have admitted that he was their superior; while a well-known professional said of him, 'We don't call the Squire 'an amateur; he's one of us—knows every dodge and wrinkle.' He had made the most of his opportunities on the Falmouth and Exeter mail, and no man knew better how to buy a team, put them together, or drive them afterwards. Those who only remember him on the bench will, perhaps, learn with surprise that he was a wonderful man to hounds over a strong country, and, taking weight into consideration, few men could beat him; and he would take a line of stiles to

himself, even if each had a nasty ditch and footboard, for the sake of keeping on firm ground. Perhaps he had one of the most wonderful weight-carrying horses ever seen in Sampson, which he bought of Mr. Douglas, and who was so powerful that we heard a good judge pronounce him fit to carry no one but 'the Squire,' yet he was not a coarse horse. Mr. Pole could play as expertly on the keys of an organ as on the reins of a team, and was a very fine musician as well as a good scholar. A more genial companion or firmer friend man never need wish for. Another loss to the coaching world was Mr. George Meek of Brantridge Park; and having omitted to notice the death of Mr. J. B. Angell in its proper place when speaking of the Guildford road, we must for a moment revert to it now, for no record of coaching would be complete without; and many of our older subscribers will remember his connection with Mr. Chandos Pole, the Duke of Beaufort, and others, in the revival of the Brighton coach. This great road, over which so much pains was taken, and which has since been allowed to lie fallow for a large portion of the season, was near being once more brought out in all its glory by a revival of the Age (*viâ* Leatherhead, Dorking, Horsham, &c.), a project which, we are sorry to say, fell through, owing to the illness of one of the intending proprietors, whose medical man totally forbade him to drive. However, we yet hope to see this idea carried out another year, and feel sure that no revival could be more popular; for the names of those who would have been concerned are two of the very best whips of the present day, men who know every buckle and strap of the harness, both good judges of horseflesh, and both with the means and determination to have good ones; no money, trouble, or expense would have been spared this season, or will be so next should the idea be carried out; and if it is, perchance we may then see a double coach on the road. During the present month an afternoon coach has been put on the Brighton road (through Sutton, Reigate, Hickstead, &c.) by Mr. Stewart Freeman, of Aldridge's Horse Repository, assisted, we believe, by Messrs. Newman and Lansley, the well-known dealers of Cricklewood; it leaves London at one o'clock every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, returning from the Old Ship Hotel at the same hour on the alternate days. Pope was coachman, but has been succeeded by John Thorogood, with McIntyre behind, and the time is six hours.

Another coach, started later than many of its rivals, is the Virginia Water and Hampton Court, put on the road by an American gentleman named Kane, who, we hear, is well supported by his fellow-countrymen staying in London. We have had no opportunity of seeing the teams down the road, but those working out of London struck us as wanting weight and power for first-class coach-horses. Fownes, last year with the Dorking, is coachman and guard; so that there is nothing to be desired in those departments.

The St. Albans has run its old ground this season. Mr. Baily is proprietor, T. Timms coachman, and Somers guard. This is a road which, in strict justice we think, has not been appreciated by

the public so much as it deserves; for truly there are few more enjoyable ones to be found. To start with, what better route out of London can be found than Piccadilly, Regent's Street, the quiet, if not strictly moral, seclusion of the Wood, and so away for the heights of Hampstead and Finchley Road?—not that you will quite see Hampstead Heath, though you may some of the donkeys pertaining thereto; but on a clear day, as you near Child's Hill, there is as fine a view over London to the Surrey hills as any one can wish for; and from here to St. Albans a succession of hill and dale, ornamented with green turf, hedgerows, timber, and water, that must please the eye and cheer the spirits of any man, woman, or child that delights in a truly English landscape. As a picture of rural England, we know of nothing more charming than this drive through the 'hay country,' as we have heard Bob Ward term it. At any time should our readers another season essay the journey, as we did, when every other 'grass ground,' to use a Leicestershire term, is scenting the air with the delicious aroma of its first crop fast fitting for the stack, they will say, that not only is it a journey of pleasant sights, but sweet smells thrown in, to which even Southey's (we think it was Southey who gushed over bacon and beans) field of beans would have to play second fiddle. The road is well horsed, in a coaching sense; there may not be swell teams on it, or the extravagant outlay on horseflesh, on which we have animadverted before now, but the horses there can do their work and keep their time; and, perhaps, here is to be seen a closer representation of real coaching, as it was when the thing was a business and not a pastime, than is generally to be found on the road in the present day. Most of the horses come from Mr. E. Woodlands, the owner of Scipio; and when we say that a leader was sold to go abroad not long ago for a good bit over three figures, our readers may judge that Mr. Baily has some good cattle before him. We should like to see him oftener on the box himself, though no one could want to sit beside a better man than Timms, with a rummy lot to handle, and he is a cheery fellow to boot, and seems much exercised in spirit that he cannot get his present guard to make the horn speak as he could wish; like Birch Reynardson, he believes in only three notes, and says they are well represented by the words pump water, given with emphasis: we fear he has an uphill game to fight with regard to that same horn, as the blast often comes to a 'lame and impotent conclusion;' and, save once hearing a man in Devonshire, who was afflicted with asthma, try to get 'Bonnie 'Dundee' out of a cracked key-bugle, as we were tooled out of Barnstaple, we never heard a better example of music. under difficulties. We said the road might be better patronised than it is, and we fancy would be, were the catering department at the far end improved. An average Englishman, after a drive of three or four and twenty miles, is hugely given to lunch, and the better he fares the more likely he is to go that road again. Talk of hungry as a hunter, we have tried both, and can back the man off a coach to

give his hunting *confrère* lumps of weight, and beat him any day: one has violent exertion, which puts him off his feed; the other just enough fresh air and exercise to create appetite. There is nothing like a good feed at the end to draw your average Briton on to a coach ride; it is like ground-bait to a roach or barbel. At any rate we can safely say that, as far as the road and coach itself are concerned, the St. Albans ought to be popular.

Of those starting from Hatchett's, it now only remains for us to notice the Beckenham, an afternoon coach, which merely runs omnibus distance, and is the property of, and generally driven by, Mr. W. G. Furnivall, with C. Boutall as coachman, and Ike Simmons as guard.

Mr. John Eden runs the Prince of Wales to High Wycombe, as usual, from his house, the Scotch Stores, Oxford Street. Lord Aveland is on the bench, we fancy, two days a week, and Mr. Sheather, the dealer from whom the horses come, also occasionally drives. There is no professional coachman, and the guard, said to be an old mail guard, is named Etheridge.

And Captain Ramsay and Mr. Hobson, the well-known gentleman rider, have a coach called the Criterion, which starts from the restaurant of that name three days a week, and runs to Maidenhead. The days for leaving London are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and we fancy they are not very strict as regards time out of London; they work a very good-looking team of roans, and their professional is T. Tutton, who acts as guard and coachman. This is, we believe, the whole of the coaches now running from London, and by comparing the list which we give below with that which appeared in 1873, reprinted for the convenience of comparison, it will be seen that, although some changes have been made in the routes, we have exactly the same number on the road as two years ago.

COACHES IN 1873.

A.M.		Proprietors.
10	Tunbridge Wells . .	Lord Bective and Col. Hathorn.
10 30	Dorking	Col. Withington and Lord Macduff; Hon. Sec., Mr. A. G. Scott.
,,	Westerham	Sir H. P. de Bathe. Major Furnivall, and Mr. E. Godsell.
11	Brighton.	Mr. Tiffany.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; returning on alternate days.

11	Reigate	Lord Norreys and Col. Tyrwhitt.
,,	High Wycombe. . .	J. Eden, Scotch Stores, Oxford Street.
11 30	Weybridge	Capt. Hughes and Mr. Williams.
11 45	Guildford	Mr. Angell.
P.M.		
3	Aldershot	Lord Guilford and Mr. R. Herbert; from Brandon's, Piccadilly.
4 15	Dorking	Mr. W. H. Cooper; Hon. Sec., Mr. A. G. Scott.
5	Watford.	Mr. Sedgewick.

Saturdays, 3

COACHES IN 1875.

From HATCHETT'S.

Morning.

Coach.	Time of Leaving.	Proprietors.	Professionals.
Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells.	10	Earl Bective, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. E. Chaplin.	J. W. Selby, coachman; A. Fownes, guard.
Hampton Court and Virginia Water.	10	Dr. or Mr. Kane.	E. Fownes, guard and coachman.
Dorking	10 30	Lt.-Col. P. Withington, decd.; W. M. Praed, Esq.; Marquis of Blandford; Viscount Macduff, M.P.	S. Clark, guard and coachman.
Windsor.	10 45	Dr. Hurman, Capt. Chichester, Colonel Greenall.	H. Thorogood, coachman; R. Rear, guard.
Guildford . . .	11	Mr. Walter Shoolbred, Maj. Furnivall, Maj.-Gen. Sir H. P. de Bathe	T. Thorogood, coachman; E. Spencer, guard.
St. Albans . . .	11	Mr. Baily	T. Timms, coachman; Somers, guard.
		Afternoon.	
Brighton	1 0	Mr. Stewart Freeman, Messrs. Newman and Lansley.	Pope, coachman; McIntyre, guard.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; returning on the alternate days.

Leatherhead and Box Hill, 'Afternoon Dorking.'	4 15	W. H. Cooper, Esq. (A. G. Scott, Esq., Hon. Sec.)	Ben. Hubble, guard and coachman.
Beckenham* . . .	4 30	Mr. W. G. Furnivall .	C. Boutall, coachman; Ike Simmons, guard.

Clerk at Booking Office—MR. WILLIAM BANKS.
Assistant Clerk—MR. ARTHUR BANKS.

From the SCOTCH STORES, OXFORD STREET.
(*The house is kept by the proprietor.*)

High Wycombe, 'Prince of Wales.'	11	Mr. John Eden . . .	Etheridge, guard.

From the CRITERION.

Maidenhead, the 'Criterion.'	Time varies.	Capt. Ramsay, Mr. Hobson (the gentleman rider).	T. Tutton, guard and coachman.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

* This coach, having a termination in the metropolitan district, carries a number-plate, and proprietor has to wear a badge. With the exception of two coaches, one to Tulse Hill, the other to Brixton Hill (the property of M. Balls, the omnibus proprietor), we fancy it is the only one left in the metropolitan district.

This, perhaps, does not appear so encouraging for the sport as we could wish, but we must bear in mind that, if London is supporting no more coaches now than in 1873, the love of the amusement is spreading far and wide in the provinces, concerning which we shall have to speak later on. Now, perhaps, we shall be permitted to make a few remarks on the general style and turn-out of those nearer home, and give our views on coaching for the benefit of those who may intend in the future to enter into the sport. For, let no one misunderstand us, as *a sport* coaching must live in these days, if it is to live at all; and the number of passengers to be carried must not be so much an object as the way the thing is done. A great eyesore we consider the knifeboard, now becoming far too common, on the roof; and it is an eyesore in two ways, both as regards spoiling the appearance of the coach and representing a hankering after filthy lucre. If those who use it had ears to hear the remarks of old waggoners on the subject, as we have done, we fancy they would not feel themselves greatly flattered; and we can assure them that, in denouncing it, we are not giving our individual opinion, but making public that of many of the best living judges of the road and its requirements. In very many cases also a stricter value should be set on time—advertising a certain pace and keeping it. This is the most crucial test of a coachman's ability, as well as of the way he horses his coach. As we heard a gentleman say this season, coaching is very different from Park driving: there, as long as you keep your team straight and go clear of other people, it is little matter whether they are all working evenly or not; in fact, if the leaders do nothing, so that they keep out of the way, it is no consequence, as the load is seldom heavy, and the time they are at it generally short. In coaching it is not so: to keep quick time with a good load, every horse must do his own work, or the proprietor will very soon find it out in the wear and tear of the others. Hence we say that a coach which does not keep time is simply a strong comment on the incapacity of those connected with it for the work they have undertaken; because a man driving in that way can ease his teem at any time if he finds them knocked up by injudicious handling—or rather want of handling—ten minutes or so being of no consequence where time is not kept. For our own part, we believe all would like to keep time if they could; and although they may profess not to care about it, if they do not do it, it is because they *can't*, as the old Scotchwoman told the minister who declined to preach extempore. Again, while consulting the public, the first and foremost idea should be, not the number to be carried, but to be well turned out from start to finish, well appointed, and inviting criticism. If it would not be invidious, we could mention one gentleman who last season had his coach altered; like other road coaches, it carried four on the back-seat, three and the guard; now it carries but two: he sacrificed a seat, but improved his coach, which looks more truly a coach, more 'thoroughbred,' if we may be allowed the

expression. Our knifeboard friends would not have done this, or the offending excrescence would go overboard at once. Were the public critical, these points would be more attended to; but at present they are not: they go to races in crowds, knowing nothing of a throughbred horse; and they ride on coaches, knowing equally nothing of the art of putting horses together, driving, &c., &c. Another thing: some guards appear to think they have nothing to do but blow the horn. It is a mistake; too much music behind is a positive nuisance: a guard need not be a musician; that is not his business; a horn should only be used as a necessity; what it is carried for is to give notice of the approach of the coach for the 'changes,' at dangerous corners, or for waggons and other things to clear the way for it. There is another phase of coaching amongst the younger men on the road which we are sorry to see, as we feel sure it is not conducive to the true interest of the sport, and that is what we may term overhorsing their coaches on the London ground; viz., using animals of such value as to be out of place in a public coach. No one likes to see a good team better than ourselves; yet we submit that Mr. A. de Rothschild's or M. de Murietta's browns, though quite first-rate in the Park, would be out of place in a public coach. A good coaching lot is a different thing altogether from a Park team; the latter is a useless expense, tending to gratify nothing but the pride of the owner, and we fancy when seen on the London ground, the teams lower down the road are apt to suffer for it. Again, as to the colour of the coach; it should be business-like, and not painted like a drag: we have seen more than one painted like a carriage. Primrose or white, with red under-carriage, are capital; so is black and yellow; and we like the old mail-coach colours. There are some coaches now running well worthy the imitation of a tyro, both in conception and execution, whose turn-out tells you at once that the owner knows all about it; they are kept wholly and solely from a true love of the sport, turned out every day alike from starting-point to destination, every horse judiciously placed, and their professionals not only workmen, but always neat and clean, and their manner civil and respectful.

We must also censure another evil, that of taking a coach off its legitimate and proper road to some race meeting or yearling sale. Again, the love of money shows itself in this. The only coach for which any excuse can be made in this way is the Dorking during Epsom week, as it then could scarcely keep its time with the crowds on the road; and there is an excuse for its going to the Downs, but this kind of thing savours too much of the jobmaster business when indulged in gratuitously.

A word as to driving. We would recommend a tyro not to be in too great a hurry to drive the London ground—of course we are presuming that he has first learnt to drive ere starting a coach; let him try the middle ground, and mid stages first; there is nothing gained by making an exhibition of himself at Hatchett's: let him never

display his ignorance; people may have thought much of him until he does so; but the indulgence of one moment's unhappy vanity may spoil all. He should remember there are often keen critics hanging about the far-famed Cellar, who have long known 'what's what,' and who have probably forgotten more about the art of driving than our young friend ever knew. When he can humour the queer-tempered and shifty ones over the middle stages, knows how to get himself out of a scrape if he should happen to drop into one, and can keep time with a heavy load and scratch team, he may parade at Hatchett's. We know one instance this year where a horse dropped in a coach and threw two more of the team; they were all down in a heap, one on the other. 'Cut the harness!' said some; 'Sit still, and hold your tongues!' said the coachman, who had every strap and buckle about them to undo ere he could get them up and in their places again. He did it: not a horse was hurt; and he was only *nine minutes* behind his time. We wonder what some of our amateurs would have done in such a scrape as that, and how much they would have been behind.

Before leaving the subject of Hatchett's, we must bear testimony to the civility and attention shown there to coaching men and their passengers, the front room being placed at their disposal as a waiting-room. Neither must the clerk at the booking-office, Mr. William Banks, be forgotten, or his obliging assistant clerk, Mr. Arthur Banks. A word as to the roads. A great improvement has accrued by the abolition of turnpikes, the tolls at one time being no trifle on the Brighton road, and we remember them 1*l.* 12*s.* a week on the Dorking. What has, however, been gained by their abolition is more than lost by the introduction of trams, which, as far as coaching is concerned, are verily demons of the highway; they try your tires and wheels, not to mention springs; they lurch your coach about like a ship in a rough sea, and play terrible havoc with the wheelers, knocking them against the pole and each other, and causing them to brush and cut themselves to an extent little thought of by those who have not encountered them. Perhaps the coach most afflicted in this way is the Tunbridge Wells, and we hear they have determined to close their season early this year solely on that account, as it is very awkward driving over them after dark.

Next month we hope to say something concerning the coaches running in the provinces.

N.

SLAPTON LEA.

A POPULAR Derby with a deserving winner, and a not less popular Oaks; a radiant Ascot with the graceful toilettes besprinkled with the drops of an occasional shower, as it were blest tears of joy at the fair wearers having escaped from the spasmodic runes of a Windsor hot-gospelling, performed in a back-garden near an open and indictable drain; then the Italianized Hamlet of Salvini, and the dulcet tones of the best vocalists in Europe; the four-in-hand processions in the Park, with the tent-pegging of India; Polo, Badminton, and the Rink—all these manifold attractions (omitting basket-burial) combined and continuous, 'Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,' went far to create a longing for the calm and repose of less mercurial latitudes. The strain upon the nervous system, whether it be caused by pain or by pleasure, demands a respite from Nature, and the quietude that succeeds to sensational hilarity, which at other times would be called dullness from the absence of excitement, merges into an even tranquillity of passive enjoyment. 'Rest 'and be thankful,' once said a discontented squirrel, in a feigned tone of gratulation and contentment; and, although out of Polo and Badminton office for the nonce, and declining to be a sexton, more sincere than that squirrel, we can look back without repining at the past London season as one of the most brilliant upon record, made perfect by the several members of the royal family having joined heartily in the polished suavities of fashion. Far removed from the servility of adulation, and not less free from insincerity, is the grateful and approving loyalty that rejoices in a prince's favour, which the wise King of Israel has declared to be 'as dew upon the grass.'

'Once more upon the waters—yet once more, and the waves 'bound beneath me;' but the very idea of the briny precipitates an internal commotion, stirring as the last crescendo crash of the overture to the 'Gazza Ladra.' No! rather the still and placid waters of Slapton Lyn, with the inglorious punt and its rod and line, 'with 'a worm at one end and a fool at the other.' So judged Samuel the Great—not the Samivel of Pickwick, nor he of the tribe of Levi, —but the old savage and capricious etymologist, who ever growled out a thankless acceptance in acknowledging the courtesy of his Amphitryon. And philosophising in the primitive punt, we will sum up and ponder over the revolving temptations of the past Carnival—hoping, however, that the perch and roach will be less prudent than ourselves, and bite freely, whereas we have only nibbled delicately, and kept our head with its pineal gland well free from halter or collar. Away, then, to Slapton Lea, by the Great Western, stopping briefly at Exeter just to ascertain how far progress had been made by the worthy and marbled Dinham, in his sliding down-hill to the station of St. David's, everlastingly pointing to and beseeching the express train, which will not stop for him. Torquay, with its multiplication of palatial villas, is determined to be beautiful for

ever ; and wending onwards through a succession of romantic combes, each with its sparkling streamlet full of trout, we glide by the sinuosities of the silver Dart, and the iron horse comes to a standstill after a race of 250 miles. The ferry has to be crossed at Dartmouth —the same by which Bridget Cudlipp and Charles Mohun escaped the vigilance of the Fairfax sentries in the time of the Great Rebellion, of which more anon ; the same of which, when the Prince Consort first came into the west, the stewardess of the steamer relates : 'When Prince Albert was here to the ferry, he said to me, 'says he, "I've bin to many places in forrin parts, but I never—no, '"I never did see nothing out there to come up to this here !"' A titular trap from the Castle Hotel is ready to convey the travelling *pescator dell'onda* up hill and down dale to Stoke Fleming, one of the ancient manors formerly belonging to the family of that name, brought by an heiress to Sir John Mohun, of Dunster Castle, twelfth Knight of the Garter, temp. Ed. III. Passing the Black Pool, with its narrow bay—so named from the frequency of the wrecks of yore in its dark basin, and otherwise memorable by the defeat of the French, under the command of Monsieur de Castel, in the reign of Henry IV., who after landing ravaged the country—the quiet hamlet of Street is reached, perched upon a hill abutting upon the cliffs, and at a turn of the road the mere of Slapton is spread out beneath.

Slapton Lea, or Lyn—from the Keltic word 'Aun,' signifying water, with the usual prefix of a consonant—is a small lake of three hundred acres, a mile and three-quarters in length, varying from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, and extending from Street Gate on the north to Torcross on the south. The manor belonged in the olden time to Sir Guy de Brian, the ancestor of the Petre family, and fifty-seventh and last Knight of the Garter made by Edward III., according to the history of Ashmole. He was standard-bearer to the king at the battle of Calais, 1349, and was rewarded with this and other manors. He built a collegiate chantry at Slapton, dedicating it to St. James, and endowed it largely, so that a choir of priests might daily sing a requiem for the peace of his soul—by which act of contrition it may be inferred that the Knight was somewhat of a freetrader in morals when in 'forrin' parts. The orisons of the sacerdotal intercessors have died away and are no longer heard ; but a Protestant, in order that the spirit of the worthy Sir Guy should be pacified, has inscribed upon a tablet placed amongst the ivied and desecrated ruins—

> 'The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust ;
> His soul is with the saints, we trust.'

The versification and the dubious warranty are as matched cattle. *Requiescat.*

The Lea, or Lyn, separated only by a narrow sandbank from the sea, to which it runs parallel, is fed by three small rivulets flowing into the several creeks of Ireland, Stokeleigh, and Streetgate marshes,

and the fresh water thus accumulated has no outlet, but filters into the sea through the bar of sand. These tiny bays, on the northern and western side, are lined with acres of luxuriant reed, in which vast numbers of wild fowl—mallard, widgeon, cootes, dunbirds and teal—congregate and breed. The deep boom of the bittern is sometimes heard in the upper marsh, and the heron is an occasional visitor. In the morning the wild fowl wing away and range for many miles distant in search of food, and as evening approaches they may be seen coming back, division after division, dropping down on the water in large masses, and quacking their satisfaction at their return to the tall reeds of the home domicile. The shooting is strictly preserved by Sir Lydston Newman, the proprietor of Stokeleigh, and lord of the manor of Stokenham. A gun, except on the occasion of a Lea battue, is never heard, so that the water fowl become comparatively tame, sport freely, and the ducklings of all kinds dive and splash about without fear, having always the shelter of the tall reeds in case of alarm or danger. It is a pretty sight, at all times, to watch those of the *ferœ naturæ* overcoming their natural repugnance to man, and disporting in the joyousness of natural freedom. Edwin says well, 'Taught by that Power that 'pities me, I learn to pity them.' But Angelina—alongside in the aforesaid punt, with a worm wriggling at the end of a line, with a perch well on, whose head she knocks against the thwart just to finish him—what does the 'charmer, ever dear' say? And this leads to the piscatorial phase of Slapton Lea, which is precisely the object for which the trip has been made.

The fishing is open and free from the 1st of May to the 1st of October, through the courtesy of Sir Lydston Newman, and is placed under the superintendence of Mr. Vicary of the Sands Hotel. The hotel, situate on the bar of shingle betwixt the Lyn and the sea, is extremely comfortable, with excellent beds, a scrupulous cleanliness—remember we are in a far-off shire, where, not many decades ago, at the Dick and Dairymaid the custom was to put two in a room, if not two in a bed—and the guests meet with extreme civility from master and servants. The rule of the house is to attach a boat and a fisherman to each room at the very moderate charge of 4*s*. for the whole day. The senior fisherman is Eli Efford, an experienced and trustworthy hand, who has been in his situation for twenty-one years, and is thoroughly to be depended upon. 2. William Coaley has been fifteen years on the lake. 3. Richard Hannaford, commonly known as Limping Dick. He is what may be termed the popular member, wide-awake, facetious, and good-tempered, and no doubt, by universal suffrage, would be elected as representative for the Lea, with more brains than two-thirds of the inspectors of salmon fisheries. Mr. Walpole might consult him with advantage on lake management. An accident in early life has prevented any evolutions connected with the fantastic toe, and hence his pseudonym; nevertheless he is a favourite with the *ballabile*, and if he were to set up for himself he might not inappropriately hang out the above-mentioned sign of the

Dick and Dairymaid. 4. George Oldfield and William Pepperell can be safely recommended. So much for the fishermen; now to catch your fish.

The Lea literally, and without exaggeration, swarms with pike, perch, and roach. They may be caught in great numbers on a fair day in the right 'pitch' or station, and it is as well to leave the selection of the pitch to the fisherman, and not to have an opinion of your own. Conceit in this instance is safe to bring its own punishment. Good sport with perch and roach may be generally relied on—'a moral,' as it were, to use a word so well known to the victimised plungers upon turf falsities. The pike are not so easily handled; they run from three to six, eight, ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds and upwards, the upwards being rare and problematical; but the stuffed specimens on the staircase of the hotel, with the labels of thirty-four and thirty-eight pounds, serve as an encouragement, and induce a happy belief that the pleasures of hope are about to be fulfilled in your favour. 'Cast again, Dick, far away, and with a 'will, and never say die,' and we were rewarded with a pike of eight pounds. Mr. Arthur D. Walker, of the famous family of Southgate cricketers, took a fish this year of twenty-four pounds, and his brother, I. Donnithorne Walker, had another pike innings of twenty-two pounds. They are deft hands, and can handle a rod as well as a cricket-bat. The first day, with the weather dull, cold, and windy, the perch and roach did not take kindly; but after a time, the wind dying away, and under a warm gleam of sunshine, up they came, and in less than an hour we had upwards of fifty, catching them as fast as the bait could be put on, and sometimes two at a time. One day, with Efford, we brought to hand over one hundred and sixty. A boat in the Ireland creek was taking well on another day; but we were far from being as fortunate, and Dick, moving quietly away, pitched in Stokeleigh creek, baited for pike, and throwing out bravely, we caught the eight-pounder that has been mentioned. When the perch and roach shoal up at a particular point it is certain that the pike are in a contrary direction, and without the aid of a local fisherman the stranger would be often out of his reckoning and beaten. It is singular that with such an abundance of fish there are days when not one can be moved, and philosophy on the water has then time for metaphysical meditation, and even revivalism would be a relief. But the Cockney is stubborn, will perforce take his ease with an impotent rod in a boat at all cost, and as he came two hundred and sixty miles to fish, fish he will, and will not say nay. There are not any trout in the Lea, although in the brook that runs into the upper marsh beyond Slapton Bridge there are many of a fair size, from half a pound to one pound; neither in this small stream are there any pike, and they are not found above Slapton Bridge. It would seem as if there had been a mutual agreement of territory and confines between the spoiler and his prey. There is one special advantage at the Sands Hotel, if not of primary, as regards fishing, yet of more than secondary, importance, that should be mentioned, and that is a meritorious cook.

The perch and roach, fried and crisped with crumbs, were daintily prepared and done to a nicety; and having discovered such a culinary adept, we taught the clever artist, with a lobster fresh from Torcross, how to envelop him in a jelly, and to serve him up glorious and transparent in an *aspic de homard*. Those who may follow at a future time and partake of the savoury crustacean, let them be thankful to 'Baily.'

It was a calm evening, such an one as would bring to mind the soothing stanza of 'Sweet hour of twilight in the solitude of the pine 'forest, and the silent shore,' and the memories of the charming Don, moral and all, gave a tone and relish to the mulled claret after a long ramble round the lake to master the locality. The moon was shining brightly over the quiet bay, with a gentle ripple on the water, when the stillness of the shore was broken by loud halloas and the shrieks of women, who were running on the ridge of the sandbank, wildly gesticulating like the Corybantes of old, without their cymbals, yet with all their *abandon*, and shouting with the utmost power of their lungs, 'A skule! a skule!' which signified a school of mackerel. In a moment the whole beach was in commotion, men and women running here and there amidst a very Babel of tongues. A mackerel haul is held as a red-letter day at Torcross and Street, villages that are situated two miles apart, at the two extremities of the bay, having separate and conflicting fishing companies, inveterate in their antagonism, and vehement in their abuse of one another. It is the usual story of every-day life—a case of Greek and Trojan, Guelph and Ghibelline, Neri e Bianchi, Whig and Tory, Arminian and Calvinist, gunner and foxhunter, oppidan and colleger—and the piscatorial litigants are every whit as honourable and worthy of commemoration. But as we are at the end of our paper, justice shall be done upon them on a future day. M. F. H.

CRICKET.

Under any circumstances the Cambridge and Oxford elevens would have this year been unusually well matched; but accident removed the one slight inequality that promised to exist, and placed the two sides on perfectly level terms. For some time previously to the great match the bowling of Mr. Foord-Kelcey had been increasingly deadly. He had rattled out a strong eleven of Gentlemen of England at Oxford; he had made fearful havoc with the wickets of a powerful Middlesex eleven at Prince's. Though strong in batting, the Cambridge men were regarded as not particularly strong in nerve, and there was a fear that if Mr. Foord-Kelcey met with any signal success at the outset, a panic might be established which would paralyse the efforts of the Light Blues. Great, therefore, was the sensation of relief, though decorously veiled by a feeling of commiseration for the sufferer, when it was found that, in the return match between the University of Oxford and the M.C.C. and G., the Oxford fast

bowler was good for nothing after the first half hour. The injury he had sustained in the match with Middlesex was such as could only be effectually cured by a prolonged rest. No doubt, when not actually engaged in play, he might feel so little inconvenience as to be confident that he could bowl; but after the first ten minutes of bowling his weak foot would begin to give way, and at the end of half an hour he would be visibly limping. This was so apparent during the match against the M.C.C. and G. at Lord's, that few could help doubting whether Mr. Foord-Kelcey could possibly be much better three days later than he was then. The captain of the Oxford eleven appears to have entertained sanguine expectations that even those few days' rest would have made him perfectly sound; but it would have been wiser policy to have played a fresh man than to have trusted to one who was liable to break down at any moment. There is an unusual dearth of fast bowlers just now, both at Oxford and at Cambridge; but surely one could have been found good enough to bowl a few overs now and then when wanted, and to make himself useful in other departments of the game. The effect of trusting to Mr. Foord-Kelcey was that, in the end, Oxford practically played with ten men. Mr. Kelcey, indeed, started the bowling on the Oxford side, and with such effect that Cambridge would probably have made but a poor show, had he been able to last. The ground suited him, and his first few overs were quite unplayable. His first ball hit Mr. Greenfield so vigorous a blow on the arm, that that experienced batsman, considering prudence the better part of valour, took more thought afterwards to get his own person out of the way of harm than to protect his wicket. His second hit the wicket-keeper full in the face, but Mr. Tylecote most pluckily returned to his post without flinching from his work. This commencement of hostilities fairly frightened Mr. Greenfield out, and the bowling which he was afraid to meet would most certainly not have been welcomed by many of his comrades; but before a dozen overs had been delivered the exertion was beginning to tell visibly on the bowler. No Derby horse, parading in the paddock, or taking his preliminary canter on the course before the race, was ever watched with keener scrutiny than Mr. Foord-Kelcey during the half hour he continued to bowl. The force of his delivery, and his action in walking between the overs, were eagerly watched; and when it was observed that the one gradually slackened, and the other gradually stiffened, odds were freely offered on his speedy breakdown. 'He is getting slower every ball,' said one; 'he 'is limping,' said another; 'he cannot last another ten minutes,' predicted a third: and all three were right. For the rest of the match, from the downfall of the first Cambridge wicket, Mr. Foord-Kelcey may be said to have been altogether useless to his side. He could not bowl, for he could not trust his foot at the take-off; he could not field, for he could not run; and his batting would under no circumstances have entitled him to a place in the eleven. Thus early in the contest was one decisive point scored in favour of Cambridge; and though this advantage was counter-balanced by the big

score made in the first innings of Oxford, there seemed no reason why, with the one destructive Oxford bowler out of the way, the strong batting eleven of Cambridge should not amass an equal number of runs. But, not to anticipate matters any further, let us briefly allude to the comparative merits of the two elevens, man by man, omitting only Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who, from the reasons we have mentioned, was incapacitated from showing his real powers in the match. For Oxford, Mr. A. J. Webbe is a batsman of great powers of defence, and an effective hitter in certain directions. He cuts superbly, and occasionally hits well to leg; but his forward hitting is at present defective. Considering his great reputation, his performance with the bat might disappoint a fastidious critic, for he is at times very stiff, and at times very flukey. Still the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and a man who almost invariably gets runs must be held in high respect. As of other good batsmen, however, so also of Mr. Webbe may it be said that he shows best against the best bowling, and to the least advantage against that which is most indifferent. Considering his strong defence and great power of back play, it is extraordinary to notice how often he plays forward to a wrong ball, and how liable he seems to the grievous defect of putting off balls up in the slips. A good captain would soon learn his peculiarities of play, and place an extra man for him in the slips accordingly; and had the Cambridge captain shown better judgment, Mr. Webbe's career would have been cut short. As a fieldsman Mr. Webbe is entitled to high rank; he covers a good deal of ground, is a safe catch, and a good thrower. He is better, however, a good way out than near the wickets, for he has not that wonderful pliability of limb that distinguishes such fieldsmen as Mr. Ridley and Mr. Royle. Mr. Lang is hardly as good as a bowler this year as in preceding seasons; but he has much improved in batting, and, despite his missing two catches at a critical moment, he is a fieldsman not unworthy of the brilliant company with which he has been associated. Mr. Campbell appears to have lost his batting, but to have retained his fielding. Mr. Ridley is the best all-round man in the two elevens—the most dashing and brilliant bat, the most ubiquitous field, and the bowler who, though apparently easy to lookers-on, seems to puzzle most effectually the batsmen opposed to him. His great height gives him an advantage in batting of which he avails himself to the utmost, especially in dealing with those balls on the on-side which batsmen of small stature find so difficult to place. In the field Mr. Ridley is surprisingly brilliant. He can reach everywhere, run fast, anticipate, apparently, the batsman's intentions, and his back appears to have no such thing as bone in it. We never saw a tall man bend so readily, or twist about with so little effort in any or every direction. As a bowler, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Ridley not only gets wickets, but generally gets them also when they are most wanted. Underhand bowling may by many be considered hardly worthy to be classed as bowling at all, certainly not to be mentioned n the same sentence with the performances of the great masters of

the art; but there is this to be said about Mr. Ridley's bowling, that it is backed úp by surprising alertness and agility on the part of the bowler. The batsman has not only to guard his wicket, which might be comparatively easy against such deliveries, but he has to avoid playing the ball into the hands of a watchful antagonist, who seems to know by instinct exactly where the ball is going. Mr. Briggs is a useful man already, and promises to be more so in the future. He is nearly as tall as Mr. Ridley, and has modelled his batting on the style of his captain; and though he is, of course, at present far from attaining to so high a standard, he has already caught up some of Mr. Ridley's especially strong points, particularly on the on-side. Mr. Briggs is also a good field. Mr. Pulman is a real sound cricketer, just the man to go in sixth, when a casualty or two have happened and some steadying influence is required. There is nothing showy or brilliant about him; but he always does his duty in that position to which it pleases his captain to call him. He stops balls that are hit to him along the ground, and catches them when they are hit to him in the air; he goes to the wicket not to get out, but to make runs, and he always makes them; and he would as soon go without his dinner as play forward to a long-hop, or back to a half-volley. Mr. Royle is as brilliant as Mr. Pulman is steady. Astonishingly quick in the field, with an accurate return, a useful bowler with a considerable break, and a serviceable bat, Mr. Royle well deserved a place in the eleven, and did good service with the ball at a moment when Mr. Foord-Kelcey's collapse was most severely felt. Mr. Buckland, once one of the best of school bowlers, is now bowling better than he has done for some time past; but his batting has fallen off, and his fielding is hardly up to the standard of his colleagues. He plays as if cricket was rather a bore to him than otherwise, and does not seem to enter into the game with any spirit. Mr. Game, on the contrary, has abundance of spirit, and his fielding is a treat worth going some distance to see. Of his batting, the less said the better. It is remarkable for its eccentricty, even in an age which has produced Mr. Thornton. It is never certain that either Mr. Game or Mr. Thornton will not get runs; but it is always certain that neither one or the other ought to get them. Mr. Tylecote is a plucky and industrious wicket-keeper, of fair average ability, and may also be counted on for a few runs; and, finally, Mr. Foord-Kelcey is the eleventh man, of whose merits and misfortunes we have before spoken. Taking the Cambridge eleven *seriatim*, in the order of their going in, we may observe that Mr. Greenfield is an original and characteristic batsman, with considerable experience of most varieties of bowling, with unbounded confidence in his own powers, unruffled by accidental circumstances calculated to flutter a novice, a good judge of a run, and an adept in placing the ball—perhaps too fond of trying this device, which occasionally loses him his wicket. He is a brilliant point, and he bowls lobs which may very possibly prove fatal to some of his comrades in practice, but seem to us of a very small order of merit.

There are one or two men, however, in the Cambridge eleven of 1875 who might be got rid of by the worst underhand that ever was delivered. Mr. Lucas is one of the great guns of Uppingham, and one of the mainstays of Cambridge batting. He has a sound and strong defence, and can hit fairly well, especially on the on-side. He is also an efficient field. Mr. Longman is in some respects a very aggravating player. We see him one day meeting the best professional bowling, and playing every ball with ease and correctness; we see him another day playing tamely and feebly at inferior amateur bowling, and apparently puzzled by stuff which is not worth his attention. Like most of the Cambridge men, he is better to fast than to slow bowling; but after all is said, he remains, despite his faults, a really fine bat, cutting cleanly and powerfully, and driving and hitting to leg well. He never spares himself trouble in the field, but he is not particularly brilliant in that department of the game, neither is he the best or most judicious of captains. Mr. Blacker is another who plays fast straight bowling well. To bowling off the wicket he is uncertain; to lobs he is a certain victim. He is not a good field, and it was a pity to place him in the University match in a place for which he was especially ill-suited. Mr. E. Lyttelton has the cricketing talent and the cricketing faults of his family. He is a fine hitter, but not unfrequently devoid of judgment, and he hits high as well as hard. He is a good field also, but frequently oblivious of the fact that Nature has provided him with two hands, and not with one only, wherewith to stop the ball. Mr. Sims has quite lost his bowling. It is very fast, and it is nothing else. It is not straight, and it is pitched anywhere. On the other hand, Mr. Sims has trained on into a most effective—we might almost say a commanding—batsman. He hits freely, and he comes down on the ball very hard. Sometimes, in order to come down on the ball with extra power, he raises his bat so high that in the act of bringing it down on the ball, he brings down his own wicket also. Mr. Macan is a fair average bat and field, and Mr. Patterson ought to be a superior bat, were he less nervous, and could he learn to play slow bowling decently. Like Uppingham cricketers generally, he is very good on the on-side. He is a straight bowler, with a nice delivery, but there is little difficulty about his bowling. Mr. A. F. Smith can bat as well as most men, and can field much better than most men when he chooses. When things go well with him his fielding is brilliant; but if he misses a ball he will never hurry after it, and if he misses two or three, good-bye to his fielding for the rest of the day. He is, we should say, only a half-hearted cricketer. Mr. Sharpe is a really fine medium-pace bowler, with judgment, command over the ball, and considerable power of making it break. In the absence of Mr. Foord-Kelcey he must be unhesitatingly proclaimed the best bowler in the two elevens. His analysis has been good throughout the season, and he did not fall off in the crowning encounter. He is quite good enough as a batsman to make a score off moderate bowling, but he is not always wide-awake in the field. Mr. Hamilton cannot be extolled as a wicket-keeper, although he visibly manifests his

satisfaction at the part he takes in the game. On the whole, the two elevens met on very equal terms. Although Mr. Webbe and Mr. Ridley are better than any two batsmen on the other side, there was less tail to the Cambridge than to the Oxford eleven. Through accidental circumstances the bowling was made pretty equal also; and only in fielding was there a manifest superiority on the side of Oxford. The general opinion was that, if the weather was favourable, there would be very large scores on both sides, and the result would hang in the balance to the last moment; and for once the general opinion was right.

Oxford having had the ill-luck of losing her crack bowler, was fairly compensated in some slight degree by winning the toss; and the first two batsmen, Mr. Webbe and Mr. Lang, took such good advantage of the opportunity, that between them they contributed 100 runs to the total. Thus early was it clearly shown that this would be a batsman's and not a bowler's match; thus early, also, was the weakness of the Cambridge fielding made strikingly apparent. Mr. Webbe was missed twice in the slips, and Mr. Lang found mercy at the hands of the wicket-keeper; while the general out-fielding, though perhaps not so bad as had been expected, was anything but clean. The ball was stopped, indeed, but was rarely picked up without fumbling. While acknowledging that Messrs. Webbe and Lang received a measure of luck, we must not blind ourselves to the great merit of their play. They both showed good cricket; they broke the Cambridge bowling, and they gave confidence to their comrades who had to follow them. Of these, Mr. Ridley batted in his usual masterly style, and Mr. Pulman was as steady as old Time; while Mr. Buckland showed some glimpses of his old form. The Cambridge bowling depended mainly on Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Patterson; for Mr. Sims was, if possible, more erratic than ever, and was somewhat expensive in the matter of byes. Mr. Sharpe kept up his end right manfully, and his bowling commanded the admiration of good judges, who pronounced the new bowler worthy of a place in Gentlemen *v.* Players. For our own part, while fully sensible of the merits of Mr. Sharpe's bowling, we look on it as likely to receive severe punishment from determined hitters. It may be said that very few of the Players go in for determined hitting; but the fact remains, that Mr. Sharpe was tried subsequently to the University match in one of the great matches in the North —North *v.* South, was it not, at Huddersfield?—and that his bowling altogether failed. We must not omit to mention that, on the first day of the match, the general tameness of the Cambridge fielding was pleasantly relieved by the brilliant display of Mr. A. F. Smith. What a pity that this gentleman should weary of well-doing. His fielding in the second innings of Oxford was a lamentable contrast to his fielding in the first. The large score of 200 amassed by Oxford was somewhat alarming to Cambridge men, who were still uncertain as to the exact condition of the Oxford fast bowler's poor foot; and they did not feel at all happy when Mr. Foord-Kelcey commenced to pound them down

at a terrific pace, and to inflict damage on both friend and foe. Half an hour later, however, the aspect of affairs changed, and the Light Blues breathed more freely when the fast bowler disconsolately limped away from the wicket, and the medium-pace bowlers were left in command. Mr. Lang, moreover, was evidently not in good form, and therefore there were only Mr. Ridley and Mr. Buckland —and Mr. Buckland is so very, very easy—to play, for the merits of Mr. Royle had been hardly discovered. Mr. Foord-Kelcey had, however, done good service by disposing of Mr. Greenfield—a very dangerous batsman, but one who dislikes receiving contusions on his arms or his legs. Mr. Greenfield had made 12 in good style, considering that after the first over he shrank away a little from the ball, and no doubt inwardly wished that he was on Fenners or the Brighton ground. Mr. Lucas was playing very steadily, and when Mr. Longman joined him there seemed every prospect of a great stand being made. Mr. Longman played in his very best style, cutting and driving brilliantly, and showing a perfect mastery over the bowling, though once and again he could not resist that fatal Cambridge habit of playing forward at balls not sufficiently pitched up. His 40, however, were, on the whole, well worthy of his reputation. We were glad to see Mr. Blacker get some runs; but we cannot say that he got them particularly well, and Lord's is clearly not his ground. A fast, easy wicket and fast, straight bowling are what he likes. Mr. E. Lyttelton (23) made some fine hits; but about this time Mr. Lang had resumed bowling, and had apparently discovered a spot to suit him, for he disposed of the second half of the Cambridge eleven pretty easily, Mr. Patterson alone making anything of a stand. We must add that Mr. Buckland had been bowling unusually well, and that Mr. Royle, though not successful in taking a wicket, had shown himself capable of putting a considerable amount of break on the ball; while Mr. Ridley, who captained throughout with excellent judgment, put himself on and took himself off as occasion required. The Oxford fielding was fine throughout, that of Mr. Royle and Mr. Ridley being especially brilliant. It had been estimated that the superiority of Oxford over Cambridge in the matter of fielding might be reckoned at 40 runs; and it was just by that number that Cambridge fell short of Oxford in the first innings. It was generally thought that Cambridge would be quite worth 200 runs in the second innings, especially when it became certain that Mr. Foord-Kelcey would be unable to bowl with any effect; and thus there was no dismay felt at the slight advantage which Oxford had obtained. The second innings of Oxford also commenced altogether unfavourably for the Dark Blues: Mr. Lang, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Ridley himself, all came and went after the briefest possible stay at the wickets; and Mr. Webbe, who had shown his usual strong defence, departed also for a comparatively small score (21). Things were looking badly for Oxford till Mr. Briggs and Mr. Pulman got together, and the latter's wonderful steadiness availed to arrest the panic which seemed falling on the Oxford batsmen. Mr. Pulman's 30 was the turning-point of the

match and the salvation of Oxford; and he was well backed up by Mr. Royle, and in more irregular fashion by Mr. Game, who hit with sufficient vigour and effect to make one lament that he cannot be brought to learn cricket. The Oxford tail also performed good service, the last two men putting on over 20 runs; and thus a creditable score was attained in the end, and the catastrophe which seemed imminent at one period of the innings was averted. The bowling of Mr. Sharpe in this second innings of Oxford was conspicuously good; but he lost runs through being somewhat slow or somewhat careless in fielding to his own bowling; and there were painful instances of laxity in the field otherwise. Cambridge had now 174 runs to get to win, and the task seemed well within the powers of her representatives. As the time for drawing the stumps had nearly arrived, Messrs. Hamilton and Sharpe were sent in in place of Messrs. Greenfield and Lucas, who usually open the battle for Cambridge. These two offered an unexpected resistance to the Oxford bowling, and put on 30 runs before they were separated. This was a good commencement; and as Mr. Buckland and Mr. Lang were both bowling with less effect than in the preceding innings, the Cambridge men were naturally jubilant. But at this crisis Mr. Royle came to the rescue, and dismissed both Mr. Longman, who had been again playing well, and Mr. Blacker. Then the tide turned again in favour of Cambridge, and Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Sims hit well—the latter especially—and made light of the bowling. The fine fielding of Oxford proved now of service in the time of need, and an astounding catch by Mr. Webbe, at deep square leg, dismissed Mr. Lyttelton, while another, not so difficult, perhaps, but equally well judged, by Mr. Pulman got rid of Mr. Sims, who had of late had Mr. Patterson for his partner. At this juncture only 6 runs were wanted to win, and there were two wickets to fall. Mr. Patterson had been playing steadily and well, and he and Mr. Macan were now together. Mr. Ridley, as a last chance, went on to bowl, and at once scattered Mr. Patterson's stumps, amid a roar of applause. The last man now came in, 'and nations trembled at the 'name of Smith.' Mr. A. F. Smith is a player of considerable experience, and has often scored freely against bowling far superior to that which he now had to meet. Amid a deathly silence he took his position at the wicket, and received a first ball, which missed both his bat and his wicket. Then came a second, which likewise missed his bat, but took his wicket; and so Oxford snatched the game out of the fire at the very last minute, and won the most finely-contested match ever seen by 6 runs only. We think that were it played over again half a dozen times under similar circumstances, that is, in the absence of the Oxford fast bowler, the struggle would in each instance be equally close. Two powerful batting elevens having to meet what at the best can only be called moderate bowling, may always be trusted to score freely. In fact, there is a good deal of luck in either side getting out the other. The catches which won the match for Oxford would not, perhaps, have come off more than five times out of ten; but, on the other hand, some of the

catches missed by Cambridge ought to be made ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Still, take them altogether, the sides were so evenly balanced, that if they had to play again we should be very sorry to have to name the winner and to back our judgment with a heavy stake.

We seldom care to dwell at great length on the Eton and Harrow match, and this year we need hardly detain our readers for more than a moment. Rain fell nearly all the first day; and though the bell rang during a slight intermission, and play progressed for three-quarters of an hour, it was an utter farce, and there was no cricket in it. The ground between the wickets had been covered with a tarpaulin, so that the batsmen at least could maintain their footing; but the same provident forethought had not been exercised in favour of the bowlers or the fieldsmen, and, consequently, they slid about in the most ridiculous manner in the effort to fulfil their several duties. The 66 runs obtained on the first day may go for nothing in estimating the merits of Eton batting and Harrow bowling, and what little we have to say applies only to what took place on the second day. The first innings of Harrow, as compared with that of Eton, seemed to confirm the prediction which had for some time previously been freely hazarded as to the match being a certainty for Eton; but in the second innings Harrow put quite a different face on the matter. Six wickets for 155 runs is not a very bad batting average; and in Mr. Chater (not out, 30, and not out, 35) the Etonians found an antagonist on whose strength they had evidently not reckoned. Mr. Tyssen also (39, not out) proved himself a batsman of superior calibre; and Mr. Kemp, the Harrow captain, made a good 33 when it was sorely wanted. Briefly, Eton would in all probability have had to go in for 120 or 130 to win, and the layers of long odds might not have felt altogether happy under such circumstances. Undoubtedly there are two strong bats in the Eton eleven, Mr. A. Lyttelton and Mr. Forbes; but having both scored freely (59 and 47) in their first innings, they might not have come off with equal triumph in their second. The bowling on both sides was but moderate; but in Mr. A. Lyttelton Eton possesses—and Cambridge will soon possess—a wicket-keeper of unusual ability. He is also a fine batsman, and is altogether the most brilliant, as he is the youngest, member of a distinguished cricketing family. He will be a great addition to the strength of Cambridge next year; and when he has acquired that serenity of temper and that philosophical indifference to the accidents of cricket which companionship with players older than himself is calculated to bestow, he will probably take high rank among the amateur players of England. For the rest, we need only mention that the usual visitors to Lord's on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match attended in the usual numbers, and made up for their disappointment on the first day by eating, drinking, and making merry with double vigour on the second.

Four matches have been played during the past month between the Gentlemen and the Players; for we may fairly consider the match

between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the North as a Gentleman and Players' match in everything but name. The Northern players were quite a representative eleven of the professional strength of the country; and the Gentlemen who played for the South on Monday and Tuesday played also, with little variation, on Thursday and Friday for England; and a wretched lot they were. Of the four matches, one was spoiled by the weather; one resulted in the triumphant victory of the Gentlemen, and two were mere burlesques of cricket. What good can be gained by dragging time-honoured matches in the dirt is best known to those who promote them; but it is gratifying to notice that many of our leading amateurs resolutely decline to be mixed up in these gate-money speculations. The first of these four encounters took place at the Oval, and the Players were deprived of a well-deserved victory just at the last moment. The Gentlemen had three wickets to fall, and more than 100 runs to obtain; and it was unfortunate that, under such circumstances, their captain declined to go on, on the ground of the wicket being unplayable. It was not, we believe, actually raining at the time when the match was abandoned; and though a captain has a perfect right to object to his men playing on ground unfit for cricket, it might have been well, on this particular occasion, to finish the match despite the wind and the weather, and thus to allow the Players to taste once more the fruits of victory, of which they have been so long deprived. But when once the two captains had formally resolved to draw the stumps, their decision should have been accepted and respected at once. There cannot be the slightest excuse for interference on the part of a howling and yelling mob, which has nothing to do with the conduct of the game and is utterly ignorant of its rules. One does not look, however, for good manners at the Oval; and people who play there must expect to witness scenes of violence and to hear outbursts of brutal language. Till the last innings of the Gentlemen the match had proceeded pretty evenly, Jupp, Lockwood, and Greenwood having distinguished themselves for the Players, and Mr. Longman and Mr. W. G. Grace having headed the score on the other side. The attack of Shaw and Morley, however, on the wickets of the Gentlemen was so irresistible in the second innings that no stand was made against it. Mr. Hornby, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. G. F. Grace came and went without scoring; Mr. W. G. Grace only made 17, and not another man on his side reached double figures. Half an hour more would in all probability have settled the business, but anyhow the Players may, morally speaking, be credited with the victory. Very different was the issue of the match at Lord's, where the weather was highly favourable to cricket, and the match lasted well into the third day. The elevens were well chosen, though perhaps Mr. Strachan would have been a useful addition to the Gentlemen, and as the wickets were easy and played remarkably well, large scores were a matter of course. Neither Mr. W. G. Grace nor Mr. Webbe came off in the first innings, but Mr. Longman (70) played Shaw and Morley in superb style, and

Mr. Ridley (45, not out) was not behind his Cambridge rival and contemporary. The bowling of Shaw and Morley was very fine, but Hill's day, like that of many another fast bowler, appears to have gone by, for the present at any rate. In their second innings the Gentlemen came out in their full strength. The sun shone brightly and the ground was in excellent order for batting, and that astute artist Alfred Shaw, meditating at mid-day on the chances of the game, shook his head dolefully and prophesied that the Gentlemen would not be got out that afternoon. Perhaps, being a man who is careful about his bowling average, he was not very sorry when Hill during practice time hit him a severe blow on the foot, which disabled him from taking any further part in the game. In his absence Hill and Lockwood essayed to keep up an end between them, and Oscroft, McIntyre, and Daft, with his slows, came occasionally to their relief; while Morley pretty well kept up his own end without assistance. Still, for all that, Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Webbe, who went in first, accomplished the feat, unprecedented in this match at Lord's, of scoring 200 runs before they were separated; and hardly a chance was given while these runs were being obtained. We had seen very little before of Mr. Webbe against first-class professional bowling; therefore we were agreeably surprised to observe the completeness of his defence as well as his strength-of-wrist play. Once afterwards we have seen him to still greater advantage; but his innings (65) at Lord's would have been quite sufficient to remove any lingering doubts as to his exceptional merits as a batsman. The champion's 152—and then he was run out, or he might have gone on for hours in the same style—was a magnificent performance, and his right hand has assuredly lost none of its cunning. But he is clearly more fastidious about his days and his wickets than he used to be; and his hundreds do not come now on wet grounds and in dull weather. Mr. Longman (41) played a second good innings, and Mr. Hornby, who followed (58), hit harder and faster than any of his predecessors, and fairly exhausted the already fagged and jaded professionals, half of whom are not built for fast running. Nor did the troubles of the Players end here, for on the third morning of the match Mr. Green, Lord Harris, and Mr. Francis put on nearly 100 runs more in little over an hour. The total amounted to 444, and of course the Players had no chance of winning. Their only hope was to make a draw; but that was not to be, for Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. Francis disposed of them for 165, their first innings having amounted to 169. Jupp, Lockwood (67), Greenwood (51 and 16), Daft, and Oscroft had done well with the bat; yet, considering the state of the ground, they might have been expected to do better against the not very superlative bowling they had to encounter. Mr. W. G. Grace, however, exercises a sort of fascination over professional wickets, and it must be admitted that Mr. Francis bowled surprisingly well. Next to Mr. Appleby, he is indubitably the best fast amateur bowler in England. The two matches at Prince's may be dismissed in a very few words. The professional elevens could not have been

improved; while for the Gentlemen only the two Graces out of the eleven that played at Lord's put in an appearance. The weather was bad also, and there was hardly a gleam of sunshine throughout the week, while the wicket was sticky and false. Everything was against the chance of the champion batsman making a large score, and, in addition, he must have been dispirited by the association with such incompetent colleagues. The scores of the Gentlemen—half of whom, by-the-way, were paid for showing that they could not play cricket—in the four innings were 56, 55, 59, and 93. The individual scores of Mr. W. G. Grace were 9, 0, 20, and 5. Lockwood, Greenwood, and Emmett batted well for the Players, and their bowling work was easy enough. A. Shaw and Morley in the first match, and A. Shaw and Southerton in the second, got all the wickets. It is to be hoped that if similar matches are thought necessary another year, they may be played under different titles. Probably they will be thought necessary, for any cricket, however bad, is good enough for Prince's ground; but possibly the public will not be gulled into attending them again.

Next month we propose to pay particular attention to county cricket. It would be impossible for us on the present occasion to do justice to the subject; but we may mention that the match between Nottinghamshire and Middlesex at Prince's was well worth seeing, and that Middlesex had every prospect of winning when the weather, which has been so disastrous this July to cricket, interfered and caused the game to be abandoned. Middlesex only played one innings, but that was a cricket curiosity. Out of seven men who might have been looked on as certain to score, six disappointed expectations; out of four who were very doubtful two sustained the reputation of their county. Mr. Webbe went in first and carried out his bat for 97; and a more masterly exposition of the science of batting has not been witnessed and will not be witnessed this season. The wicket was not of the easiest, but Mr. Webbe rose above difficulties. In fact, he is at his best when playing a ball that would beat most men; he is at his worst—if there is any worst about him—when playing balls that might be easy to others. He appears to relish difficulties, and creates them when they are not supplied to him ready made. Not a man in that fine Middlesex eleven gave Mr. Webbe any support until, late in the day, Mr. A. F. Smith sauntered in to bear him company. Casual observers of cricket made sure that Morley and McIntyre would send Mr. Smith back in a couple of overs; and backers of Cambridge in the University match chuckled over the idea of witnessing the discomfiture of Mr. Smith a second time, especially as his downfall would not lose them any more money. To the astonishment of both alike, Mr. Smith played the bowling of Morley and McIntyre as coolly and as easily as if he had been a Daft and a Grace, and stopped the awkward balls and hit the loose ones with such effect that casual observers had to rack their brains for a new theory of cricket, and backers of Cambridge fairly gnashed their teeth in anguish. Mr. Smith stayed in two overs, stayed in ten overs, got 5 runs, 10, 15. Oh, if he had only got a third of those

15 on that fatal evening in June, and had not been scared out of his wits by Mr. Ridley's long legs and long-hops! Now, against high-class professional bowling on a difficult wicket Mr. Smith obtained 21, and retired to the dressing-room amid the cheers of Middlesex men, but with no cheer from such Cambridge men as happened to be on the ground. Mr. Thornton, too, with his bat iron-bound at the bottom, and for aught we know leaded at the top, swaggered in, and, for a wonder, got into double figures; and thus Middlesex just passed into the third hundred, though eight of the eleven failed to obtain the coveted half score. The batting of Nottinghamshire was more uniform; and, indeed, when Mr. Hadow and Mr. I. D. Walker were left to bear the burden of the Middlesex bowling, it would have been wonderful if the north countrymen had failed to score. Years ago Daft and Oscroft would have got their 100 apiece against such bowling; but Nottingham batting has lost much of its vigour now, and 34 was the highest figure obtained. In the end Middlesex was left with something short of 70 to obtain, but rain prevented them entering on their task. We allude to a match between Kent and Derbyshire for the sake of calling attention to a new bowler rather than for any particular interest attaching to the contest. Kent, as usual, was signally worsted, though Lord Harris, as usual also, did his part for his county; but a far better eleven might well have been discomfited by the puzzling deliveries of Mycroft, a left-handed medium-pace bowler, whose power over the ball is remarkable, even in these days of A. Shaw and Southerton. We shall hope to see Mycroft on the great London grounds next season. Kent suffered also an equally smashing defeat from Sussex in the return match at Brighton, Mr. J. M. Cotterill (191) beating the two innings of the once famous county off his own bat. Lord Harris has worked most patriotically this season, but he must be sick of the monotony of always being on the losing side—on a side, moreover, which invariably seems so overmatched as to have no hope of making even a moderately good fight. The pride of Sussex, however, was lowered subsequently by Hampshire—the only county, curiously, which Kent has succeeded in defeating—thanks to over-confidence, to bad fielding, and to the bowling of Mr. Ridley. Mr. Longman and Mr. Ridley are rather stronger batting antagonists than Sussex is in the habit of meeting, and, oddly enough, Sussex played a weaker eleven than usual, imagining perhaps that Hampshire was a foeman hardly worthy of her steel. Mr. Ridley and Mr. Longman got the runs for Hampshire, and Mr. Ridley got the wickets; while only Mr. Greenfield made a decided stand for his county against the bowling of Tate and Mr. Ridley. With any common care, however, Sussex would have pulled through; but catch after catch was missed, and then just at the end Mr. Ridley, according to his wont, frightened out three batsmen in one over, and so the match was won and lost by 28 runs. Sussex is really a strong county, yet to see her representatives on some occasions at the wickets and in the field, one would doubt very much in which department of the game the strength lies.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The Thames yachting season is now nearly over, and the next matches of importance will be those at the Isle of Wight, where, with suitable weather, aquatic sports may be enjoyed in their fullest perfection, and in any case we are sure to find a large gathering of pleasant people and old friends.

The Royal Thames match from the Nore to Dover, though it had secured a splendid entry of all rigs, fell far short of previous anniversaries in interest, owing to the lack of wind, which delayed the start for about four hours. At noon, however, they got a slight S.E. breeze, and the signal was given, but off the Goodwin the leaders were utterly becalmed at the back, while those astern, going to the right of the East Goodwin Light, went crawling on. Round the North Sand Head the leaders were Kriemhilda, Florinda, Hypatia, Veronica, Lufra, Egeria, Fiona, Olga, Corisande, and Sea Belle. Towards the close of the journey the wind became northerly, and improved a trifle; but as they had now the full force of the tide against them, the progress made was but slow, and in the end Fiona and Kriemhilda were the first two home, though the prizes for this most unsatisfactory match fell as follows:—Sea Belle, first; Surf, second; Fiona, third. The Royal Cinque Ports Club had a rare muster of yachts in Dover Harbour, and, including those engaged in the unfortunate Channel match of the Royal Thames to Dover, some of the finest vessels afloat were present at the regatta. Handsome prizes were given for each rig, and cutters divided into two classes, over and under 50 tons; but owing to the want of wind the matches, though numerously contested, lost much of their interest, and the course was shortened, the second time round being dispensed with. The Fiona and Hypatia took the cutter prizes, Florinda that for yawls, and Gwendolin the schooner prize. The next day there was a brilliant entry for the race to Boulogne and back, and with a light S.W. breeze, which improved during the day, they had a fair day's sailing, though the wind failed them from time to time; and in the end the Corinne, being first home, took the Queen's Cup, the other valuable prizes falling to the Florinda and Fiona. The New Thames match from Southend to Harwich had a fairish entry, and the prospect of good sport on arrival at their destination induced several owners who declined entering to accompany the match, Olga, Medora, and Australia, amongst others, keeping company with the racing fleet. They had a nice W. breeze to start, and Mr. Boutcher scored another win with the Fiona, the Surf, second best, taking the yawl prize. At Harwich Fiona won again, beating her opponents by about an hour; and in the schooner and yawl race Olga won the first prize, and Surf the second. The Club match to Southend resulted in a verdict, unusual in yacht-racing, though common enough in other sports, of a dead-heat; Fiona and Olga getting home neck and neck, and the two prizes being accordingly divided between them.

Amongst the rowing fraternity much interest has been taken in a reported match between Boyd and Sadler, but at present nothing has been settled, though the men are certain to meet sooner or later.

The Metropolitan Regatta had, as usual, fair entries and some good rowing, though the majority of the boats, having lost one or two of their best men, who after Henley victories or reverses decline to keep fit for smaller game, were somewhat rough. In Senior Eights the Molesey Club beat crews (though scarcely representative ones) of the Thames and London clubs, and the Thames Club beat London in Fours, the latter's steering gear getting out

of order. In the Sculls, Playford, to the astonishment of the talent, outrowed Dicker; and the Londoner, with Smith as partner, made an example of Chillingworth and Herbert in the Pairs. The Junior Eights were carried off by the Ino after good races with Twickenham and West London; and the same Club won Junior Sculls by the aid of Frere, who is a very promising *débutant*.

The Regatta at Walton-on-Thames, where the youth and beauty of the locality are wont to congregate in the most becoming varieties of war-paint on Mrs. Ingram's lawn, was this year, owing to almost incessant rain, a most wretched affair, and visitors were conspicuous by their absence. The rowing, too, was scarcely up to the average, and the amount of land-water out made racing against the stream very severe work. The Senior Fours fell to the Thames Club, who, having the best of the station, at the finish beat the Londoners by about a clear length. Chillingworth and Herbert took the Pairs; and Frere, who obtained his seniority at the Metropolitan somewhat easily, walked over for the final heat of Senior Sculls. The Junior Fours were won by the Cooper's Hill Boat Club. The principal excitement of the day was, oddly enough, connected with the Scratch Eights, for which a young man who had duly entered and paid his money came too late, and finding his place occupied announced his intention of stopping the race by getting in the way, which he proceeded to do tolerably effectually. Several of the competitors and spectators, being naturally incensed at this interference with the sport, chased him down the river for some distance, and after several cries of 'Duck him,' the advice was taken *au pied de la lettre*, and he was adequately immersed, being finally rescued from further violence by the umpire's launch. Whatever his grievance against the authorities for allowing his seat to be filled by another, we cannot be surprised at the indignation of the lookers-on, and he will probably think twice before again carrying out his threat of stopping a race.

The Wingford Sculls this year produced a good deal of excitement, owing to the form shown by young Playford at the Metropolitan being so decided an improvement on his Henley performance, that his friends had great and reasonable hopes of his again beating Dicker, who has held the championship two years. As it turned out, their wishes were realised; indeed, so confident were the supporters of the young one, that only 6 to 4 was laid on the champion, who was shown up by Joe Sadler, while Mr. Gulston of the L.R.C. piloted Playford. For a mile and a half it was anybody's race, until Dicker boring into Playford's water had to sheer out suddenly, to avoid a foul, and this occurring twice, the men went under Hammersmith Bridge as level as possible, Playford having a trifle the best of it. After this he rowed his man down very quickly, and, establishing a comfortable gap, held the lead easily to the finish, winning by a very long distance, so far, indeed, that it is difficult to estimate it accurately, in 27 min. 8 secs., which, considering the state of the tide and the winner not being pushed after Hammersmith, was fair time. Both men rowed well, Dicker showing the same power that has been so often admired on this water and at Henley, and sculling certainly as neatly as ever he did, though when fairly collared at Hammersmith the new champion cut him down pretty quickly. Playford, who has youth on his side, may fairly expect to hold the trophy for some time, and coming as he does of a rare rowing stock, for his father was champion twenty-seven years ago, might aspire to rival Casamajor, who held the Wingfield until his victories became quite monotonous. Nowadays, however, there is not likely to be a similar dearth of challengers, though at present we do not see where another winner is to come from.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jottings.

THE birds of fashion are pluming themselves for flight, and before these pages meet our readers' eyes they will be on the wing. The wane of the season is a visible sign, as he that rides in the Row may read. It was only yesterday it commenced in wet and cold, and its latter end has been like its beginning. The summer is over, and yet summer we have had none. A gay and brilliant season, a picture of light and lovely colouring set in a dingy and dirty frame, that has been the London season of this year of grace. It has always rained at garden parties, Hurlingham has been synonymous with east wind and red noses, and both wet and cold contended to ruin Eton and Harrow. If ever we took our outdoor pleasures sadly, surely we had a right to do so now. And yet such is our pluck that everybody goes about saying the season has been 'charming.'

Of course racing has suffered, though racing people are a hardened generation, and, so that they win their money, are indifferent as to weather. What could be more unpleasant than Sandown Park on that Saturday when it should by right have put on its best garments to welcome our Princess, paying, with her husband, her first visit? The place would have looked very pretty if the sun had but shone, for it was swept and garnished within and without, and Mr. Whittaker Bushe, the manager, had worked so as really to deserve the stereotyped titles of 'indefatigable and energetic,' which have been applied to all managers from the commencement of time. Why, then, were the clouds heavy, and chill the wind? Simply because it was the 3rd of July, we suppose. There were not half enough people there, but that perhaps was so much the pleasanter for those who were present, though the shareholders would have liked to see a few more half-crowns, we take it—respectable half-crowns, and not the rough money that did manage to get there and made a bear-garden of the place on the second day. It is an old story now—the Sandown Park disturbance; but we must refer to it to make our protest against such rowdyism. The worst feature of it was that respectable people, or quasi respectable, took part in it. We don't think so much of the roughs who wanted to pull Webb out of the saddle, because 'it is their nature to,' but there were one or two men who began the disturbance, consequent on Tangible's not being able to win the Cup, who ought to have had six months. Racing manners were never, we suppose, very polished, and perhaps in such a republic as the Turf we ought not to expect that they should be, but we have a right to expect that the ruffianism of the prize-ring and the cock-pit, the extinction of which latter institution our gallant Turf Dictator so feelingly laments, should be absent from our racecourses. There is a great licence of language allowed to and among a certain portion of the racing world, and, unfortunately, it has been fostered and encouraged by those who ought to have checked it. We can appeal to Newmarket *habitués* to confirm this. The language indulged in in the vicinity of the Rowley Mile Stand, for instance, with ladies sitting in their carriages unwilling listeners, is an evil that the Jockey Club ought to have the power to remedy. We do not pretend to be mealy-mouthed, but there are limits, or ought to be, to the *patois* of Nottingham and Sheffield, places about top-weight in the Bad Language Handicap. It is to be hoped that in the new stand which Messrs. Clark and Holland are about raising to replace the old one some special provision may

be made by the architects to prevent that confusion of tongues which has long made a Babel of the latter.

The July week at headquarters, what between the racing and the blood-stock sales, was a very busy one. The former, it is true, played the very deuce with two-year-old form, and nearly reduced several of our leading analysts to the verge of despair. It certainly is a curious jumble, and at the present writing a selling plater that ran at Stockbridge, the colt by Man-at-Arms—Cerise, seems to be top of the tree; but how long he will keep that position we should not like to say. Buckets in a well are a joke to what our youngsters did over the new T.Y.C. and the last half of the B.M., and old racing men swore by their gods that never had there been such confusion. The general opinion, we are aware, is that this in-and-out running makes the lot but moderate; indeed, it is almost an article of racing faith that, when horses are all together, they are necessarily bad. We are not quite sure that this argument is sound, and in this particular instance we have an idea, which we put forward with due diffidence, that two or three of our two-year-olds are very good, and that time will prove it. Perhaps next year, or before, we may have to confess we were wrong; but *nous verrons*. At all events, we had good racing on the other side of the Ditch, whence, by-the-way, they have removed the old stand, a relic of the Stuarts, and whose latter days, let us hope, made up for the sin and wickedness of its youth, by affording a shelter to the victims of small-pox when Newmarket was visited by that epidemic last year. Of course after doing this pious act its fate was sealed, and so the old brown roof no longer rises over the Ditch, and we miss the familiar landmark as we drive to the course. But the racing, as we have just said, was grand, and the finish for the July one of the finest ever seen. Wonderful rider as George Fordham is, wonderful squeezer (there is no other word that can better describe the process by which he lifts a horse in the last few strides), wonderful all-round man, in fact, we think he was at his best that Tuesday in the July. Lord Rosebery had determined to give Levant another chance, and so 'the 'demon' had the mount. What Levant thought of 'the demon' we shall never know, but she must have been much astonished. Gilestone was the favourite, and the Heath House crack, Farnese, with Levant, were at 4 to 1 each. Coltness was out in the cold at 10 to 1, and was evidently not the thing; and of the others Camelia was most fancied. Gilestone belongs to Mr. T. V. Morgan, and is by The Earl or The Palmer—Cashmere's dam—and had done something to please Joseph Dawson and make him first favourite. He had no particular good looks to recommend him, in this respect Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry colt, since named Farnese, having the decided call. He opened favourite, too, on the strength of a rumour that he was better than Bella. Then came another rumour that he was a roarer, how true or false, we can't say; but this and the rush on Levant, when it was known Fordham would ride her, sent him back. Count de Lagrange had a real beauty in Camelia, a daughter of Macaroni and Araucaria, and of the others, Pluton, who will one day perhaps turn out a racehorse, was the most admired. In the race Coltness was the first beaten, and Gilestone was soon afterwards apparently in trouble, but, running with exceeding gameness, he managed to recover his place, and from the corner of the plantation it was a splendid race between four. These were Farnese, Levant, Camelia, and Gilestone, and which had the best of it, looking from close to the judge's chair, was hard to say. Farnese appeared to have his head momentarily in front a hundred yards or so from home, but Fordham caught hold of Levant and, as we have before said, squeezed her in in the last few strides by

a head, Camelia and Gilestone making a dead-heat for third place. A splendid finish and a splendid exhibition of jockeyship won. We make no reflection on the riders of the others, and, indeed, no reflection can be made, for they are all accomplished horsemen in their several styles; but every community has its king, and as the king of jockeys is George Fordham, it is not too much to say that he could have won on either of the four. There is no doubt that Levant tried to cut it when close home, but she had found her master this time, and we should think would remember him for some time to come. These fine finishes, exciting spectacles as they are of pluck and riding, often do harm to the actors therein unless they happen to be of the gamest. There can be no doubt, we think, that Levant is a jade, only she was not allowed to show the white feather in the July. Will she forget the punishment she then received? A week later and the filly answered for herself. She met Julia Peachum at even weights at Nottingham, distance half a mile, which it was thought would suit her much better than the Bush In at Stockbridge; and, said the account in the 'Sporting Gazette,' 'this, however, was not one of her' (Levant's) 'going days, as she was fairly in trouble when half the distance was accom-'plished, and Lord Lonsdale's filly . . . won very easily at last.' We do not mean to affirm that Levant will never win again. Dover had tried her at home to be a real good mare, which no doubt she is when she will do her best; but unless 'the demon' is always at hand to ride (and perhaps even he would not do a second time) we shall be afraid to trust her. Lord Falmouth told us, after the July race, that in his opinion Kingcraft never got over the severe finish in the Middle Park Plate in Frivolity's year, when poor Tom French on his horse was just done for second place by Sunshine, the judge's fiat being a short head. Tom was hard on Kingcraft, and as the latter was not the gamest of the game, he never, as far as we remember, could be got to struggle afterwards. True he won the Derby, but it was no race, for he won in a canter, the pace being bad and his fine speed bringing him home.

We are wandering away from the July, though, to which we must return. Lowlander won the Cheveley, carrying 10 st., the same weight with which, two years previously, Prince Charlie had performed his most brilliant feat, giving Blenheim his year and a stone and beating him by a head. Then, odds of 7 to 4 were laid on the Prince; to-day, bookmakers offered 6 to 5 against Lowlander. Why they did so, seeing he had only Quiver, Ecossais, and La Jeunesse to beat, passes comprehension. Of course he won; and Lord Huntly was a lucky man to get such a price about him. Prince Arthur showed himself a good horse in the First Welter when, carrying top-weight, he beat all the favourites; and the first day's racing was certainly as good as anything we ever saw at Newmarket. The second—though there was plenty of racing in all conscience—lacked the go of the first, and small fields was the rule, except for the Maiden Plate, for which the colt by Man-at-Arms—Cerise, was a strong favourite, despite his Stockbridge defeat. There were extraordinary tales of how good this colt was—better than Albanus, better than Bella—goodness knows what he had not the best of! He carried a good deal of money, there is no doubt, and he won cleverly enough, beating Caballero, who next day showed himself a racehorse; so now we take off our hats to 'the plater.' Mr. Chaplin had not a very good time at Newmarket. After Camelia's Stockbridge running the match with Father Claret, the latter giving him 8 lbs., looked a good thing for him; but he was in trouble coming up the hill, and was beaten easily. Then in the last race, the Second Welter, there was a lot of money put on that uncertain performer, Bras de Fer; Mr. Chaplin backing him and letting the bottom-weight, Blanchefleur, run loose. Accordingly, a quarter of a mile from home the mare went to the front, easily shook off Bras de Fer, and

won easily, to the intense disgust of a great many people, her owner, we should say, included. There was nothing, certainly, in her previous running this year to induce one to back her, but she was chucked in the handicap, and some shrewd judges threw away a few fivers and tenners and reaped their reward. On Thursday, the good-looking Cabellero, a son of Pero Gomez, rather astonished the talent by beating Julia Peachum in a Maiden Stakes, and beating her pretty easily too. She had a 5 lbs.-penalty, it is true, but that ought not to have stopped her. The July Handicap had Decorator and Florimel for first favourites, but the latter never was in it, and when Decorator came to the front he had everything else safe, winning very easily by a length and a half from Julian. The stable and the public stood Gilestone again in the Chesterfield, and they preferred the chances of Brodick, a dark Blair Athol, to those of Skylark. Silly public! Whether Gilestone is a good horse or not, remains to be proved, we take it. Joseph Dawson says he is; but as he swerved all across the course—it was more of a bolt, indeed, than a swerve—and Skylark won very easily, it looks very much as if he was a bit of a rogue. On Friday we again saw Farnese in the Stretchworth Stakes, and, though he ran lazily, he came out when Archer roused him, and won like a racehorse from M. de Fligny. If we mistake not, we have yet to see the best of Farnese, roarer though he be. King of the Vale was intended to be a very good thing in the 100 sovs. Plate, for he had 14 lbs. the best of the weights; but Jeffery, for some reason or another, changed his ground halfway up the hill, and, so Wheeler said and so the Stewards thought, prevented Brodick winning. There was an objection on the ground of a cross, which was sustained, and Brodick got the stakes. With 8 st. 12 lbs. on his back, Sir John Astley once more stood Bras de Fer in the Newcastle Stakes, but all Fordham's powers never brought him to the front, and Touche-a-Tout spread-eagled her field. Tartine, the worst favourite of the lot, proved herself the best stayer in the Suffolk Stakes; and the Fourth Welter was won by Stray Shot. We were promised a Fifth Welter, which would certainly have been, if it had come off, the welterest. A sweepstakes had been made up overnight at Lord Dupplin's; Bras de Fer, Chandos, and Caramel, owners up, and the conditions 'all to ride Sir John 'Astley's weight.' Here would have been sport indeed! Speculation took a wide range as to what the honourable Member for North Lincolnshire would scale, and would he come through or wait? What would Bras de Fer think of it too, and which would be favourite? But it came to nothing. The afternoon was wet, a damper to spirits and energies, and perhaps the sitting the previous night had been long and hard. There is a saying about 'the morning's 'reflections,' &c., and we presume the reflections on this occasion were not favourable. At all events the event did not come off, which was a great pity. For the rest, it was a very pleasant week, much enjoyed by a royal as well as many noble sportsmen. Some of the latter were good enough to introduce polo to an admiring Newmarket audience, consisting principally of ladies and bookmakers. The former were charmed, but the verdict of the latter, we regret to say, was not favourable.

After the July we do not expect much until we climb the hill at Goodwood, and debouch from the birdless wood on to the velvet lawn. But the Messrs. Topham have done so much in endeavouring to give the Liverpool Meeting some of its former renown that it is right and proper their efforts should be recognised. They had a very successful three days, in fact, and their liberality met with a good reward. That liberality took the shape of 3,000*l.* added money to the three days, and this was very good indeed. One of the Nottingham days interfered with the opening one on Aintree, and the leading patrons were rather scarce, as, indeed, they were on the two

others; but the general public made amends, and the inclosure on the Cup day on Friday looked something like old times. Johnny Osborne has a sort of prescriptive right now to the Lancashire Welter, as he landed it on the first day for the third year in succession. Mintdrop, a three-year-old daughter of Lozenge, with her owner up, carried it off this time, but she carried very little else away, for she was not much fancied somehow; and Decorator, with his 15 lbs. extra, was a very warm favourite, but he could not stay the course, and was, in fact, never in the race. Neither Lord Aylesford or Captain Machell were present when old Oxonian, looking very fresh, went to the post for the Molyneux Cup, carrying the top-weight of 9 st. 10 lbs., so he started an outsider, at the finish the Maude Victoria being decided favourite, and Sir George Chetwynd again trusting Lady Atholstone, but Oxonian, taking up the running in the straight, soon had his horses safe, and won very easily by a length and a half. The Cup on the second day was, of course, the event of the meeting, and, with 500 sovs. added, there ought to have been a better field for it than there was. The race, we are sorry to say, was marred by an unpleasant incident in connection with it, and caused a large amount of angry feeling. Fraulein had been favourite nearly from the publication of the handicap, and though her owner, Mr. Gomm, was understood to be suffering from illness, and in all probability would not be able to be present (as was the case), there was not the slightest indication that the mare would be a non-starter. All Mr. Gomm's friends were on her, and she was a very strong favourite indeed with the general public. It was with a feeling of astonishment, then, that, on arriving at Aintree on the Thursday morning, ominous rumours were found to be afloat respecting Fraulein. The offers against her were numerous, and the prices got worse and worse, until her backers' state of suspense was terminated by her being struck out about one hour before the race. We are far from blaming Mr. Gomm for what he did, but it is the way in which it was done that has laid his conduct open to criticism. An owner has a perfect right, we have always maintained, and shall continue to maintain, to have the price about his horse which he made up his mind to get, and failing which, to strike it out even at the eleventh hour. It is nothing to say that his friends and everybody else were on. If he did not tell his friends to back his horse, they did it at their own risk and with their eyes open, and they cannot complain. But there were some circumstances about the scratching of Fraulein which were rather unprecedented. The letter to William Goater's head man written by Mr. Gomm, in which the mare was directed to be struck out, though dated the 13th of July, was not delivered at Messrs. Topham's office on the course until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th. The man to whom it was addressed—George Butt, a trusted servant of William Goater's—on being questioned said he had only a few minutes previously received it from Mr. W. Collins, a Birmingham bookmaker, and on discovering its contents had immediately gone to the C.C.'s room and given orders for the mare to be struck out. So much excitement was caused that the Stewards present, Sir George Chetwynd and Captain Machell, determined on investigating it; and on inquiry of Mr. W. Collins, he admitted that he had had the letter in his possession for some little time, and that he was perfectly aware of the nature of its contents. That is to say, Mr. W. Collins, who, we believe, is a most estimable person, had Fraulein in his pocket for a certain amount of hours, some say four and twenty, others less, but at all events a sufficient time to make money out of her, if such had been his wish. We do not for one moment suppose, and all who know Mr. Gomm will agree with us in so supposing, that he ever contemplated, when he gave instructions to Mr. Collins to get for him a certain price about his mare, and if that price could not

be got, that she was then and there to be struck out, what use Mr. Collins might make of the power thus given him. Mr. Gomm's better judgment probably now tells him what he did, and we should think that he regretted it deeply. It was a grievous error, because he, by that error, set a temptation before a man which the bookmaking mind could not resist. Here was money to be made out of a confiding public eager to get on Fraulein. Need we say what occurred? The public got on, and when, within an hour of the race, the secret could no longer be kept, the letter was delivered to George Butt, and the explosion came. It was a tremendous explosion too, and some very hard and nasty terms were applied to a transaction which looked, on the face of it, about the most glaring heard of for some time. The Stewards wrote to Mr. Gomm that night, and his friends were not sparing of telegraphic messages, some of them not of a very soothing character. Mr. Gomm hastened to explain and relieve himself from the opprobrium attaching to the affair, and his explanation was what was to be expected. He had commissioned Collins to take six monkeys about his mare; if that price could not be got she was to be struck out. All well and good. As we have remarked above, Mr. Gomm was entitled to demand what price about his mare he chose, and if he could not get it, to strike her out. The error he committed was entrusting such a commission to such a commissioner.

This of course altered the betting on the Cup, and Tam o' Shanter became a very strong favourite before the flag fell. Sir George Chetwynd freely supported Conseil, and there was good money behind Munden and Owton at the finish. Tam o' Shanter was a doubtful stayer, and the pace seemed made to suit him, for it was wretchedly bad; and he came out full of running at the distance, and won in a canter. The Fraulein affair was not allowed to rest, for she was pulled out the next day for the Liverpool Plate, and showed us where she would have been in the Cup by winning in a canter, and beating Tam o' Shanter nearly out of sight. This caused some expressions of feeling of a hostile character from, we presume, Fraulein's Cup backers, which was met by a counter-demonstration on the part of some Birmingham roughs and fighting men, who made an escort for Fraulein and Constable to the weighing-room. It was not an agreeable sight. Perhaps if Mr. Gomm had been present he would have said, 'Save me from my friends.'

In our opening remarks on the Sandown Park affair we have commented on that licence of language claimed by and allowed to a certain portion of the racing world, and while we were penning the words a commentary on them was being enacted. Major Dixon, while starting at Worcester, was subjected to gross insult and abuse from another Birmingham bookmaker because he had called the Clerk of the Course's attention to the fact that the horses, as they entered or left the saddling paddock, were liable to hit their legs against the stools used by some of the betting men. Mr. Pratt ordered the removal of the stools, and Major Dixon was consequently assailed by these Birmingham roughs in the manner we have mentioned. He fortunately kept his temper, and laid the matter before the Stewards of the meeting, with a request that he might be protected from such insults while acting in an official capacity. His complaint has been referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and we are glad that such prompt action has been taken in the matter. As the roughs of Sandown Park had to apologize to Sir George Chetwynd, we trust a like reparation will be made to Major Dixon.

In the first week in this month the Yorkshire Agricultural Society will hold its Cattle, Horse, and Hound Show at Driffield, described by one who knows it well, as the centre of the most 'horsey' district in Yorkshire, and consequently in the world. There is to be a very grand display of hounds, we

hear, the Council and their well-known Secretary, Mr. Thomas Parrington, being on their mettle, from the accounts they have heard of the Alexandra Park display. A Daniel, too, is to come to judgment in the person of Lord Chief Justice John Russell, or, as he is otherwise known, the Prime Minister of the West, and to see him on the bench will be worth a pilgrimage to Driffield. Yorkshire will receive him with honour, we feel sure, and, though far from his Devonshire home, one touch of nature will make all Yorkshire kin.

The sales at Newmarket were the great event of the July week, and it is probable that we shall find the place become a very favourite one with breeders and gentlemen 'retiring from the Turf' (to come on again in a twelvemonth's time), even more so than it has hitherto become. Now Doncaster is so overcrowded,' there is great inducement to send your stock to Newmarket, and there is every inducement to attract buyers to the place, for they see some good racing, most of our crack two-year-olds—at least, when we have any, and enjoy it all in a peace and quietness which Doncaster cannot give. Lord Rosslyn began the week, though not at Newmarket, his Lordship offering his yearlings for sale in the park at Easton, his pretty place in Hertfordshire. A number of gentlemen bound for Newmarket stopped at Takeley station, about three miles from the park, and there were some fair prices realised for the yearlings, but nothing very extravagant, Lord Dupplin buying the highest-priced one, a chestnut colt by D'Estournel—Chancery, for 400 guineas. There was some curiosity to see Gladiateur, who was sold at the same time with Captain Ray's yearling, to dissolve a partnership existing between that gentleman and Lord Downe. Tom Jennings came over from Newmarket to have a look at his old friend; and such a grand horse the latter appeared, that Tom put him in at a thousand directly. Then Lord Downe brought him up to 3,000; and so the bidding went on until Captain Ray became his sole possessor at 4,300 guineas. As an old admirer of Gladiateur, we have been waiting for him some time to make his mark, and don't despair of seeing another Hero yet.

The Newmarket sales proper began on Wednesday morning with Mr. Gee's yearlings. A plucky buyer is Mr. Gee, giving his money freely where he takes a fancy, but he has not yet met with a very high reward; and this year the average, though an improvement on that of '74, was only a fair one; indeed, gauged by the Mentmore and the 'Holy Friar's,' was absolutely bad, so that on Thursday and Friday Mr. Gee chewed the cud of bitter reflections when he heard the sum total of those days. They were a good-looking lot though, the Lord Clifdens, and there is no doubt but several of them went decided bargains—as we fear, for the breeder's sake, yearlings by this sire will continue to go until he gives us a flyer; there is a prejudice against him, as some of the prices Mr. Gee got for some of his best bred ones testified. A daughter of Donna del Lago should have brought more than 300 guineas; and when Prince Batthyany got a son of Idalia for a century, he got a bargain indeed. Even the good-looking Cerintha colt only realised 480 guineas; and the daughter of Dulcibella 20 guineas less. It will be seen that it was a buyer's day. If it had not been for Stockwell the 2nd, a chestnut colt by King of the Forest—Virtue, and the half-brother to Levant, the average would have been low indeed; but Robert Peck bought the former for 1,400 guineas, and, in the opinion of most people, gave plenty of money for him; while Lord Rosebery, as in duty bound, secured the other for 800 guineas. Lord Stamford bought a colt by Trumpeter—Baroness, and every one was glad to hear that it was to go into Matthew Dawson's stable, and hoped to see the Stamford colours again to the fore.

Expectation was on tip-toe on Thursday morning. Mr. Tattersall bore

himself with a gravity and dignity unusual, as if he felt impressed by his task and the excellence of what he was about to offer. Markham wore a proud and satisfied look; and Mr. Nathaniel de Rothschild had the air of a man who knew that to him no little honour was due. Certainly the Mentmore yearlings were a splendid lot, and rumour, for once in a way, had not exaggerated when it said that rarely would such a lot be seen again in one ring. Markham had brought them up in the perfection of condition, and, while giving him every credit for his care and labour, we must also give credit to the master. Mr. Nathaniel de Rothschild, who manages the details of the stud for the Baroness, has had his eye everywhere, and, as good masters make good servants, no wonder the Mentmore yearlings received the well-merited encomiums they did. The fame of Sidonia (brother to Corisande) had travelled far and wide; as he was led into the ring there was a universal buzz of admiration, and when Mr. Naylor, Mr. Gerard, and Lord Zetland rushed into the fray, all bent on having him, the excitement was immense. Lord Zetland was the first to retire; and the struggle lay between the old sportsman and the young one. The former had a backer, though, that at the time we wotted not of; and when the hammer fell to his bid of 2,450, after Mr. Tattersall had vainly tried to coax another 50 out of Mr. Gerard, it soon became known that Prince Batthyany was, with Mr. Naylor, the joint proprietor of 'the finest yearling that ever walked into a ring.' May it be a case of 'hand-'some is that handsome does.' Mr. Gretton and Mr. Brown contended for the possession of Polydorus, a colt by Parmesan—Hermione, and the former got him for 1,800 guineas; while Lord Stamford bought a very beautiful filly by Lecturer—Queen of the Vale, with the pretty and winning name Lady of the Lea, for 750 guineas. The sum total was 8,610 guineas; the average, 574 guineas; and it could not be said, seeing what they were, to be an excessive one. On Friday, however, there was to be a higher average yet, and people began talking of the days of high prices, and breeders—some of them, at least—rubbed their hands pleasantly; while there were others who looked sadly at a joy in which they were not sharers. The dispersion of Mr. Chaplin's horses in training and young stock, together with the small stud of the late Mr. King, was Mr. Tattersall's last agreeable labour. It was rumoured that Mr. Chaplin had been offered 20,000*l.* for his lot and had declined it. If this was the case, he must have thought his sale a bad one, for under 13,000 guineas was the sum total. On the other hand, the executors of 'Parson King' must have been fairly astonished when the three yearlings they sent up averaged 1,133 guineas. Among the trio was a brother to Holy Friar, in whom, if looks are to go for anything, Mr. Gretton has got something very good; while of the horses in training, Robert Peck, who has evidently the purse of a millionaire behind him, gave the modest sum of 2,400 guineas for Hypocrisy (sister to Holy Friar), and Mr. Gibson bought the latter for 1,300 guineas. Truly it was a wonderful week, and, apart from the mere money considerations, a very satisfactory one. To know that we are to have another Lord Zetland on the Turf, that we are to welcome the return of Lord Stamford, and that Mr. Naylor is to bring back all the pleasing associations connected with the primrose jacket—'here's 'sport indeed.' The money we do not attach so much importance to. The enormous wealth of the country must necessarily flow into many channels, and it would be curious if the racing channel was not one. But we do want men—we mean of the right sort and degree—and we seem now to be getting them. A year or two back the prospect looked gloomy. There were plenty of owners of racehorses, of a sort, but not of a desirable sort, and we sought in vain for some leaders of racing society to come to the rescue. Now

they have come, we trust more will follow, and that we shall keep those we have. Mr. Chaplin, we hope, will not leave us. He has done much for the Turf, and we look to him to do more.

An action at the recent Warwick Assizes has excited much interest among the men and women hunting with the Atherstone, the Pytchley, and the North Warwickshire, because the fair plaintiff is well known in those parts as one of the straightest and best of sportswomen, holding her own without fear or favour among the first flight, and only asking a horse to do what 'Cru-'sader,' it appears, could not—'go.' Miss Davy of Newton House, near Rugby, was the plaintiff, and the defendant was Lieutenant Brackenbury of the Royal Artillery; and the action arose out of a deal, in which Miss Davy got much the worst of it. She gave her horse Jack Spring and 130 guineas to boot for Mr. Brackenbury's Crusader, believing the latter to be sound, which he turned out, according to some veterinary testimony, not to be; but there was the usual contradictory evidence on this point. At all events, Miss Davy found him terribly slow, though she was 'like a fly on his back,' and offered to make some sacrifice if Mr. Brackenbury would take him back, and give her Jack Spring again. But the artilleryman had made a good bargain and stuck to it; and, as there was no express warranty, she taking the defendant's word that he was sound and free from blemish, this was the weak part of her case. The jury could not agree, and were divided ten to two, the ten, it was generally known, being for the plaintiff. As a juror belonging to the majority declared in court 'that they would die before they yielded,' Mr. Justice Lindley naturally got alarmed, and discharged them. Some surprise was caused by so astute a lady as Miss Davy, with Mr. Darby's stable, backed by Mr. George Darby's persuasive eloquence to fall back upon, being worsted in this way. The moral seems to be—better go to the dealer.

The Alexandra Palace has had more than one facer this season. The Directors have proposed and the weather has disposed in a very moist and bitter fashion; but their cup of cold water was filled to the brim on the occasion of the Hound Show on the 14th and 15th ult., when the rain played the mischief with everything. It is doubtful if a hound show, under the most favourable state of things, would ever pay, for not one hunting man in twenty cares about hounds; and if the first flight in most countries were asked whether it was a dog or bitch pack out, they would be puzzled, we fancy, to tell. And yet what a study are the 'benches,' even to an eye that cannot distinguish Badminton from Brocklesby or Bramham Moor from the Quorn. We do not know anything pleasanter than a couple of hours on the 'flags' with the huntsman, or, better still, the Master at our elbow to answer our questions, and tell us the history of this and that. But, though there is a large 'doggy' world, yet, as a rule, it does not care for hounds. Scotch colleys, brindled mastiffs, and Dandie Dinmonts—goodness gracious! how they do fight over them, as witness the columns of that excellent journal 'The Field,' whose 'doggy' editor is, we believe, shrouded in mystery, because his life would be in danger if he was known. Perhaps we shall bring down ridicule on ourselves by the question we are about to ask, but yet we will risk it—May not non-hunting men be fond of hounds? If they are fond of dogs of high and low degree, may they not appreciate a hound? It seems not, for hound shows—in London, at least—have been failures. Some few years back the Duke of Beaufort sent his pack to Islington, but very few appreciated it; and last year at the Crystal Palace not a hound was shown, though that was accounted for by the dread of hydrophobia. Yorkshire has good hound shows, but then that is because it is Yorkshire; and it has remained for Mr. Martin, the manager of the Alexandra Horse Show, to get up the first good hound ditto

south of the Trent. Nobody came to see it, however, beyond a few Masters and the huntsmen, and the weather will not quite explain this fact. If Dandie Dinmont and Bull-Dog classes had been added, what a crowd there would have been! And yet a foxhound is, to our thinking, a nobler and finer sight than a cartload of Dandies. But, however, there was a show at Alexandra, thanks to Mr. Martin, that Yorkshire could not beat, even if it equalled. Mr. Harry Villebois, Mr. Leicester Hibbert, Mr. Hope Barton, and one of the youngest of our M.F.H., Mr. Algernon Rushout, were the judges, and there were not so many Masters as might have been expected; but the Quorn is conspicuous, and so is the Blackmore Vale. The huntsmen are in proper costume, and Frank Goodall, as the representative of royalty, astonishes the few strangers present with his scarlet and gold. Tom Firr, though, as he stands by his Quorn pets, is the representative man, we take it, and a tyro would put his finger on him and say this is a mighty hunter. He looked as if he had discounted the judges' award already, and, when it comes, takes the first prize as his due. The Duke of Beaufort gets the second, the Blackmore Vale the third, though some people thought the Brocklesby would have been placed. The young ladies of that family, however, take two prizes, and that makes amends. Tom Firr also gets the cup given to the huntsman to the owner of the best hound in the show. Those who went to Alexandra were delighted, and Mr. Martin has made it clear that a hound show can be held in London. Whether it will pay is another matter.

Talking of huntsmen, a rather good tale has been told about a gentleman who, in the vigorous days of Harry Ayris, gave this celebrated huntsman a deal of trouble by riding too forward. He had a club-foot and a skinny leg, which, clothed with a gaiter in contradistinction to the other perfectly-shapen limb, which was top-booted, caused him to be particularly remarked. One day, he especially offended by riding on the hounds' backs, and Ayris, much enraged, galloped up to him, grinding his teeth. 'Oh, I wishes you was a hound!' 'Do you?' replied Mr. Clubfoot defiantly. 'What would you do?' 'I'd 'give you a d——d good hiding, and, with such legs and feet as you have got, 'you shouldn't have a bitch!'

And again, talking of huntsmen, we come to their needs and requirements, their claims on the hunting world in their periods of sickness, the greater claims of the widow and orphan when their prop is taken away; all of which are supported by that admirable institution the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. We have often, in the columns of the 'Van,' advocated its usefulness, and now we are glad to make known that the Executive Committee are about to recommend a revision of the rules and an increase of payments to the benefit members. This step is necessary in order to put the institution more on a par with other benefit societies of larger scope and having many more members. The H.S.S. is necessarily limited in numbers, and its members are more peculiarly liable to accident than those of any other society; so that it is right and proper they should have, as the phrase goes, 'a pull' somewhere. So it has been resolved to request the co-operation of leading men in each hunt to collect subscriptions; the Secretary, Mr. Cartledge, has already, we are glad to learn, received answers from a great many, all most cordially promising their assistance, and if a tithe of the hunting readers of 'Baily' would each only send a fiver or tenner to Mr. Cartledge at Tattersall's, what bread cast upon the waters it would be!

But Alexandra—we return to thee, having rather an affection for thy slopes and thy situation, albeit we did pass a dreadful day at thy opening; but let bygones be bygones—we return to thee to say that all is not darkness and gloom over thy domes and minarets, and that there does come a time when the

sun lights up the landscape, and the racecourse is not a puddle. Well would it be if that racecourse could be submerged in perpetuity, as the lawyers say; we should be spared some very bad racing, and the Park would be the gainer in beauty. But this by the way. One of Alexandra's fine days was that on which the Four-in-Hand Club drove down early in the month by a road only known to the noble President (who ought to have had a medal for its discovery)—a day, one of the few on which our brief summer asserted herself, and on which we drove, by wonderful highways and byways, to our destination. It was a pretty sight when some eight or nine coaches drew up on the terrace, with their ten thousand pounds worth of horseflesh and their not-to-be-told amount of beauty, and the happy passengers who had come down were informed that two hours were allowed for that refreshment which the drive had rendered a necessity. Bertram and Roberts do things very well in the way of refreshment, and their guests second them equally well. The only pity was that the guests could not linger long enough over the *Crème de Pois* and the *Mayonnaise*, the *Pigeons à la Parisienne*, and the *Patés de vataille truffés*, and that they had to hurry back to town, or rather to Chiswick, for a garden party. It would have been nice to have spent an hour or two on the slopes, lounged in the picture galleries, or—best fun of all—'Let us go to Hengler's Circus!' —a proposition which, alas! though it came from the fairest of fair lips, was cruelly nipped in the bud.

'Between the bud and blossom,
Between the throat and chin.'

But this warns us that if we get Swinburnian, the 'Van' will assuredly come to grief. That luncheon though, like the shattered vase, has kept its odour for a length of time.

Les enfants terribles have been a fruitful theme for many a year, but we think they increase and multiply. What said a young woman of tender years to her spiritual guide, the other day, on his questioning her as to her religious knowledge, the basis of which, of course, lay in the Catechism? Everything went swimmingly until the question as to how many Commandments there were, elicited for answer a prompt 'nine.' The good priest smiled as he patted the respondent's head and told her she had forgotten—there were ten. 'Oh yes!' gravely replied the young lady, 'I know there *were* ten, but there are only 'nine *now*.' This was rather awful, and the astonished divine could only find breath to say, 'My dear child, what do you mean?' 'I mean, father, that there 'really are only nine; for I heard cook say, yesterday, that when mamma went 'to town on Wednesday with Captain Douglas *she broke one!*' The reverend gentleman means to give up catechising, or at all events restrict himself to the boy classes.

The British tax-payer who groans under the yoke of Mr. Disraeli and a Conservative Government is particularly requested to read the following story, and reflect how differently things were done when Gladstone was king. Many years ago there entered the —— Dragoon Guards a certain trooper's horse named Dick, who, in due course of time, accompanied that gallant regiment to the Crimea, and after taking part in the famous Balaclava charge, and being twice left on the field for dead, recovered to accompany his comrades back to England. From that time up to the year 1871 Dick continued to serve Her Majesty to the best of his ability, a favourite alike with officers and men. Then, at the age of twenty-six, he was cast, and, in the natural course of things, would have been sold into slavery. But the *virtus*, which is said only to live *post funera*, in Dick's case came to his rescue, and a petition was made by the regiment to Government to allow the gallant horse to be shot,

and thus end his days with his old comrades. Now, mark the sequel! In due course Government made known its edict in a business-like document, signed by *The Right Honourable E. Cardwell*, to the effect that Dick might be shot, '*on condition that credit be given to the country for the value of his hide!!*' And credit for three half-crowns *was* absolutely given to you, my British tax-payer, for the skin of your old servant. Ah! those indeed were the golden days of a Liberal policy; and, in the plenitude of our feelings, we are forwarding this month double our usual number of copies to the Reform Club.

We are at all times prepared, we hope, to give charity its due, but a glance at the throng brought together at the last Dramatic College fête was somewhat of a caution to young men from town. Plenty of people were there, no doubt, on the strength of aiding in a good cause, but it is a question, after all, whether the status of the dramatic profession is really advanced by the presence of so many 'ladies' whose attractions are to be seen to far greater advantage in a burlesque or in a *corps de ballet* than in the garish daylight of the Alexandra Palace. There were feasts of good things, of course, contributed by some of our best companies, selections being given from 'Our Boys,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' and from one of the Strand favourite comedies. From the success that attended the whole of these entertainments the funds of the college must have very considerably benefited, and a spontaneous vote of thanks is certainly due to all who took part in the performances. Prominent amongst her sex, as she always is in pleading for the poor and needy, was Mrs. Stirling, who held a reception, supported by several of her fair professional sisters, and, as may be supposed, found hosts of visitors able and willing to respond to the voice of the charmer, over whose court was inscribed 'Abandon cash all ye who enter here.'

The interest of both old and young in the entertainments at the Egyptian Hall by Maskelyne and Cooke would seem rather to have increased than diminished, the impenetrable automaton mystery 'Pyscho' taking his share of the honours as usual. That part of the programme devoted to spirit revelations is altogether so wonderful that we must be content with merely saying there are sights and sounds produced which are calculated to startle the most incredulous. There is a little lady of eight by our side who is evidently an authority on ghosts, and thinks they are a bad lot; so deems it advisable to keep as close to her protectors as circumstances will permit until the *séance* is over. Without doubt the conjuring introduced in the second part eclipses anything of the kind we have seen before. The performer, M. Buatier, is, we believe, new to this country. His tricks, however, are so cleverly executed that his appearance with Maskelyne and Cooke will, we fear sure, lead to a large increase in the number of their visitors.

The well-won laurels of Prince Batthyany's celebrity, Galopin, having had fresh lustre added to them by his victory in the Derby, his friends and admirers will be pleased to hear that their champion is about to make his appearance in the Baily series of great winners painted by Harry Hall.

The old proverb says, that 'As you make your bed so you must lie upon 'it;' but we heard an exception to this rule the other day. A. is a young gentleman fond of cards and of high play, without knowing much of either. B., an older man, equally fond of gambling, knew a great deal more about it. They betake themselves to A.'s lodgings one night, where B. wins, first, all A.'s money, then his trinkets, and, lastly, the whole of his furniture, down to the very bed in the room. It was now 2 A.M., and B. thus addresses the unfortunate A.: 'Well, come, it's very late; you had better be off, for *I want* '*my bed*;' and he proceeded to make himself at home for the night in his new quarters!

It is well known that in some country districts parish clerks might serviceably derive benefit from an introduction to the School Board authorities. Notably the blacksmith at the thriving village of ——, in Norfolk, whose regard for punctuation is of limited extent. He gave out the other Sunday, 'Robert Evans having gone to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congre-'gation for his safety.'

During one of the pouringly wet days of which we have recently had rather too active an experience, a wag left a new umbrella within the Stock Exchange entrance, and, having made his bargain, found his much-needed gingham *non est*. His equanimity could not have been distressingly disturbed, for he wrote on a slip of paper and pinned it up at the spot—

> May rheumatism, ague, cramp,
> And all the ills produced by damp,
> Attack the brute who *stole my gamp!*

Printers' devils, we all know, make blunders enough to puzzle even a Psycho; but here is one that 'no fellar could understand.' In a sale catalogue of pointers and setters a pedigree dog was warranted to 'stand and 'bark for an hour.' Poor letter *c!* why treat him so dogmatically?

The green at Cahirmee Fair, on the 12th and 13th of July, was not near so full of horses as on many previous anniversaries. There were but few good seasoned hunters to be seen there, and the young stock generally were light, weedy animals, with nothing to recommend them but a long pedigree. In the south of Ireland bone has been sacrificed for blood. We may make an exception in favour of the stock of Citadel, who stood for a couple of seasons in the neighbourhood of Mallow. The young Citadels, although some of them are a bit loaded at the point of the shoulder, move well, and have more substance than most of the others. They fetched the top prices in the fair, three four-year-olds by him fetching 185*l.*, 175*l.*, and 160*l.* respectively. Paddy's partiality for a high-sounding pedigree sometimes leads him into error. 'How is he bred?' said a London dealer, pointing to a four-year-old colt. 'He is by Gemma di Vergy, dam by Windfall, grand-dam by Irish Bird-'catcher,' readily answered the owner. 'Paddy, you must learn your 'lesson better. Gemma di Vergy left this country fifteen years ago.' There was a deal of business done amongst the more common sort of horses. The agents of the French, and of course of the German Governments, were actively engaged in buying troopers, of which they carried off a large number, averaging about 35*l.* a piece. Several noble lords, Masters of Foxhounds in England, were in the thick of the fair, picking up cheap cub-hunters.

One of those birds of the air that carry the matter has whispered to the 'Van' driver that a very pleasant little banquet was held a short time since to celebrate the first anniversary of a journal—the youngest on the long list, and whose birth we took occasion at the time to notice—that has made in the short space of a twelvemonth a name and a reputation, we believe, unparalleled. Most journals have a beginning, and by a rule made and provided, a very unhappy beginning it generally is, involving a large amount of cold-shouldering, contemptuous disbelief, and the expenditure of much coin. The 'World' had no beginning, but sprang into existence fully armed. 'Have you seen the "World?"' said Noodle to Doodle on the appearance of the second number. 'Did you see what the "World" said?' remarked Doodle to Noodle on the appearance of the third. It was felt that a new ripple had disturbed the tranquil current of journalism, and that some fresh and vigorous blood filled

the veins of the newly-born venture. As time went on, it was seen everywhere. Newsvendors could not supply copies in pace with the demand, and its fearless *exposé* of city frauds and Israelitish usury confirmed the first impressions it had made. Its brief history has in fact been one success; so no wonder that its promoters and proprietors should wish to gather its staff together around the dinner-table, to review the pleasant past and rejoice in the prospect of a brilliant future. It was, from what we hear, a gathering unique in the history of journalism. A certain amount of mystery had shrouded many of the writers, and it is more than probable that some of them met face to face for the first time. This, of course, added a zest to the banquet. The Artist in Oils and One of the Hands must have gazed at each other with mutual admiration, and the Member for London listened in wonderment to the stores of knowledge that Atlas disclosed. If some round the board were 'prentice hands,' they were, we feel sure, kindly and warmly encouraged by their masters in the art, and that the genial host shed the light of his favour equally on all need not, we suppose, be told.

Goodwood, 'the great,' 'the ducal,' the glorious,'—under which name Bezonian?—is upon us as we are finishing these pages, and though it hardly deserves in these latter years all the high-flown adjectives applied to it, yet it is still Goodwood, which means everything that is charming and excellent, save and except in the way of sport, which is certainly not always up to the high mark of old days when Lord George was king. Royalty was there of course, for it would not be Goodwood without the Prince and Princess of Wales, and there were other royalties and serenities, while society was fairly represented. The faithful Commons were not present in any great numbers, Mr. Disraeli keeping his bad boys so hard at work that they were not allowed a holiday even to see the Stewards' Cup run for. The race itself was one of those spread-eagling affairs we so often see for this event, and the great favourite Killiecrankie ran so badly, that there were ugly rumours of his having been got at. He tried to run away with Hunt in the morning, and at the post for the Cup he could scarcely be got to move, Major Dixon, who was assisting Mr. McGeorge, having to take the whip to him to get him to join his horses. He was one of the first beaten, and Trappist and Coomassie, being quickest on their legs, had the race to themselves, the former winning in a canter, about as good a performance as there is on record. The Stakes gave us a very fine race from the distance between the three placed, and Fordham had another opportunity of displaying his jockeyship, for waiting for one ruse he caught Bertram opposite the Stand, and beat him by a length. Mr. Barclay's horse getting where he did was rather a surprise, and Freeman has shown himself something more than a handicap horse. The weather was everything that was delightful, the luncheons on the usual liberal scale, the *toilettes*, with few exceptions, not striking, and the pretty faces, we grieve to say, might have been counted on the fingers of your hand.

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD AVELAND.

Gilbert Henry Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, second Baron Aveland, is descended on his father's side from the good old family of Heathcote, a name which has long been known in Lincolnshire. The racing colours of his grandfather, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, were very familiar to the men of his generation. His father was raised to the peerage in 1856, as Baron Aveland, after having served in the House of Commons for thirty-six years as M.P. for South Lincolnshire, and afterwards for Rutland. He married the eldest daughter and, after the death of her brother in 1871, the heiress of the 20th Baron Willoughby D'Eresby. The present peer was born in 1830, and after going through the usual educational 'cursus' at Harrow and Cambridge, entered Parliament as Member for Boston in 1852. He sat for that borough for four years, and then, in the next Parliament, was returned for Rutland, which county he continued to represent until called to the Upper House by his father's death in 1867.

Lord Aveland has not inherited the racing tastes of his grandfather, but there are few keener sportsmen in other ways. As soon as the deer-stalking season commences his Lordship is certain to be found with his rifle ready in the forest of Glenartney, the property of his mother, Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby. Here, amidst the picturesque scenery of strath, moor, and mountain, he renders a good account of the red deer. With the enjoyment he takes, not only in deer-stalking, but in other kinds of sport, Lord Aveland joins the more interesting and profitable occupation of farming, both in Scotland and on his estate in England.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Lord Aveland is also a good coachman, for his face is one that is constantly seen at the meets of the Four-in-Hand Club. He generally drives roans, and his team is as perfect as any to be seen at the Magazine.

In 1871 Lord Aveland was appointed to exercise the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, as deputy for his mother, the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, and in 1872 he assumed, by royal licence, the additional surnames of Willoughby and Drummond—a blood quartering such as few noble families can boast. He is Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the division of Kesteven, South Lincolnshire, having succeeded the late Lord Kesteven in that post.

In 1863 his Lordship married Lady Evelyn Elizabeth Gordon, a sister of the present Marquis of Huntly, by whom he has a young family.

In a sketch like this it were invidious to mention the many sterling qualities which have made Lord Aveland beloved by all who know him. It is at Normanton Park, his residence near Stamford, where he is to be seen in that capacity which, after all, best becomes an English gentleman—endeavouring to fulfil the duties of his position with earnestness and ability.

THE MODERN 'WEST.'

Anxious to renew our acquaintance with the Nestor of British stud worthies, King Tom; to pay our respects to Macaroni in his new home; and to mark how it had fared with Favonius, since we looked him over before he 'took silk' for his last race in '73, we readily availed ourselves of the *firman* granting concession to revisit the Palace of the Vale once again, and to inspect the treasures of the animal kingdom collected under Markham's charge at Crafton. Swarthy mowers bent to their sweeping scythe strokes 'down Harrow way,' where the aftermath was drying in rich swathes; or the 'machine,' with the clatter as from a chorus of corncrakes, laid out the grass decently, like an Irish corpse, to be duly 'waked' in the rejoicings of harvest home. Further on the wood-pigeons held high revels among the stooks of corn, and the partridge led her precocious covey a-field, minding us of the Greek poet's ancient taunt against the kid cropping the vine, which should yet yield grapes sufficient to yield wine for the libation at his sacrifice. So that brown-shaded family might grow plump on the fallen grain, but enough should be garnered in to make bread sauce for their dainty limbs. A 'summer 'crisp with shining woods' lay on the leafy slopes of Ashridge, with the boundary column rising like a sentinel in their midst, and emerging at last from the hidden bases of the hills penetrated by the smoky tunnel, 'the Vale' in all its autumn glory lies before us; and yonder, 'bosom'd high in tufted trees' the airy towers and fantastic pinnacles of Mentmore rising clear cut against the blue sky from the laurel-shaded slopes at their feet. April appeared to have usurped the reign of August, storm and sunshine chasing one another in mad career over the chequered landscape; and though no 'full-fed

'river' wound silently through emerald pastures and amber breadths of grain, we could realise the poet's description of

> 'The ragged rims of thunder brooding loud,
> With shadow streaks of rain.'

Time has flown quickly enough since the merry days of the 'Baron's year,' when Hayhoe was well-nigh tired of leading winners of the great races back to scale, and the tidings of one brilliant success after another were carried from down and heath to the juvenile repository at Crafton. Since that golden era a dark shadow has fallen upon the Vale, and we miss one well-known form from the morning parade at Newmarket, the well-known box at Ascot, and the sylvan shades of Goodwood's saddling paddock. Men who were readiest with ill-natured taunts against the in-and-out running of more than one of the Rothschild cracks, are ready to turn their faces to the wall in these days of actual and not imputed grievances; when pariahs of the betting ring take up their parable against the riding of horses which do not suit their books; and when high-minded and straightforward invalids hand over their horses to professional layers to do as they please with.

But subjects such as these disappear, like morning headaches, under the sweet influence of fresh country air, and with the prospect of a day to be spent among the heroes and heroines of 'races past,' the mention of whose names calls up many a stirring incident over which the light of other days sheds a glamour not its own. Talk of the Elysian fields and happy pastures! there is a transition state between the cares of active racing life and those fabled *post obitum* habitations; and what Derby conqueror or maid of the Oaks could not find contentment and peace in these 'happy blossoming plains,' where the bee wanders from one succulent stem to another, and each hedgerow is redolent of flowers and prodigal in song? But the white gate springs back behind us, and our guide strides jauntily along, with an anecdote at every turn, and legends galore of the racing fortunes of the family during the score of years of his service among them.

Fetlock deep in clover ranged the mothers of the flock, most of them bearing historical names in racing or stud annals, and carrying us back to the 'golden prime of good Harem Alraschid,' when dark blue and yellow cap bore its part in every contest of note, and the cry rang through the land from Danum to Sussex strongholds of sport that 'the Baron wins.' Maid Marian ruminates 'beneath the 'greenwood tree,' and close beside her relative the slashing Mahonia, who brought Kingcraft to such almighty grief up the Ascot hill, and woke the fielders to ecstasies when Mentmore came to the rescue on its favourite vantage ground. The foals of both are of the true Favonius stamp, combining substance with quality, and showing the well-laid shoulders, short back, well-arched ribs, and massive quarters of the chestnut Derby hero of 1870. Yonder comes trippingly along the bay heroine of that *annus mirabilis*, looking quite a

short and cobby pony by the side of her companions, and proud of her deep rich bay foal, whole-coloured, like most of Lord Clifden's stock, and already rivalling its dam in stature. Winslow gave them a pretty straight tip as to the desirability of a fusion of Touchstone and Harkaway bloods, and so to the Lord of Dewhurst were decreed Hannah and Corisande, of which the former stands lovingly over her foal before us, and the 'queen of the rosebud garden' wanders in pastures more remote, along with her mother Maybloom, each released from nursing cares this season. Tourmalin is neat and level as on the day when she pinched the Duke so alarmingly in the Goodwood Cup, and leads her Lecturer pledge a merry dance round the paddock, with flag flying and ears pricked, wheeling round and 'bringing to' at the side of the chestnut sister to Corisande, whose foal (the last fruit alas! off an old tree) reflects the fine points of North Lincoln in his grand length and liberty, hocks 'well let down' for leverage in action, and truthfulness of motion in every pace. Sister to Restitution fondles another young Lecturer, while the flying Chopette has well rewarded Restitution's attentions by a foal full of character, and looking a clever one all over. 'Chop it,' as the ring used to call her (and many a spread-eagled field has she 'chopped' in her time), looked the mere handful she was wont to be while in training, and no wonder the Baron should have told Hayhoe that 'he could not bear the sight of her,' and begged him to send her home before the day of trial came. The thick-set, clever-looking Favonius filly is owned by our excellent *cicerone* himself, and often do we halt to hear from his lips some tale or trait of the great Rothschild's stable in its palmy days, or to glean the history of some 'things not generally known' outside the pale of secrecy guarding the mystery of the trainer's art. How the stable never thoroughly gauged the excellence of Favonius when at his best, for want of something good enough to extend him; how that he was a 'rank bad one' when out of form, and was beaten by a neck by Corisande the first time of asking; how he was taken to Ascot to run for the New Stakes, but was so disgracefully worsted by North in a trial gallop that Corisande had to be 'wired for' to settle Bothwell and Co. on Mortemer's Cup Day; and how downright a stayer they found the chestnut over and over again, but no sprinter, and requiring time to settle down to his work. Restitution was always three good lengths better than King Alfred, but he wanted a deal of 'getting out,' and his lad's inability to do this in a trial before the Derby made them decide to depend upon the white-legged King Alfred, who had squandered Suffolk and Co. very decisively a short time before. How King of the Vale was the best horse 'Tom' ever got or Hayhoe trained, but his want of condition told against him, and for 'Mac' and 'Sac' in the Guineas, while his fall in the Derby finished the business, and his form had quite left him before Ascot, where Gladstone 'circum-'locuted' him. We are first shown in to an old acquaintance in the shape of Macaroni, looking very much the dandy as he raises his beautiful head to 'take in' his visitors, and turns negligently over for their inspection. The dark hammer marks stand well out on his

rich bay colt, and a softer outline and sleeker condition tell surely enough that his season's labours of love are over, and his hours of idleness yet to come. But a greater than Macaroni is here, and with a profound salaam we make our way into the presence-chamber, where the coming Premier sire of the day holds audience of the faithful. It was this happy combination of Sweetmeat with King Tom which made the Baroness determine upon having Macaroni at any price, inasmuch as Favonius was absolutely barred from the prevailing strain of blood among the nursing mothers at Crafton. Hence, too, before Macaroni could be released from Cobham it was found necessary to cast about for a sire, and Mandrake was fixed upon as a desirable mate. Now he has gone northward once more, and Macaroni occupies the vacant box where little Lecturer once held his court. But we must return to the modern 'West,' where, slightly arching his neck, and with a gaze of half-offended dignity, he poses himself for our inspection and description. Colour, rich chestnut and without white, save two rings on his hind coronets, like silver anklets on some swarth Indian squaw of the copper tribe; a shade of chestnut intensified in darkness about the head, and deepening as it tapers towards a soft black muzzle, betokening that heart and constitution are right and sound alike. Head well-shaped, but nose just one line too much inclined to the Romanesque, with large prominent eye, but no surrounding white to detract from its generosity, exquisitely set on to a neck muscular almost to exaggeration, and with just so much of a curve as to realise the exposition of Hogarth's line of beauty. This mortised into shoulders remarkable for length, obliqueness, and perfect muscular development, the apparently undue breadth of chest having its origin in the bosses of muscle *outside* the shoulders, and not causing the fore legs to be too widely separated. Girth, six feet one inch, good measure; ribs well arched; back short, and compactly united with the grandest quarters ever moulded, being perfect models, whether viewed laterally or *a tergo*, yet without one atom of coarseness or angularity; arms and thighs liberally furnished with muscle, the former long, and terminating in the shortest and strongest of cannon bones, with large flat knees, clean steely joints, and well-shaped feet, but in length from round bone to point of hock slightly deficient, the hind shank being too long and straight for absolute symmetry, though in no way interfering with the general 'balance of power' throughout the frame. Standing squarely and firmly, moving truthfully and easily in all his paces, blessed with the most serene and generous of tempers, unexceptionably bred, and a Derby and Cup winner to boot, what would ye have more, oh British public? And should ye deem that this description is overdrawn, the picture too highly coloured, and too much of flattery blended with the fidelity of the portrait, will it not be forgiven to the chronicler if he has been carried away a trifle too much in his hero-worship? and cannot the discriminating public, now educated by racing mentors to the highest pitch of *in*formation, and initiated in the mysteries of '*con*formation,' take a summer day's run down into 'the Vale,' and (by permission of the ruling powers) see,

mark, and judge for themselves as to the merits of Favonius? And what says the reverse of the medal, which we must in fairness exhibit. 'A trifle too high on the leg, sir," as Sir Tatton remarked of Lord Clifden, and hardly coming up to the Yorkshire requirement of 'well 'let down behind,' the latter failing inherited from his dam, and conspicuous in Hannah and others of the King Tom family. King Tom! —it hardly seems twenty-one years since Gully's pair settled the hapless 'nobbled one' between them, and 'the Baron's' proverbial ill-luck at Epsom began. But 'Tom' has had a splendid stud revenge; and while the great Bay Middleton line has dwindled down to the merest thread of a strain (in 'tail male'), that of Harkaway still flourishes 'root and branch,' and the grand old 'Father 'of the Turf' promises, in the language of his faithful custodian 'to go on for ever.' He still steps out gaily, as of yore, at Markham's call, ambling jauntily round the straw-yard, and standing for his likeness opposite the gate. Wise restrictions in the *dulce amores* courted by the flower of the Stud-Book, liberality in food, and, more important still, in exercise, have left the veteran of well-nigh five and twenty springs as vigorous as many others half his age. The finger of time shows itself in no shape more emphatically 'effacing' than when laid upon some patriarch of the stud. It deepens the hollow above the dimmed eye, lengthens the drawn head (all its noble front ticked with gruesome grey), wastes the 'neck of thunder,' sharpens the withers, hollows the back, and draws its seamy channel down the shrunken quarters. Signs such as these make no delay when the quarter-century span of equine life has been attained; but as yet their march upon the frame of the mighty Harkaway bay has been slow, and not unrelenting. Half a score of times was he led out during the past season, and 'he's not half done with yet' is the cheery boast with which Markham accompanies the hearty pat on his old favourite's neck. The kindest and most tractable of giants, he strongly objects to the 'racking-up' process, threatening to have the whole place down about his ears in a moment; and his favourite custom of an afternoon is to stand in profound meditation while his poll undergoes the hand-rubbing process; and no sultan ever shook off his dignity more thoroughly under the manipulation of his shampooing genii of the bath.

His memory is destined not to fade out of the land; for ere long in 'breathing bronze,' and of life-size, he is fated from some airy pedestal on sylvan knoll to overlook the famous 'Vale' spread out beneath him, turning his head as if to list some well-known footfall, and within eye-shot of his progeny and their offshoots roaming far afield in the snug paddocks encircling his ancient home. A plaster model in miniature graces Markham's sideboard in the cosy cottage around which the summer roses cling so lovingly, and right faithfully has the canny hand of the modeller moulded each lineament of the noble steed, whose name in time may become as famous as that of his weird white brother guarding another vale rich in Turf traditions as that of Aylesbury, and resounding yet down the 'ringing 'avenue of time' with the thunder of Wild Dayrell's hoof, while

the hill-top in the distance echoes back the refrain of some jockey boy's carol as he walks his charge homewards to Russley Park. No more graceful or lasting memorial to the founder of a line of kings could be devised than this; and while the living marble and glowing canvas hand down to remote posterity the form and lineaments of distinguished ancestors, why should not the creatures which have shared in founding their fame in the annals of sport be allowed some less fleeting monuments than the mounded barrow or lichened stone which mark the resting-place of some 'warrior steed?'

The well-knit Restitution awaits his turn to succeed, when the royal box in the corner shall be vacant at last, and already there are signs that the King Tom dynasty will be worthily perpetuated in one of the best stayers of his day. North Lincoln will beget for the Rothschild blue no more tight ones like Suffolk, or flying wonders of the Chopette type; and in the wasted form, weaving restlessly about his box, we fail to recognise the slashing antagonist to Promised Land up the Criterion Hill, and the *brave des braves* among redoubtable milers of his day.

The borderland betwixt glowing summer and golden autumn had not as yet been trodden by the footsteps of time, and field and garden teemed with ripening luxuriance of grain and fruit; but the reddening haw upon wayside hedge, and yellowing clusters that relieved the deep green foliage of mountain ash, told of merry days in store for horse and hound, when the 'season of seasons' comes to crown the varying sports of the year. The mellow glories of October replace silk with scarlet, and the horn of the hunter rings clear and shrill from where upon yonder rolling hills echoes a sweeter music still, and the rising generation of the kennel realises its first 'dim image of war' before the 'regular' campaign in the misty November mornings. The ladies are grouped round Cox in picturesque guise, so tempting to the brush of a Pearce or the pen of a 'Druid,' and are called up for judgment each in her turn, and each separate point of blood, bone, and symmetry descanted upon with all the ardent love of a huntsman for his spotted darlings. We, whose stud-book lucubrations are deeper than the hound-lore we would fain better comprehend, must be content to look on at respectful distance, while the sight of each beauty of the Vale calls up some incident of forest days or moving accident among the 'doubles' of the fruitful valley lying beneath. Fain would we court initiation into the mysteries which the freemasonry of the hunting-field interprets so readily, and take in at a glance the capabilities of each hope of the pack, duly weighing in the balance the comparative excellencies of legs and feet, back and loins, size and quality. A driving shower detains us under cottage eaves, and sundry tales of the 'chase of bucks in Bucks' while away the time, more suitable for the light parcels department of 'Our Van,' or for reproduction in 'Country Quarters,' than as lights and shadows dashed in with careless hand by an ardent admirer, but no true disciple of the rites of the chaste goddess of the chase.

We wanted Mr. Parrington, or some one of those potent and

grave seigneurs of the bench, at our elbow, when, one by one, the dog-pack came forth, drawn for inspection on the flags, now steaming in the sun after a parting salute from Jupiter Pluvius. The name of 'Favonius' took us rather off our line towards a second discussion on the merits of his chestnut namesake, and thenceforward between Master of the Horse and Master of the Hound were bandied many words of chaff, taken and given on behalf of their respective pets. Our host, on hospitable ideas intent, would have drawn us away from the kennel to the boiling-house, but the production of a line of kings, more lengthy than that which filed before Macbeth, kept us chained to the spot, while Cox went through his catalogue of worthies, and, sticking well to his line, only pulled up at the take at last. The transition from the hound to his follower is easy and natural enough, and, looking at the cattle, we should say that the chief and his whips stood in no danger of drawing upon the 'Hunt 'Servants' Benefit Society,' so far as the safety of their conveyances is concerned. The enthusiastic welter would smack his lips at the sight of so many genuine weight-carriers, and we were assured that cleverness is a *sine quâ non* with horses brought to negotiate the fences of the Vale. Five horses each a week should satisfy the most *exigeant* of servants, and no wonder that the pack sustains its reputation as premier among 'staggers' in England, and numbers among its followers riders as straight and hard as any who affect the shires or cast in their lots with the pride of English fox-hunting chivalry. And it would be instructive as well as amusing to analyse and report upon the widely different composition of the 'London divisions,' one of which boxes its nags down to Cheddington or Leighton Buzzard, while the other swells the motley throng at Salt Hill or Maidenhead Thicket, when Harry King vans 'Her Majesty's' from the green retreats of Windsor Forest.

But 'Forward' is the cry, and with the setting sun streaming over deep pasture, golden waves of wheat, and ruddy homesteads embowered in protecting trees, we leave Mentmore far behind; and shadows gather deep and fast on the far-off Chiltern Hills, grey church towers rising here and there to mark where hamlets cluster round their ancient walls. Nothing so potent as the slow course and monotonous rattle of a Parliamentary train to break up, for the time, pleasant lines of thought, and to bring minds, refreshed by a 'day in the country,' back to the levelling influences of this work-a-day world. A thousand pleasing recollections have been aroused by the sights of the day; we have been interviewing, in the calm retirement of their well-earned rest, actors and actresses whose very names are sufficient to stir our pulses once again, as we think on the 'days that are no more,' and on a Turf career, bright in its early promise, honourable through its score of seasons—in whatever direction the tide of fortune might set—but most brilliant in its close with the reflected glories of the 'modern "West."'

AMPHION.

PROVINCIAL COACHING.

HAVING in the two last numbers of 'Baily' attempted to give our readers some slight idea of coaching as it is to be seen from London, in order to render our history of the sport complete, we now propose to say something concerning provincial coaching, for it must not be supposed that Londoners are allowed to have all the fun to themselves. A few years ago a coach in the provinces was a rarity, except in those wild and secluded districts as yet unpenetrated by railways, where miserable ramshackle old vehicles were drawn by still more miserable horses. Now things are altered, the love of the sport first nursed in London has spread far and wide, until the number of coaches running in the provinces exceeds those starting from London. This is a healthy sign, and we are pleased to see it. It is a plain proof that the sport has taken root, and that men who have enjoyed the pastime on the London ground are determined to, as it were, take it home with them and naturalise it at their country-seats. The list of coaches which are or have been running during the past summer will show how widely spread the sport has become, and that coaches are now to be found north, south, east, and west. England, we believe, has supported no less than ten; but what shall we say of Wales, which has kept going nearly a third of the number; while our Irish friends, as far as we can learn, have been contented with two? In England we find—

1. The Doncaster and Rotherham .	Owner, Mr. Platt; professional, F. Page.
2. The Margate and Canterbury. .	Mr. Hargreaves.
3. Newnham and Gloucester, the 'Victoria'.	Mr. William Crawshay.
4. Enfield and Luton, 'L'Hirondelle'	Col. Somerset.
5. Reading and Windsor. . . .	Mr. Carleton Blyth.
6. Manchester and Altringham, the 'Goneaway'.	Mr. Belcher, Mr. W. Newburn, and Mr. E. Bellhouse.
7. Malvern and Ross	Mr. Pryce Hamilton.
8. Scarborough and Bridlington Quay	Mr. George Lowther; professional, F. Page.
9. Woodside and Chester, the 'Tally-ho'	Mr. N. Cooke; professional, Purcell.
10. Brighton and Arundel. . . .	Earl Mayo; Ike Simmons, guard.

WALES.

1. Llandrindod and Kington. . .	Capt. Otway; professional, Harry Cracknell.
2. Brecon and Abergavenny . . .	Mr. Crawshaw Bayley.
3. Barmouth and Dolgelly . . .	Mr. Edwardes; Sawers, guard.

IRELAND.

Dublin and Bray, 'L'Hirondelle'. .	Mr. Turbett.
Dublin and Malahide, the 'Tally-ho'.	Driven by Mr. Launcelot Purcell; owned by the Malahide F. J. C. Club.

Of these we will first notice the Doncaster and Rotherham, which commenced running early in the year, and stopped about the end of July. The journey is but a short one, but the coach was a tremendous success, the number of passengers carried being almost incredible. It was very well horsed and turned out by Mr. Platt, who, we hear, was much assisted by Captain the Hon. Fred Howard in many ways, and the whole thing done as well as it could be. The professional was E. Page, who has since been engaged by Mr. G. Lowther for the Scarborough and Bridlington Quay coach.

The Margate and Canterbury leaves Margate every morning at eleven, and arrives at Canterbury at twenty-five past one, putting up at the Fleur-de-lis, having this year changed from the Rose. The proprietor is Mr. Hargreaves. This, taking in Ramsgate, is twenty-two or twenty-three miles, and the road one of the most uninteresting, as regards scenery, that any man could select to drive over, running through open fields, in many parts bare of both hedges and trees. It is, however, capital for horses, having no steep hills for them to encounter, and, except into Ramsgate, a coachman might well get over the whole without using break or skid. The cattle used are quite first-rate; no man need wish to see better teams put to than are to be found on this road, and the coach is a new one by Shanks, fitted with his patent lock; and it has one of those knifeboard things on the roof which we have so strongly condemned. To our eye it is painted far too much like a drag to have a real coaching look, and the bright pole chains and hooks are also quite out of place on a public coach; we fancy they found the inconvenience of them during the wet weather we had during July. However there is a reason for having them, for we learn that the letters on the back of a coach can now be done over with some composition in a very short time, which completely and effectually hides them, and the affair can be used as a private drag; that job over, the stuff is rubbed off, and she comes out again in all her glory as a coach, so that she resembles very much Goldsmith's

> '—— chest contrived a double debt to pay,
> A private drag by night, a public coach by day.'

This is a utilitarian age no doubt, and our *jeunesse dorée* are becoming economical, even in their sports and pastimes, to an extent we had not dreamed of until we heard of this sort of double-barrelled carriage, half coach, half drag. Would not some of our old waggoners scorn these metamorphoses? By-the-way, we have animadverted on taking a coach off her regular road to run to race meetings and sales. What shall we say when we find that the Margate was stopped a day, in order that the team might parade a new fire-engine round the town? Verily, we see some strange things in the coaching world in these later days. Mr. Hargreaves has the Margate and Canterbury entirely in his own hands this season (last year, when it was first started, he had a confederate), and drives a good deal himself. One thing we can say for him—he is a

regular martinet for time *at starting*; whether the incoming is equally rigid, deponent sayeth not. The passengers might be better done than they are with advantage at both ends of the journey, and a regular way-bill, with seats properly booked and secured, would be an improvement on the happy-go-lucky ticket style of business that prevailed during the present season, when a passenger scarcely knew whether he had to ride on the box seat or to be stowed in the boot; and no one appeared able to tell him, or, for that matter, to care a straw what place he had, or whether he rode at all.

Another sea-side coach, if we may be allowed the term, is the Brighton and Arundel, the property of and driven by Lord Mayo, with no professional coachman, and Ike Simmons as guard, who at one time was with the Tunbridge Wells, and latterly guard of the Beckenham. This coach leaves the Royal Hotel, Brighton, daily (Sundays of course excepted), at 11 A.M., and proceeds *via* Shoreham and Worthing to Arundel, which is certainly out of its way, and savours somewhat of an extended and developed 'airing' in a Brighton fly. The inner and direct route to Arundel is pretty, but it is a poor place when you get there; the grass almost grows in the streets, and we wonder Lord Mayo had not made Chichester his destination, as it possesses such palpable advantages.

The Newnham and Gloucester has run every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving the Victoria Hotel, Newnham, at 12·30, and the Bell Hotel, Gloucester, on the return journey, at 4·30. The whole thing is done in first-rate style by Mr. W. Crawshay. Rigid time is kept, and the twelve miles of road, as beautiful a twelve as can be found in any part of England, covered in one hour and five minutes. This pace speaks well for the way in which the coach is horsed, and really the teams are as good a sort for coachers as any man need wish to look over. The coach is a new one by Holland and Holland, and called the 'Victoria.'

Another good coach is the 'Tally-ho,' which runs from Woodside to Chester, leaving the former place at 10·40, and arriving at Chester daily at 12·30 A.M. at the Grosvenor. The proprietor is Mr. N. Cooke, and the professional, Purcell. We have not been able to glean any particulars as to the Windsor and Reading.

The Enfield and Luton coach has been running every Tuesday and Saturday since the middle of June, from Enfield to Luton and back, and which we hear is to continue running through September. It is driven and horsed by Colonel Somerset, one of the Committee of Management of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds. The horses, as a lot, are some of the very best we ever saw put to a public conveyance, and, indeed, are too good for the work. They are great upstanding animals, over sixteen hands high, with lots of bone and plenty of breeding. They are all chestnuts, with the exception of one blue roan wheeler, a fine powerful nag, but lacking the quality of the others.

'L'Hirondelle' starts from the George at Enfield at 11 A.M., over the not very good roads of Enfield Chase, a nine-mile stage to

South Mimms. The next stage is at least two miles shorter, to the Peahen at St. Albans, but then Ridge Hill has to be surmounted in the course of it. The last stage is over nine miles of capital road, crossing Harpenden Common, and under the foxhound kennels at Kenesburn Green, to the George at Luton, which destination it reaches at 1·30 to the minute. The coach starts upon its return journey at 3·30, and gets back to Enfield at 6 precisely, taking five hours to do the fifty miles. It has been loading very well, and the public seem to appreciate a drive upon a coach, so well appointed, through a most picturesque portion of the counties of Middlesex, Herts, and Beds.

The Manchester and Altringham coach is turned out in a very spirited manner by Mr. Belcher, Mr. W. Newburn, and Mr. E. Bellhouse.

We have heard the road Mr. Pryce Hamilton has chosen, from Malvern to Ross, highly spoken of, as well as the whole turn-out; and Mr. Lowther's coach, from Scarborough to Bridlington Quay, ought to be well patronised, if locality goes for anything. He has Page as guard, who was with the Doncaster and Rotherham.

There is no coach better done throughout the length and breadth of the land than the Llandrindod and Kington, the property of Captain Cecil Otway, who horses it in first-rate style; and the whole turn-out is worth a journey into Wales to see. The coach, a Holland and Holland, was on the St. Albans road last year, and is rather a heavy one, painted yellow and black, after the 'Arrow,' the last coach which ran over this ground; but they want something strong, and she has plenty of room, a great consideration, as they load heavily, and carry a great deal of luggage. This is by no means the playing at coaching that we are accustomed to see in some places, but really means work, as the coach is the only public conveyance between those places, and does all the carrying both for passengers and parcels that there is to be done; so that at times both the temper of the coachman and the power of the horses are rather tried to keep time. As an instance of this, we may state that at midsummer last an old lady in one of the villages through which the coach passes was moving house, and, having got all her goods and chattels into the road—beds, bedsteads, chairs, tables, and all the lot—expected to take them *by the coach*. However, this was a little more than they could stand; and the good dame had to seek some other mode of conveyance. We know no better team now going than the bays and browns that were working on the Llandrindod stage when we were in Wales, and can safely say that nothing smarter or handsomer went out of London. There is also a grey called Syntax, that carried Lord Shannon's huntsman, which is fit to go anywhere, and Billy, another grey, who has gone well in the Meynell country, and several other real good horses on the road. In fact, bad ones would be no use here, for the hills they have to encounter are something tremendous, especially over the middle stage, in which they traverse Radnor Forest, the road cross-

ing the hill at a height of about two thousand feet above the sea level. It is really a treat to any one who knows and appreciates what good coachmanship is to see Cracknell, who was at one time guard with the Tunbridge Wells, drive over this ground. We think coaching men generally will agree with us that there is no better workman in England, though he may not have quite the elegance and finish of his father of 'Tantivy' fame, and here a good one is needed if anywhere. The road is perhaps the most beautiful that could have been selected, as it comprises every kind of scenery, from the wildest hill to the most highly cultivated valley, while wood and water abound throughout nearly the whole journey. Altogether, it is one of the most agreeable of coach rides, and we advise none of the readers of 'Baily' going into that neighbourhood to miss it. Should they be inclined to take up their quarters at Llandrindod Wells, they will find a really good old-fashioned hotel at the Pump-house, where their comforts will be well looked after, and they are sure of pleasant society. Next year, we hear, the coach will run from New Radnor to Aberystwith on the coast, a distance of fifty-two and a half miles, and it is by no means unlikely that we may see a double coach on the ground. The rest of the Welsh coaches are, we believe, very well done; the one from Dolgelly to Barmouth, which carries the Royal Mail, being especially good, and well turned out by Mr. Edwardes, and they all run over lines of road which will well repay a journey in them. Of the coaches in Ireland we can say little, save that it is cheering to know that a start has been made in the good cause in the sister island. There is one, as our table above shows, from Dublin to Bray, the property of Mr. Turbett, and called 'L'Hirondelle,' and another from Malahide Hotel, started by Mr. Johnstone, and the property of the Malahide F. J. H. Club, driven by Mr. Launcelot Purcell. And so recording with pleasure the rapid growth that coaching has made since we took up our pen to chronicle its doings two years ago, we must wish it God speed, and drop our records until another spring once more starts us on the road, when we hope to meet all the old coaching faces again, as well as some new ones.

Since the above article was in type we have received the following communication from an old lover of the road; so good are the suggestions in themselves, and so likely to suggest an idea to those, and we believe and hope they are many, who only want an opening holding out a fair prospect of success to commence coaching, that we shall offer no excuse for laying them before our readers:—

'I venture to suggest that coaching should be carried further 'down into the country than it is at present. The longest dis- 'tance now run is to Brighton. I should like to see coaches to 'Cheltenham, to Bath, to Oxford, to Portsmouth, and to Hastings. 'I would have these coaches connected with those now running out 'of London, but (as a rule) under different management. I should 'like to see at Tunbridge Wells a coach ready at three o'clock, after 'lunch, to go on to Hastings—that, and the London leaving at the 'same time. At Guildford also a coach to start each morning

'to Portsmouth. The passengers might well spend an evening in 'the pretty neighbourhood with satisfaction. At Wycombe one 'might start at four to Oxford, where no one would regret a night 'at the Mitre; and another might take them to Cheltenham in the 'morning. At Reading, which is already reached by a "relay," I 'propose a morning coach on to Bath.

'I—as fond of coaching from my earliest youth—would like to 'see a coach *direct* to the places I have named, but I do not 'think that generally it would suit either those who horse or those 'who drive the present day coaches. These I should be sorry to 'disturb in any way, but would rather regard them as the main 'trunk lines, throwing out branches, but not responsible for their 'welfare, though as far as possible consulting it.

'The change of coaches would, I think, be no obstacle; it matters 'little, when you have lunched, whether you mount the same coach 'or a different one. True, it would entail the carrying of more 'luggage by the London coaches and rather alter their character. 'They would not so much be the excursion conveyances (I use this 'as no term of reproach, far from it) as at present, and the knife-'board, vile excrescence! must go.'

We can only say that, judging by the extension from Windsor to Reading, our correspondent appears to have hit the spirit of the times. There is much in what he suggests, and we recommend the idea to our coaching friends in want of a road. By the way the Brighton has loaded this season, we may fairly infer that long journeys by no means deter the public from patronising a coach; indeed, they appear to find favour.

N.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE summary expulsion of Frank, coupled with the circumstance that he had flatly refused to give up the name of the boy who had helped him to haul up the coracle, created a profound sensation among his schoolfellows, and elevated him at once to the rank of a hero and a martyr in their admiring eyes. Bidding adieu to so many friends, the greater part of whom he was never likely to see again, was a sore trial to him; and if that natural feeling and a passing conviction that the disgrace of his dismissal would cling to him for many a day to come did momentarily weigh upon his spirits and reduce them to a low ebb, they very rapidly rose again under the influence of the ovation he received on quitting the portals of the schoolhouse.

In spite of the awful presence of Dr. Twigg at a front window, every boy in the school turned out into the street, and, accompanying Frank to the outskirts of the town, cheered him again and

again tumultuously, insomuch that the regret consequent on his departure must have been made known to every individual in and around the purlieus of Buckbury. Nor would Mrs. Hopkins permit him to quit the house until, in a tangible form, she had impressed her blessing upon him by a motherly kiss, a token of affection which, being accompanied by a flood of tears, Frank endured with the fortitude of a Stoic.

'Do you think you are doing right in not going directly home?' suggested his friend Llewellyn Powell, who, on hearing the demonstration, had followed to say, 'God speed' to the lad whom he loved so well. 'It strikes me an immediate and straightforward 'explanation to your father would be your best policy; for if you 'hang about and appear to shirk him, he will naturally suppose 'matters are worse than they really are. So I say, go home and 'face him at once.'

Frank might probably have adopted this sensible advice forthwith if he had not, on the previous evening, written a note to Mrs. Cornish, announcing his wish to pay her a short visit before he quitted the neighbourhood, and proposing to give himself the pleasure of calling at Heathercot on the following day. Consequently, rather than run the risk of offending that lady, who had already shown him so much kindness, and even partiality, a lion in his path would certainly not have turned him from the course on which he was now bent.

'I'll tell you what, Parson' (Frank had by this time grown somewhat familiar with the writer of his impositions, which of late had brought the latter no trifling addition to his scanty stipend), 'you 'don't know my father; he's a brick to the backbone. And if I tell 'him in a year's time that I regret my fault, he'd forgive me that 'very moment.'

'Then one so generous should be treated with like generosity,' replied Powell earnestly; 'and the sooner you make a clean breast of 'it, the happier you will feel; take my word for it.'

'It's too late now to turn. They expect me at Heathercot, and 'to Heathercot I must go,' replied Frank, with a tenacity of purpose very unusual for a lad of his years. 'But I'll promise you this, 'Parson—if they don't press me to stay, I'll ride straight home to 'Watercombe this very night.'

Powell shook his head, as much as to say he had already seen enough to know that not only would Frank be pressed to stay, but that springles made with golden hair would be set for him, into which he would certainly put his foot, and probably be fettered for life.

On the occasion of their late picnic at Holne Chase, the Parson had observed the marked preference Frank had shown for the company of Mary Cornish to that of any other person during the day, and how vexed he appeared to be when planning to wander away with her alone, the unwelcomed presence of Parson Davy marred the manœuvre. He was quick enough to see, too, that Mrs. Cornish was the easiest of chaperons; and that, so far from imposing any

restriction on the young people by her presence, she studiously left them to themselves—a mode of fulfilling her duty to which the latter were never once heard to offer the slightest objection. But in addition to what he had himself observed, Host had privately informed him he was quite sure that to secure the heir of Watercombe for her daughter was the ruling thought of the widow's life, and that she would leave no stone unturned to bring that object about. There was one little item, however, in the calculation which the doctor believed would seriously damage, if not frustrate, the lady's chance of success, and that was the long-standing feud that had existed between her late husband and the Squire—a feud which to this time the law had left unsettled between the parties or their representatives. It was a case of manorial rights: the naval hero had been an ardent gunner in his day, and when ashore had assumed a kind of roving commission, taking it for granted that all the waste land of Dartmoor belonged to the Crown or Duchy of Cornwall, and was as free to him as the open sea. Of the Western Boundary line defining the real forest, and stretching away from Cumston Tor to Aune Head, Peter's Bound Stone, Ermehead, Eylesbarrow Mine, Nun's Cross to North Hessary Tor, near Prince Town, he knew nothing, nor that the vast tracts of moorland southward of that line belonged to private individuals.

Over this property Lieutenant Cornish carried his gun freely, killing teal, plover, an occasional heath-poult, and snipe and woodcock in abundance; but when, not content with his wild bag, he strayed away and invaded the sacred territory of Honeycombe Warren, he was at once summoned before the magistrates, and heavily fined for the wilful trespass.

This fine he not only refused to pay, but denounced the whole bench, the chairman being Mr. Raleigh, as a set of Shallows and Slenders who indifferently ministered justice, and were, in fact, unfit for their office. Hence a determination on their part to enforce their manorial rights to the letter, and thenceforward to prosecute the pirate, as they in turn called him, whenever found with dog and gun within the limits of their free warrens.

An opportunity soon presented itself: pursuing a pack of heath-poult between Puppers and Hayford, he knocked one down in sight of John Mumford, the tenant of Honeycombe Head, and the very man who had prosecuted him, but a month before, for trespassing on his rabbit warren. Again, the gallant officer was summoned before the same authorities; but, owing to the argument of his lawyer, questioning the rights of the proprietor, the matter was referred to a higher tribunal. Very soon afterwards, however, he received orders from the Admiralty to join the Queen Charlotte, then bearing the flag of 'Black Dick;' and in the action which followed on the 1st of June, 1794, off Ushant, a chain-shot put an end to the legal proceedings and his life at the same time.

The ridicule and defiance with which he treated the justices was long remembered in that neighbourhood; and so bitter was the

feeling occasioned by his sarcasms that for many a year afterwards even the unoffending lady who bore his name was tabooed by the whole kith and kin of those injured men.

Good reason, therefore, had his friend Powell for urging Frank to hasten homewards under all the circumstances, foreseeing, as he did, that if the boy tarried but a few days at Heathercot an intimacy would be formed, which, coupled with his expulsion from school, would exasperate his father to the last degree.

'Dr. Twigg's letter,' continued Powell, 'informing the Squire 'of your expulsion and departure from the schoolhouse has cer- 'tainly reached him this morning; and if you do not put in an 'appearance at Watercombe before nightfall, he will at least be 'anxious to know what has become of you.'

'Not a bit of it! If 'twas a young hound, perhaps, gone astray 'or not come back to his kennel after a day's hunting, it would 'keep him awake all night; but he knows I'm old enough to take 'care of myself, and would be sure to say, "Nought's never in '"danger;" and when I tell him at whose house I have stayed, 'he'll only call me a lucky dog at having fallen into such good 'company.'

The gossip respecting the old feud had died away long before Frank had quitted his nursery; and although on the occasion of the hounds meeting at Gara Bridge he had observed a cold reserve in his father's manner when he himself had introduced him to the fair widow, yet he had never once heard of the long-standing grievance between them. The Squire, it will be remembered, was late at the meet that morning, and, punctual as his habits usually were, that circumstance alone rarely failed to upset his temper for some time afterwards; so, to it and no other cause did Frank attribute the cold bow and forced smile with which he greeted the lady on that eventful day.

The gate into Heathercot lawn appeared to open of its own accord as Frank, having parted with Powell, rode through it and walked his horse leisurely over the well-gravelled walk leading to the house. In a large bow-window, opening on the parterre and curtained with a profusion of pink and white drapery, evidently of Oriental texture and design, sat the two ladies, mother and daughter, the latter engaged in needlework, while the former was reading aloud one of Miss Edgeworth's 'Popular Tales,' at that time justly established as the best novel of the day.

Frank was of course expected; for before he could dismount to ring the door-bell Mrs. Cornish had risen to greet him through the open window. 'Very glad indeed to see you! and so good of you 'to come to this desolate place,' she said, in so pleasant and so sweet a tone that if Frank had been favoured with the glimpse of an earthly paradise his senses could scarcely have been more entranced. The very atmosphere seemed redolent of roses, which, intertwined with the honeysuckle and yellow jasmine, depended in clusters from the trellice-work and formed an exquisite hanging garden all over the

front of the house. Then baskets of the richest wild flowers, heather, blue-bells, foxglove and the white violet, fresh plucked on the hill by Mary Cornish and suspended near the windows, as if floating in air, might have led one to believe the whole place was a temple dedicated to Flora and the Graces at the same time.

'And now the holidays have commenced,' continued the lady, 'of course you will stay with us a few days at least; Mary and I 'are depending on you to dispel the cloud of ennui that ever since 'that picnic day has been hanging over this lonely cot.'

'With all my heart,' replied Frank, accepting the invitation with a rapture he cared little to conceal; 'the school does not break up till 'Saturday next, so I need not return to Watercombe before that day.'

'That will be a short visit, indeed; only two whole days; scarcely 'time enough for exploring the glens of Skerriton and Kingswood, 'neither of which Mary and I have ever seen; and we daren't 'venture into those wilds alone, for, without a cavalier to protect us, 'I should expect to see a satyr emerging out of every hollow tree.'

Nor was this altogether a groundless alarm, for there literally was at that time a poor mazed man, called Johnny South, who, clad in a blue blanket only, was in the habit of wandering away from a neighbouring parish into those deep woodland ravines and becoming lost, as in a labyrinth; he would howl for help like some weird and unearthly animal till the peasants, alarmed alike by his cries and appearance, spread the report that a wild man lived in the rocks of Skerriton Wood. Johnny, however, though he scared many a stout man into flight, was an innocent savage, and as easily managed as a child by those in charge of him. In one of his wanderings on a certain occasion the poor fellow all but fell a victim to a pack of hounds: they were a wild, high-spirited lot, and while drawing the deep covert of Dendles, came across the drag of Johnny South. Away they went, the puppies in full cry, like a pack of Cuban mastiffs after a runaway slave, doubtless supposing that some strange, foul varmint was ahead of them, from the strong scent that tainted the air.

Luckily for Johnny, the Master caught a view of the blue blanket, or in two minutes more they would have torn and eaten him on the spot. 'Ride! ride for your life, John Squires!' he shouted to his whip; ''tis Johnny South, the idiot, and they'll ate un like a fox 'if you don't stop 'em!' The whip was only just in time; a young hound had seized the blanket, and the others were closing in on the hideous form which, now jabbering, grimacing, and frantic with fear, looked far more like a wild beast than a human being, when a sharp rate and a crack of the whip stopped the riot and saved poor Johnny's life.

A shy fit seemed suddenly to have seized on Mary, who, although no one, not even the most prudish of maiden aunts, would have denounced her as too forward, was nevertheless little troubled by *mauvaise honte*—that bane to the comfort of most English girls of seventeen—yet now, instead of coming forward with her mother to welcome Frank, as in reality she longed to do, a strange tremulous emotion appeared to agitate her whole frame, and, fearing it might

be observed, she retired from the window to the far, hazy side of the pretty room.

The light of Mary's blue eyes, however, as Mrs. Cornish correctly divined, was not given her to be hidden under a bushel; nor was the soft, musical tone of her merry tongue bestowed on her to no purpose; so, impressed with that conviction, the practical mother summoned her to come forth and welcome the visitor who had just arrived. Then, turning to Frank, she said: 'Mary has just had a 'new habit made by Spicer, which most opportunely arrived here 'yesterday, and, as she is dying to wear it, you must take a gallop 'over the moor with her to-morrow morning. My gardener makes 'a capital groom, and knows every bog on the moor as well as he 'does this garden, so you'll be safe with him.'

'That would be a treat, indeed,' said Frank, catching eagerly at the thought of a gallop with Mary, and perhaps another race over the fine elastic turf of Dockhill Ridge; 'but why take the gardener 'away from his work? My father says I know the moor as well as 'Ben Head; and I'll promise to steer clear of all bogs, if you'll 'allow me to be the pilot; so please trust me.'

Frank's recent adventure among the bogs had been the talk of the whole country, and had left a deep impression on the widow's mind that even those who are born and bred on the very edge of the moor are liable to get into difficulties the moment they turn aside from the beaten and broad tracks of the public highway. But, in addition to that far from groundless apprehension, the question of propriety was one which, however inclined the lady might have been to grant Frank's request, made her hesitate to do so on this particular occasion. 'If any one, for instance, connected with his family or the 'neighbourhood were by accident to meet Mary and him alone on 'that wild moor,' she thought to herself, 'there would be but one 'construction put upon the matter; it would be said of course that, 'boy as he is, I was setting a trap to catch the young heir of Water-'combe, and the fact of his being a visitor at Heathercot would 'only confirm the suspicion.'

To say 'No' to any reasonable request proffered by those in whom she was interested required no little effort on the part of Mrs. Cornish, whose easy and gentle nature led her, as a rule, to glide with the stream rather than struggle against it. Feeling, however, as she did, how censorious the world might be if she gave it a handle, she answered Frank with more firmness than was her general wont, but still without assigning the real motive for her refusal. 'No,' she said, 'thank you; that would never do; for although for myself 'I see no danger in trusting Mary to your sole guidance on this the 'sound side of the moor, and feel sure you would bring her back 'quite safely, yet others would perhaps think differently, and condemn 'me as the most indiscreet of mothers.'

'Well,' said Frank, not so easily disposed of, 'I shouldn't care a fig 'for their condemnation. What business have others to interfere with 'your private arrangements? It seems to me a great impertinence.'

But, strongly as he continued to urge his point, Mrs. Cornish would not give way. 'My old coach-horse, the Gunner,' she said, 'has been standing idle in the stable for more than a week, and, as 'there is no particular work at home requiring the gardener's attention, 'they shall both have an outing, and accompany you to the moor.'

Frank said no more, but certainly looked as if he thought the man's company would be a great bore; and although Mary had more than once during the conversation expressed her conviction that if they were to enjoy a nice gallop, the stumpy old Gunner would be left miles behind, the excursion was finally arranged in accordance with her mother's views.

Never did a neater animal than Taffy look through a bridle—a bright bay, with black points, and a touch of silver in his tail, indicating thereby the blood of 'Dongala,' his Arab sire. He stood just fourteen hands in height; and, although not always a docile slave in harness, the collar of which too frequently fretted his thin skin, as a lady's saddle-horse, his mouth, temper, and pace were perfect. In the language of the country, you might have 'put the nose of un into 'a pint mug,' so clean-cut was the outline of his head, and so deer-like its whole shape.

Well might Mary Cornish be proud of her handsome pet as, next morning soon after breakfast, he made his appearance at the front door with one of Peat's saddles, fitting him to perfection, and a light snaffle bridle by the same maker encircling his head, neither of which, however, was encumbered with any additional garniture in the form of martingale, crupper, or surcingle—appendages utterly needless for a neck and shoulders like his.

Nor were Taffy's good looks his sole recommendation. He had been carefully trained as a hunter, and, in the language of Ben Head, there wasn't a bank in Devonshire could pound him; for if he couldn't jump, he'd clamber over it, if 'twas as high as a haystack. Over the moor, too, in ground beset with obstructions, among hillocks, pits, and boulders, he seemed to have a fifth leg ready for any emergency, and, with a light hand on the bit, he was safe as an ibex of the Alps.

But now, perfect as he was in shape and symmetry, it is no figure of speech to say that, from the moment Mary had mounted him, Frank's gaze scarcely ever travelled below the level of the saddle for the rest of the day, so riveted was it on the bright, earnest face, the golden tresses, and the already well-developed form of that fair girl. Once, indeed, before they had fairly reached the moor-gate, his eye, following the line of her graceful figure down to the very hem of her habit-skirt, was attracted by the unusual length of that robe, and tempted him to observe that he thought the tailor must have made a bad guess at Taffy's height.

'And why so?' inquired Mary, not at once comprehending the drift of his remark. 'He asked no questions on the subject, and 'certainly did not take Taffy's measure.'

'That I should infer,' replied Frank, mustering courage to criticise

the garb that had been pronounced so perfect, and displayed the undulations of her figure so becomingly, 'because, if I may venture 'to say so, had he seen the horse, he would scarcely have made the 'skirt of your habit so long. It almost sweeps the ground, and 'would, I am sure, be pronounced dangerous by my father. Fre-'quent accidents happen to ladies hunting with our hounds, owing 'to the length of their habits. The action of a horse's hind legs in 'travelling quickly through heavy ground, especially if it is a little 'downhill, is often so high, that I have known ladies' skirts torn 'violently from their bodies, and even gentlemen's spurs kicked clean 'off their heels. So, if we are to have a rattling fast gallop, I should 'take up a reef or two in that skirt of yours, if I were you. It 'would certainly then be much safer.'

'I'd do it instantly,' replied Mary, somewhat alarmed by Frank's representation; 'but the truth is I scarcely know how to set about 'it. I have no needle and thread—not even a pin about me; and, 'unless we return to Heathercot, I don't see how it can be 'managed.'

'Oh, not back to Heathercot again! That's more than a mile 'off, and going back is always a sign of bad luck,' exclaimed Frank, fiddling in his pocket, and at length pulling out a piece of an old fishing-line with a hook attached to it. 'I could fasten it up with 'this in two minutes, if you'll let me.'

Without waiting for an answer he vaulted from his saddle, and beckoning to George, the gardener-groom, to take his horse, he proceeded forthwith to manipulate the skirt, and, doubling it up in a rough and ready fashion, he formed a tuck at least a foot in depth all round the bottom. The habit then fell just a few inches below the stirrup-iron, the mysterious arrangement of which Frank seemed to understand as well as if he had been a trained riding-master.

'There,' he said, popping her neat little foot into its stirrup again, 'I think you'll do now. No fear of Taffy's catching the skirt in 'that form, if it only stays as it is, no matter where or how fast he 'goes.'

Mary, who had been mute as a mummy during the process, now thanked him, half timidly yet warmly, for his trouble; but if, in submitting to it with a passive forbearance worthy of a Stoic, her voice did betray just the faintest touch of tremulous emotion, which, with all her exertion, she was unable to conceal, it could scarcely be wondered at. Be that as it may, whatever the maiden feelings of one so young and so artless might have been, it is quite clear that, believing the operation was necessary to her safety, she exhibited no ordinary share of common sense and mother-wit in not making a fuss about it. Nevertheless, the minutest detail of that episode, quickly as it passed, and trifling as it was, left an impression on her memory which long years did not change, and death alone could efface.

The gallop over the moor was a wild and exciting one; but the consequences resulting therefrom must be reserved for another chapter.

A PIPE IN FULLER PILCH'S BACK PARLOUR.

This is a codicil to the last will and testament of the undersigned. 'If and when any of my children after my decease shall find out that 'I leave too much money behind me, I give and bequeath the same 'to my friend Mr. Baily, proprietor of this Magazine, his executors, 'administrators, and assigns, for asking me to write this article; for I 'am going to talk about gods and godlike men, and rather fancy my 'work.'

Reader, whoever you are, did you ever give a penny to a poor boy looking into a cook-shop? and did you ever see that poor boy after expending his capital put his teeth at once into the article purchased, whether pudding, jam tart, or bun? I answer, Never! That poor boy would look at his newly-acquired property, and turn it round and round with delight, just I am doing now with Mr. Baily's proposal that I should write this article. 'Why don't you begin?' says Brown or Jones at his club, who never saw a cover point hit in his life. Why don't I begin? because I must get my wind, and keep my head cool.

It is just about thirty-six years ago, when a boy at Winchester (next choice for the eleven), I was spending a holiday at Tunbridge Wells, in days when half-sovereigns were rare things to handle—for country parsons with large families who owned large appetites could not throw away coin in those days—that the old governor said, says he, to my brother and self, 'Boys, there is half-a-sovereign. I heard 'this morning that there is a grand match in Penshurst Park, and that 'Pilch, the great batsman, is going to play.' Bennenden *v.* Penshurst was the match, and a splendid match it was too; for particulars whereof, see 'Lillywhite: his Scores,' vol. ii. page 531.

A committee of ways and means was held by the *nouveaux riches*, and they determined to walk seven miles and save their money, and the committee voted a supply of the finest Havannah cigars, seven for a shilling. The cigar shop exists now, for I saw it the other day for the first time since the day of that match; but I am older, and an ounce of Virginia answers my modest wants now. This occurred in August, 1839, and it was within the last six or seven years that I shook old Fuller Pilch (just about when he had scored the average allowed by the Psalmist) by the hand for the last time—happily without knowing it was so; for if I had known it was for the last time, I really think I should have fallen upon his neck and wept. What a tableau it would have made!

I can see him now on the Canterbury cricket ground giving me a lesson in batting, thirty years ago. 'There now, here's the wicket as 'you are a-going in to; you go behind the wicket and find out where 'the bowler's hand will be, and you sight the ground. Then ask for 'your block, and if you have hit it right, put your right foot firm 'behind the crease clear of the in-stump, and take your block right 'on the crease, and throw your left foot forward and keep your left

'shoulder up, and never let the bowler's hand be off it; and as long 'as you don't draw your left foot on the on-side you can't play with 'anything but a straight bat. Keep yourself free and firm; but be 'sure if you drop your shoulder or draw your left foot, you are a 'dead man. Don't be too anxious about hitting an off-ball until 'you are well set, and then if you feel your hand and eye are together, 'and know she is wide of the off-stump, throw your left leg forward 'and let her have it. I didn't do so myself, as I could reach her off 'or not, and make the drive, which is safer though less showy. 'You take care in playing forward against good bowling to watch 'the pace; for just as you are as pleased as Punch at your defence, 'a good bowler will drop one shorter and slower, and it will be 'his turn to laugh if he bowls and catches you, as he very likely 'will.'

Now, we are all going to sit in Fuller Pilch's back parlour at the Saracen's Head, at Canterbury; and remember, I say 'we,' not in an editorial point of view, but every cricketer, old and young, shall have a corner in the room, and he shall *not* smoke cigarettes, though, if old-fashioned, he may smoke cigars. He must be there sharp at seven o'clock on Sunday evening, and he must take a yard of clay, or a cigar, and listen to old Fuller talking about the old Kent eleven.

Now my critical friend, who says, 'He's off again, that fellow— 'that *laudator temporis acti*, he's mad,' you shall not come into Fuller's parlour. You shall wear lavender kid gloves, and put a glass in your eye, and smoke a big cigar, and walk in the Cathedral close, and ogle the maidservants who are walking with Corporal Smith or Private Brown, of the light bobs. As regards the editorial 'we,' except in newspapers, I hate it. The Queen is the only 'we' in England, with that exception.

The first time I was ever shown a man who had made a mark with some publication in the 'we' style, was when I came to London in 1842. I stared, for I saw before me a live author; but looking back through the spectacles of experience, I remember that he had an imperial measure of rum in his nose, and two side-cabins in his shoes, where his corns lived.

Now come, come, no more chaff. For very many years Canterbury and its vicinity has been a second home to me, and it is quite off my conscience that I never committed the sin of abstaining from paying old Fuller a visit on Sunday evening, when out on a run from Saturday till Monday. Cathedral in the morning, luncheon, &c.; in the afternoon tea, claret cup, &c. in the garden, under the trees near the Cathedral; and in the evening, scenes in Fuller's private room.

'Pilch, what do you think of present cricket?'

'Well, there,' and 'Aye,' were Pilch's favourite words. 'Well, 'there, it never was better, and never was worse; there's too much 'of it, and you know what a man is going to do before he does it.' [Please remember that Pilch used to talk of 'hands,' 'notches,' and 'bowling,' pronounced as 'howling.'] 'It is like seeing a play over

'and over again, when they come in at the same place and go out at 'the same place every night; there is more business than pleasure in 'it, too often.'

'Now, Pilch, let's have a talk about the old Kent eleven.'

'Then let me light my pipe, and you light your'n. Now I will 'tell you just what the Kent eleven was to my mind. It was 'eleven brothers, who knew one another, and never knew what 'jealousy was. It is true that I was paid to come into the county, 'and brought Martingell in too; but, bless my soul! as soon as any 'man had been twelve months amongst the cherry orchards and hop 'gardens, and the pretty Kentish girls, he couldn't help becoming 'Kent to the backbone. Why, look at the support we had, and look 'at the money in the county. All the land almost is held by rich 'noblemen and gentlemen; and the farmers many of them were 'worth their twenty thousand pounds, and farmed very high, and 'had leisure to enjoy themselves. Why, the cherries would go on 'a-growing, and the hop-bine keep on creeping, night and day, whilst 'they were looking at a cricket match. Think of our supporters— 'Mr. Wykeham Martyn, Mr. Twisden Hodges, Lord Sondes, Lord 'Harris, Mr. Selby of Town Malling, and half a score more in the 'county, and plenty of them outside the county, too; Squire Cham- 'berlayn, in Hampshire; Mr. Charles Taylor and Mr. Goring, in 'Sussex; all the Hoare family, in Surrey; Mr. Ward and Mr. 'Bowdler, and lots more, at Lord's;—why you might keep on 'counting till the end of your life, and never name half of them. 'When they wanted a match they would send for Ned Wenman 'and me, and say, "We want a good match; can you do it?" Well, 'then we used to reckon what it would come to, and they were at 'our backs if there was any money wanted; but we never asked for 'it if we made a good thing. Now, don't you see here was the 'difference between those times and these: there were few railways, 'and matches were scarce, and some of our eleven put on different 'sides would draw all the country round for a two days' match 'in a nobleman's park; for instance, Mr. Felix and Alfred Mynn 'were given one side, and Ned Wenman and me and Adams the 'other. Then, don't you see we were out for a two days' holiday, 'and the whole town enjoyed themselves, and the principal inn- 'keepers used to arrange to have our company on different nights; 'and very often a lot of gentlemen would come, too, and hear a song, 'for we had rare singing about in the county; and if Mr. Felix had 'his fiddle with him—for he could make music on anything from a 'church organ to a pair of tongs—it was a treat. I remember one 'night when there was a concert, or theatricals, or something, Mr. 'Felix was playing in the band, and old Lillywhite was sitting 'behind him and saw the music, and he said, "*Muster Felix, you* '"*are bound to have an overthrow or two over all those crooked* '"*notes.*"'

'But Pilch, how about the cricket the next day after a long 'evening?'

'I used to manage that. Two glasses of gin-and-water were 'about my allowance; and when some of the company were asking 'me to drink, I told the landlord, "Let the gentleman pay, and you '"leave the gin out of my glass;" and nobody knew it, but I was 'wetting my pipe with cold water half the evening. Aye, and 'haven't I seen some good company in many a butler's private 'room when we were playing a great match! aye, and drank rare 'good stuff, too! The gamekeepers used to drop in by accident, 'and the ladies'-maids and the housekeeper; and I have known some 'of the young gentlemen staying in the big house come down and 'smoke their cigars, and talk cricket; for I say gentlemen were 'gentlemen, and players were players, much in the same position as 'a nobleman and his head gamekeeper might be, and we knew our 'place and they knew theirs; and if some of the gentlemen had not 'so much money as some of the present day, they had a precious 'deal better manners than some whom I know, and weren't hand-'and-glove with the players one moment, and bullyragging them 'the next. Many of the players were gamekeepers, carpenters, 'and other trades, and when the match was over, went back to 'their business and felt that they had had a good holiday. Why, 'money couldn't get a gentlemen into the Kent eleven. Some one 'might say to me, "Pilch, Mr. So-and-so, the rich brewer or '"banker's son, wants to play in the county eleven." "Very '"well," I used to say, "let me see him make a good hand '"against good bowling, and see what he is worth in the field, '"and if he is good enough he shall play." I didn't much like 'gentlemen in the eleven unless they were heart and soul cricketers; 'they might be up dining or playing billiards, or cards, or what not 'overnight, and lose a match; but I knew a good one when I 'saw him.

'There are three now I call to mind, some who played for Kent '—Mr. Emilius Bayley, Mr. Edward Banks, and Mr. Edward 'Swann—the last was our long stop very often—and they did work. 'Mr. Bayley did not play often, but he was a fine long leg and cover 'point, and no mistake. He brought his name from Eton. Then 'Mr. Edward Banks: I found him down Sandwich way, where his 'property lay. He and his youngest brother, Mr. William, were 'the quickest between the wickets I ever did see, and Mr. Edward 'was one of the smartest in the long field. He was like a thorough-'bred horse, for no matter how far the ball was off, he would try; 'and when I sang out, "Go to her, Mr. Edward! go to her!" he 'would outrun himself almost, and as sure as ever he got his hands 'to her, the ball was like a rat in a trap.

'What I say is this now, that a good many gentlemen, and 'players too, are afraid of dropping a catch, and they drop back for 'the first bound, instead of going to her neck or nothing: nothing 'pleases the public so much as a hard running catch, or does a man 'more credit, and every catch ought to be tried if possible. Now 'Jupp and Daft come across my mind and remind me of the old

'sort of player—never tired in the field—like a brick wall to bowl 'at, and trying every mortal chance in the game.'

'Now, Pilch, let us run over some of the old eleven.'

'All right, sir; now for the bowling. Alfred Mynn and Hillyer, 'with Tom Adams, Martingell, Hinkley, and Edgar Wiltshire some-'what later, and Mr. Frederick Fagge for a change. Very often 'we didn't want the change, if the ground was strong enough to 'bear Alfred Mynn; for if the ground was rotten he dug a grave 'with his left foot. Ground and weather didn't matter to Hillyer; 'rough or smooth, wet or dry, sand or mud, he could put a ball 'on a sixpence; and he did just what Ned Wenman told him. 'You remember when the ground was a little hard, how Alfred 'would drop her short, and the ball would cut right across from 'the on to the off, and hum like a top. When he first began, 'ne'er a man in England but his brother Walter would long stop 'for him; and I have something to say about him presently, and 'long stopping too.

'I think long stopping is generally better now, for the ground is 'rolled for long stop, and he is made one of the most important men 'in the field, and long stop was looked on pretty much as a man 'who was condemned to hard labour; though my nephew, William 'Pilch, and Jack Heath and Mortlock of Surrey, and Mr. Charles 'Ridding were as good as ever I saw.

'Just think of Ned Wenman behind the wicket: was there ever 'a better? He didn't stop every ball, or every other ball, perhaps, 'for he left his long stop to do his own work. "What's the good of '"Mr. Walter Mynn for long stop," he used to say, "if I am to do '"all his work and knock my hands to pieces?—No; let him do '"his work, and I will do mine."

'I can see Ned Wenman now,' said Fuller, 'with his eye on the 'batsman's foot and the crease, without any pads or gloves; and as 'sure as a man showed a sign of drawing his foot, he took her close 'to the bails and just broke the wicket, and looked at the umpire if 'he thought it was out; and it was very seldom that e'er an umpire 'said "No" to him, for he was a real good judge.

'There was another rare pull we had, for it so chanced that there 'never was a better short slip than Hillyer, or than Alfred Mynn; 'one hand was good enough for Alfred, for his fist was about the 'size of a small shoulder of mutton. Lord! what a man he was 'when he was about thirty years of age—six feet two, and near upon 'eighteen stone, all bone and muscle, when he played Dearman in '1838. He was sleeping at Town Malling, and he called me into 'his bedroom when he was dressing to play, and was standing with-'out his shirt on, and he said, "Fuller, do I look fit to play to-day?" 'Why, he looked fit to carry a church and a whole congregation 'round the town, for he trained for that match as if he was going to 'fight.

'That match was made against me, for I had beaten Marsden, the 'champion, but I chose to name a man, and named Alfred Mynn.

'There was a deal of money lost on that match, for they hadn't seen 'Alfred much in the North, as he got knocked to pieces at Leicester, 'in 1836, in North *v.* South, and was laid up all 1837 almost; but 'Yorkshiremen will back their man: "Be a man or a mouse, hedge '"nought," is their motto.

'You remember the old eleven? Tom Adams in the long field, 'and Mr. Felix point. There was a pair for you. How often did 'you ever see Tom Adams miss a catch, or miss throwing a wicket 'down, if Mr. Felix called to him to throw in the chance of throw-'ing a man out? and how often did you see Mr. Felix allow an 'overthrow if he called on Adams to take a shot?—why, never, and 'that's about it.

'Dorrinton, again, what a useful man he was—well-balanced 'everywhere; a fine field, good wicket-keeper, and a very steady 'bat. He was six feet high, and so were four more of us—Wenman, 'the two Mynns, and me, and Tom Adams weren't far off.

'Stearman and Clifford were finishing off pretty much when 'you knew the eleven, but they were rare good men, too; and so 'was Martingell; he was a good plucked one, and a good all-round 'man; and I suppose Fuller Pilch weren't much of a dunce at mid-'off, and not a very bad judge of the game.

'When we came to our batting, we managed to all work together 'somehow. Ned Wenman played back and cut, and I was about 'the most forward player in England; and between us we puzzled 'the bowlers sometimes. My play, as you know, was a good deal 'what they called "Pilch's poke," because I relied on smothering 'the ball and drove her forward. I never liked playing against 'Alfred Mynn, for he and I were like brothers in the first place; 'and in the second, he would drop 'em short and put all the steam 'on if the ground was hard, for he knew my play; and people 'mayn't think it, but a short-pitched ball, cutting right across from 'the on to the off is about the nastiest stuff you can have; for if she 'shoots she wants a deal of play to stop her, and if she jumps up '"knuckle high," it is a job to keep her away from short slip, or 'from popping up.

'Mr. Walter Mynn and Hillyer were two useful ones, though 'neither of them batted in any style, and Walter was very stiff; but 'those two never knew fear, and if we were likely to want a few 'notches at the finish, I always kept them back to the last, or if we 'had a quarter of an hour to time I would put them in and say, '"You two bide till the clock strikes seven, and don't think of the 'notches:" aye, and many a time they've done it too.

'But Mr. Felix on his own day was my man. He was not so 'safe as Mr. Charles Taylor of Sussex, or Joseph Guy of Notting-'ham, or Ned Wenman, or perhaps me; but when he got to work, 'and the ground and the light suited him, it was a wonderful sight to 'see him bat. He knew the whole science of the game, and had a 'hand and eye such as no one e'er beat him at; and when he saw 'a ball was pretty well safe to keep outside the off-stump, it was a

'beautiful thing to see him throw his right foot forward—for, as you 'remember, he was left-handed—and do a little bit of tip-toeing, 'with his bat over his shoulder; and if he did get the ball full, and 'it missed the watchers, you heard her hit the palings on the off-'side almost as soon as she left his bat. Hawkins of Sussex, who 'always batted with his bat over his shoulder, and took guard within 'six inches of his wicket, sometimes made as fine a cut, but Mr. 'Felix never missed her if he had time to see her. Tom Adams, 'too, was a real good one in a match. He was never a first-rate 'bat, or a first-rate bowler, but a magnificent field, and he worked 'like a horse, and if the bowling got a little loose he was a rare 'punisher. He was a curious customer, and looked so knowing, with 'a corkscrew "gipsy curl" on each side of his face; and couldn't he 'throw, and shoot, or play skittles, or anything else? And though 'he wasn't a quarrelsome man, if there was a row and he was 'insulted, he was ready for any number, one down, t'other come on. 'And what a temper Mr. Felix had! and what a laugh, too! and 'didn't he like to go on with old Lillywhite a bit? He used to 'have a little joke when he came in: he would go into the middle, 'and pick up a little bit of paper or straw, or what not, and look up 'to old Lillywhite, who was a little impatient, waiting with the 'ball in his hand. "Good-morning, Mr. Lillywhite: halloa! a '"cricket-match on to-day, eh? and you a-bowling?—well, let's '"have an innings."

'Well, old Lillywhite would be a little bit cross, perhaps, some-'times, and would answer him a little sharp, and "You go and '"mind your batting, Mr. Felix, and I will mind my bowling;" 'and it was wonderful to see the care Mr. Felix took for an over or 'two. It was no use sending him up one to hit with an England 'or Sussex field round until Mr. Felix felt "set;" but directly he 'knew that hand and eye were master, to it he went, and if he got 'the chance he did punish the bowling.'

'Do you remember the match at Canterbury, Kent *v.* England, 'in 1842, Fuller?'

'Just what I do remember: there were four or five good hands 'made in that match against England, and so there were against us. 'Mr. Felix and I and Alfred Mynn were in pretty near a whole 'day against eight bowlers, and over 750 balls were bowled in the 'first hands. Tom Barker and Joseph Guy made the long hands 'for England, and our side bowled almost as many balls. Kent got '278, and England 266. And then the ground was so cut up that 'Lillywhite and Dean, without a change, got the lot of us for 44 'in our second hands, and Kent lost by nine wickets. When we 'got the 278, one of the Kentish farmers offered thirty pounds to 'one on Kent, and an officer at Canterbury took him four times 'over, and old Top-boots did sigh when he went home for his can-'vas bag to pay up. A deal of money was lost on that match; 'for though there was not much betting, like as on a racecourse, 'the farmers did like their sovereign or five pounds on Kent, and

'they were not happy till they got on a trifle. They used to offer 'to take a sovereign from me before going in, and pay me a shilling 'a run; and a good thing I made of it sometimes. And then— 'some of them—they would give me the shilling a run and my own 'sovereign back too, if Kent won.

'I don't say that men can't play as well now as then; but I do 'say that a stronger band of cricketers were never got together 'than our eleven at its best; for, as I said before, we were like a 'band of brothers.

'Now, just remember who England had to choose from for bowl- 'ing. Lillywhite, Redgate, Cobbett, Dean, Fenner, Daniel Day, 'Dakin, Sir Frederick Bathurst, Mr. George Young, Tom Barker, 'Mr. Fellowes, Wisden, and a score more. Clarke came later with 'his slows and did a deal of mischief. Look at the England batting. 'Joseph Guy, Mr. Charles Taylor, Hammond, Bushby, Mr. Hay- 'garth, Mr. E. H. Pickering, Mr. Nicholson, Tom Barker, Box, 'Hawkins, Sewell, George Parr, the finest leg-hitter ever seen, Mr. 'Ponsonby, and others. Why, they weren't dunces, I know. 'There was some wicket-keeping, too, in those days. Mr. Herbert 'Jenner, Mr. Anson, and Mr. William Ridding and Mr. Nicholson 'knew their book pretty well, and Box and Wenman were as good 'as any I ever did see; and you must get up very early in the 'morning to see any one in the field who would beat Mr. Charles 'Taylor at mid off, and Mr. William Pickering at cover point or 'long leg, or Hawkins at point. Hawkins did look, as he was, a 'barber all over, and advertised his shop with his own figurehead, 'for his hair was curled just like a poodle dog's.

'There now, I've had my say, and mind, I don't mean to state 'that in any age one or two may not spring up as good, or perhaps 'better than ere a one who went before, and who are as heart and 'soul in the game as we were; but I do say this, that some—young 'gentlemen especially—get pushed into county elevens who would not 'have been thought fit company for our third eleven; and there is so 'much swagger and dress in the cricket field now sometimes, and 'so much writing and squabbling with committees and secretaries 'and players about cricket, that I often feel that the heart of the 'game is going, and that very many are playing for their own glory 'more than for their county now.

'I know this, that we played for the honour of the county and 'the love of the game first, and, of course, the gentlemen took care 'of us in the second place; and when they tell me that we are only 'dreaming about the past, and that things are much better now, and 'they vex me a bit, I tell them: "Well, according to your own '"showing, if nothing was so good thirty years ago, when you came '"into the world, you admit that your father and mother were not '"so good as the fathers and mothers now."

'"Why did we go to pieces?" you ask. Well, the fact was 'we all grew old together, and I often think some of us played a 'year or two too long; but then, the truth was, though I say it,

'the public liked the names of Mynn and Felix and Wenman 'and Hillyer, Adams, Dorrinton, Martingell, aye, and of Fuller 'Pilch, too; and I think we kept the candle burning a little too long, 'till railways drew people away to take their pleasure somewhere 'else, and every one was so busy that they didn't care for making 'a county holiday unless there was a lot of fiddling and dancing, 'and play-acting and what not: they don't care to hear a good old 'English song as they did then, so it has all drifted into committee 'cricket now, and our old backers are under the turf instead of on it.'

The last time I saw Fuller Pilch was a few months before his bankruptcy, which, I believe, killed him. The world did not prosper with him as it ought, and he was out of spirits, and got so excited about the old times that I had to drop the subject.

I paid a visit a year or two back to his grave to see his monument and the bas-relief of him retiring from a broken wicket. I pictured to myself his grand commanding figure, and in imagination repeopled the old Town Malling ground with the brave old Kentish yeomen, and could hear their ringing cheer as their favourite, in his first over, broke the ice and made one of his brilliant forward drives just out of reach of point and mid off, and I could hear Pilch's voice, 'Come on; *easy three*, *Muster Felix!*' and I looked forward with interest to see him represented in marble; but guess my horror when I found the bas-relief to be nothing more or less than an accurate representation of a short paralytic baboon who had sprained his leg in jumping over a broken hurdle.

Canterbury, as I have said, is a charming place to spend a Sunday in, and many people have a pleasant custom of inviting a few intimate friends to supper after evening service. Such was the custom at the house where I was staying, and I was warned to be in at half-past eight, and I was near my time, but a little late. One of the principal people in the town was expected, a very staid, proper man, and on asking if I was in, the footman said, 'He 'will be home in a minute or two; he went out at seven *to* '*smoke his pipe at the Saracen's Head.*' If the man had said he has gone to see Fuller Pilch, it would have been all right; but I found afterwards that he had run the risk of getting for me a character for spending my evenings in a public-house bar. Well! if no more harm ever came from spending an evening in a tavern than my evenings with Fuller Pilch produced, the world would be much better, and there would be 'lodgings to let' in many a gaol, lunatic asylum, and workhouse which are peopled with drunkards.

FREDERICK GALE.

Mitcham, August, 1875.

P.S.—This article is not drawn from my imagination, but is an accurate account of sayings and doings recorded by Fuller Pilch of some of the finest cricketers whom the world ever saw or ever will see.

P.S. No. 2.—There is an old saying, That facts are funnier than

fiction. The facts are these. On August 17th I was anywhere between Portsmouth, Ryde, Cowes, and Carisbrooke, taking my children about the Isle of Wight. I received the proof of this article in the morning before starting, and, although I knew the island by heart, I took sufficient parental interest to say, 'How 'pretty!' 'Look at that yacht there.' 'There is the window where 'Charles the First tried to escape, &c., &c.,' I myself being engaged between whiles in correcting for press. In the smoking-room of the hotel where I was staying, a quiet, rather elderly gentleman, little thinking that I had the proof in my pocket, rashly asked, 'Can any 'one tell me how old cricket is?' It was about ten o'clock P.M., and the inquirer and myself were left alone after a minute or two, as the rest of the company were about retiring. I answered his question, and after an hour of my harangue, I was left quite alone, my only companion having fairly bolted, just as I was getting into the days of Mynn and Felix. If he had not done so I should have talked him to death.

WINTER IN SUMMER.

SCIENCE is to alter the seasons. A distinguished engineer has even suggested that he would defy latitude. One bright proposal he made was to erect in Calcutta an edifice reaching above cloudland, with continuous lifts, whereby families might be accommodated with apartments suited to their tastes, and providing all gradations of temperature, from tropical heat to almost Arctic cold, or a region of perpetual snow. Can the imagination lead us beyond the engineering and architectural wonders of a vertical city, with naked punka boys ventilating suffocating chambers below, whilst lads and lasses might be clad in furs, and indulge in perennial skating matches on the roofs of sublime edifices? We might write a volume on the hygienic injunctions prescribed by living on earth and in the heavens; the first demanding the scantiness of seraphic vestments, and the latter bearskins, with the inevitable blubber, without which the Esquimaux could never support his animal heat.

We love, we adore the artificial. From lamb and green peas at Christmas to the enamelled syren made beautiful for ever. A wicked man has proposed tickets for 'WET PAINT' to be borne by some emerging from their dressing-rooms; but how the world loves them! We are all disposed to bend the knee before human skill and ingenuity. Palm-houses and vineries in northern latitudes excite our admiration more than the luxuriant vegetation of an Indian jungle. They are unnatural. What thrill would not pass through the breast of many a loving couple if only they could join hands and slide over frozen water in the Green Park during the three hot months of London life? Asphalte or wood and roller-skates attract their hundreds to select rinks, and few even of the skaters themselves

imagine how wonderful the Plimpton rollers are. We cannot indulge in a lecture on mechanics, but assert that the same or similar talents brought to bear on the construction of genuine ice surfaces would provide perpetual skating-ponds, maintained in perfect smoothness, wherever skaters in sufficient numbers to defray expenses could be found.

All sinks to the practical. Will it pay? Sometimes other reasons interfere. The Americans thought they might have covered ice rinks in the Northern States, so as to protect skaters from the inclemencies of the weather, whilst affording the enjoyment of well-kept ponds. Doors open at night, and occasionally during the day, where the temperature is constantly below zero, could not fail to provide thick ice in a huge barn; but medical men soon found that closed rinks were unhealthy. They were abandoned, not for their costliness, but for their unhealthiness; and one great condition to be observed when human beings are undergoing great exertion is, that they have fresh air to breathe. Great exertion requires special training, and probably the hothouse belles of Saratoga would soon succumb on an open river or lake, and perhaps as readily as in the packed ice-sheds of Buffalo or elsewhere. The attempt has, however, also been made to maintain a frozen surface under a tent; and the success attending the employment of powerful freezing machinery would lead one to suppose that there is nothing impracticable in having a few hundred superficial feet of ice 3 to 6 inches thick on a tolerably reciliant metal surface, which for all practical purposes would be the almost exact counterpart of a sheet of water. This idea is not quite so utopian as that of the Indian engineer with his Tower of Babel. The advocates of roller-skating may say that nowadays skating rinks are superfluous; but, whilst fully admitting the charm of this new American importation, we cannot fail to recognise that it has one advantage, viz., that of multiplying skaters, and many of these are still prosaic enough to love a piece of natural ice better than all else that can be devised as its substitute. Just fancy the delight of even grizzly men who might enjoy the 'roaring game' of curling at all seasons of the year!

Blocks of transparent ice 20 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 6 inches thick are now readily made in ice-boxes, and the arrangement of horizontal metal surfaces over which ice of great thickness could be formed is attended with little difficulty. Ice 2 inches thick will bear infantry, and 4 inches thick, cavalry with light guns. The thinner the ice made on an artificial metal surface the less the chances of its being soft; and, since the freezing can be effected at 18° or 20° below freezing point, the density or firmness of a layer of artificial ice would, as a rule, exceed that of ordinary ice in this country. Every day more and more does ice become a necessity, and, with dear and scarce provisions, the preservative qualities of ice must bring it more and more into use. Wherever, then, ice is to be made for our daily wants, there skating rinks might be economically formed, and we commend them to enterprising British skaters.

Would they not be preferable to skittle alleys and racquet courts? It is one of the wonders of Britain that the most expert skaters, even before the days of Plimpton, were to be found where ice is treacherous and seldom seen. In point of numbers, the Dutch and Scandinavians, not to speak of our Canadian relatives, could beat us; but the London Skating Club has stimulated to extraordinary feats nimble athletes who excel in combined figures, though they may not engrave their initials on the ice.

It is quite evident from the few preceding observations that there is much science in skating. There is much to learn in physiology, in mechanics, and the laws of heat. We need not, therefore, wonder if skating has now its literature as well as its devotees, and, though few have written on the subject, some have written well.

In 1870 we gave a short review of a 'System of Figure Skating,'* by Messrs. Vandervell and Witham, two of the shining lights of that bright constellation, the London Skating Club; and we are now glad to see a second edition has appeared, containing the progress of the art during the past four years; for, ambitious as the title is, the book fully justifies the use thereof; and although aware, as the preface shows, of the difficulties of the task they had undertaken, the authors have proved quite equal to the work, the result being an exposition of the theory and practice of skating which will be found invaluable by the merest tyro as well as the expert. For, although the man or boy who tried to learn to skate by reading would probably have the same success as the gentlemen who hoped to learn to swim by watching the natatory movements of a frog, yet a little preliminary study of first principles would save many a long hour of wasted exertion and initiatory tumbles.

The book commences with a glance at the origin and history of skating. There seems no doubt that the skate of modern days was evolved from the more ancient snow-shoe by the necessities of Northern life; and iron skates were probably first used about two hundred years after Christ. Wood and bone seem to have been the more favourite materials. Mentioned in the Edda and in Runic poems as the necessary accomplishment of the Northern hero, skating has been neglected by our national bards; and Shakespeare has no allusion to it, though, long before his time, the sturdy 'prentice lads were wont to disport in the overflowed Moorfields on their skates formed of shank-bones. Skating has, however, really no history till 1830, when the London Skating Club was founded, and when skating as an art may be said to have commenced.

The second chapter is devoted to the theory of skating, and commences with a short dissertation on those laws of motion which govern the steps of the skater; and to propitiate the Philistines, who may see little connection between dynamics and cutting the figure 3, the authors quote the remark of Mr. Arnott, that 'skating becomes,

* 'A System of Figure Skating; being the Theory and Practice of the Art as Developed in England, with a Glance at its Origin and History.' By H. E. Vandervell and T. Maxwell Witham. Horace Cox, 346, Strand.

'to the intelligent man, an intellectual as well as a sensitive or 'bodily treat, from its exemplifying so pleasingly the laws of motion.' But the 'practical man' need not fear a deluge of science; for, although very much to the point, Messrs. Vandervell and Witham's physics are anything but prolix; but, though the fact that the best skaters come from the higher ranks of society cannot be disputed, we should be inclined to object to their deduction that higher education is the cause, although with proper dread of the School Board before our eyes, and rather attribute the fact to the greater facilities enjoyed by the middle and upper classes, for practising what is now only a pastime, although cultivated originally for travelling or the purposes of the chase. The greater part of the chapter is taken up in rehabilitating the much-abused inside edge, which is done with great success, indispensable as it is shown to be for most of the higher figures, the objection to it having arisen from the awkward way in which it is performed—quite unnecessarily, as is shown farther on by diagrams illustrating the usual, but incorrect, and the correct attitude.

Leaving the study, the reader is prepared for the ice by a chapter of general directions, including an exhaustive treatise on the choice of skates themselves; but, being thus equipped at all points, before venturing on the ice, we have a description of the various kinds of ice, the formation of ice-rinks, and the various substitutes for ice. A skater can scarcely help being a *laudator temporis acti*. Year by year has passed, and still a good old-fashioned winter is a thing of the past; and, though last winter gave promise of better times, its good promise was untimely nipped in the bud. The weather of late years has only been favourable to skaters of Mr. Winkle's class, and therefore we cannot wonder if we find all lovers of the pastime racking their brains for a substitute which shall make them independent of capricious Mr. Jack Frost. An artificial ice, consisting of some mixture of crystallised salts, has been tried, but without much success; the strides, however, which are being made in perfecting machines for the manufacture of ice must soon solve the problem; great attention in the meantime has been paid to the development of the roller-skates, operating on asphalte or wood flooring. Most mechanical novelties spring nowadays from the fertile brains of our Transatlantic cousins; and by far the best rollers appear to be the patent of a Mr. Plimpton, of New York, who, by an ingenious arrangement, keeps the wheels squarely on the surface, whether the skater be upright or canted; and the authors assert that whatever can be done with skates on ice can be done on boards with these roller-skates, but at the best these can only be regarded as unsatisfactory substitutes. The good ice-skaters must not expect, however, to perform their accustomed evolutions without preliminary practice; for roller-skating is a new art, as a trial quickly shows.

The remainder of the book is devoted to an exhaustive account of the various possible (many alas! to most persons impossible) figures.

These are most practical, and, with the valuable diagrams, will be found invaluable to the learner. The ladies are not forgotten, but have a chapter devoted to themselves; and the book ends with the destruction of one of the fond illusions of our boyhood. We have all known, or at least heard of, some object of our schoolboy hero-worship who could cut out his name; and now, not only is this declared a myth, but its impossibility is but too thoroughly demonstrated. The tendency of the age is thus shown even in skating. We wonder if the next generation will have any fond illusion left for their wonder and admiration.

We are patriotic, but hardly think the authors do justice to the American skaters, many of whom, we cannot but think, would run even the unapproachable London Skating Club very close; nor need we mind confessing this, for their advantages in climate are very great.

CRICKET.

A FEW weeks ago an excellent and instructive article on the Marylebone Cricket Club rules appeared in the columns of the 'Sporting 'Gazette.' That many of these rules are unintelligible, and many others absurd, was pretty well known already; and, indeed, the game could not go on from year to year and be played in peace and harmony if any serious attempt was made to construe them according to their letter. Their spirit is interpreted in a common-sense view by players generally, and umpires, as a rule, reflect the views entertained by the players. If umpires attempted to lay down the law in disregard of the collective opinion of the players, they would not be tolerated for a moment. Any ordinary cricketer knows as much about the rules of cricket as any ordinary umpire, and umpires are merely useful as conveniences to save the players the trouble of watching minutely all the varied points of the game. An umpire falls as naturally into the rules of the ground as a billiard marker into the rules of the room, and does not pretend to flaunt his superior knowledge in the faces of those who have mutually agreed to adopt some variation of the game. On some grounds, for instance, four balls are bowled in the over, on others, five; and we might mention many other differences in the conduct of the game which are frequently noticeable. The umpire, then, is not wanted as an expositor of the law, but is wanted to exercise an unceasing vigilance over details on which the combatants might have slightly biased opinions. He is wanted, in fact, to keep his eyes open from the beginning to the end of the game; and the habit of keeping one's eyes open is not one which comes by nature, or is acquired without considerable practice and perseverance. A great many umpires are worse than useless, because they never can or never will keep their attention resolutely fixed on their business. Their eyes, if open, wander to the heavens above or the earth beneath,

and only casually glance at the proceedings of the bowler and the batsman. Sometimes they shut their eyes altogether, and remain in a happy state of dreamy unconsciousness till aroused by the sudden call of 'How's that, Umpire?' when they give their decisions as chance may direct. Even the mechanical operation of counting the balls in each over is more than a novice at umpiring can successfully accomplish, as any one who tries for the first time will speedily discover. An ingenious person has invented a small pocket machine, which, by the pressure of the umpire's finger, registers each ball bowled, and, after every fourth ball, gives a click to warn the umpire that an over is completed. Unhappily, if the umpire forgets to press the instrument after each ball, the monitory signal will not be given at the right time, and confusion would then be worse confounded. No artificial aid can supply the defects caused by inattention; and hence the great desideratum in an umpire is patient steadiness which never flags during an innings however long, and an entire absence of all star-gazing propensities. The supply of umpires of this class is remarkably scanty, and it would be well if the leading clubs resolved, when they had found a really efficient umpire or two, to keep them exclusively for that purpose. The example set by the Marylebone Club of employing their ground men in turns to stand umpires is by no means worthy to be followed. The umpiring at Lord's this season was often highly unsatisfactory, owing to the inexperience—not to say the ignorance—of some of the ground bowlers, who found themselves for the first time in their lives in a position they were not competent to fill.

Some of the points touched upon by the writer to whom we have referred are more curiosities than difficulties of cricket, and most cricketers could add to the list from their own experience. It may be quite true that the stumps are usually wider at the bottom than at the top, but we do not anticipate that there will be any general stir to put the letter of the law in force. The usual plan is to try whether the ball will pass between the stumps and without touching them on either side, and to be satisfied if it touches, however slightly, on one side or the other. No doubt the bowler gets a slight advantage through the extra width of the stumps at the bottom, but it is an advantage which few will grudge him. The rule as to the bowler's changing wickets is ambiguously expressed, but the intention of its framers that the bowler should not be allowed to bowl twice at both ends, but only to return to his original end after having changed ends once is generally understood and universally acted on. We read about wides, that 'umpires should notice 'that the sole requisite for a wide is that it should not be within 'reach of the batsmen. Hence a wide to a short batsman (Jupp) 'might not be so to a tall one (Grace).' We demur to this statement as being insufficient and incorrect. Has the pitch of the ball nothing to do with its wideness? A ball may pitch straight, but work away, owing to the combined influences of a side hill, a strong wind, and a good deal of break, out of the batsman's reach; but would that be a wide

ball? Then, again, it is not correct to say that the only runs that can be obtained from a wide are from the long stop missing the ball; for there may be no long stop at all, or the wide may have gone in the direction of short slip or sharp short leg, and have been missed by either of them. No-balls are, undoubtedly, a frequent cause of perplexity to country umpires, although the rules which obtain in regard to them are intelligible enough. When runs are made, however, off a no-ball, it is the scorers who are generally more puzzled than the umpires. It is so obvious that a trial ball means a trial ball on the wicket, that it is hardly necessary to explain that a bowler may amuse himself by bowling one or more balls off the wicket to open his shoulders, just as much as his comrades may toss the ball from one to another for the purpose of trying the adhesiveness of their hands. We entirely disagree with the writer in the 'Sporting 'Gazette,' and from James Lillywhite, from whose 'Cricketer's 'Annual' he makes extensive quotations as to certain catches. 'It 'is clear from this,' they say, 'that if the ball is held after touching 'a tree, house, tent, pavilion, or anything above the ground, the 'striker is out.' We do not see that anything of the kind is clear. That which grows out of the ground, or is permanently or temporarily attached to the ground, is, so far as catches are concerned, part of the ground itself. If a ball was hit into a furze bush, a few inches above the ground, no fieldsman picking it out would dream of asking whether he had made a catch; and what is a tree save a bush on a large scale, and attaining a greater altitude? Again, the umpire is something 'above the ground;' but would a catch made off the umpire's body count against the batsman? Common sense on this point has pronounced decidedly against that literal interpretation of the law which the writer in the 'Sporting Gazette' would apparently recommend. The wording of the rules as to the batsman's hitting his own wicket is unquestionably defective; but again common sense has stepped in, and shown, by analogy with other incidents in the game, that it is not meant that the wicket must be hit down level with the ground, but that if a bail only is knocked off the batsman must pay the penalty. It certainly is not too generally known that 'a ball being caught, no run shall be reckoned.' The majority of country players tacitly agree that if a run is completed while the ball is in the air, that run shall count; and it will be well if country umpires would make up their minds to resist this manifest infraction of the law. The question is asked, in connection with Rule XXIX., how, if the bowler who has shown by his actions that he is about to deliver the ball, changes his mind, and throws instead at the wicket of the batsman at his end, and misses the wicket, any run that may ensue should be scored? and we are told that no answer has ever been given to this question hitherto. We submit, with all humility, that the bowler so acting should be held to have delivered a no-ball. When the bowler shows by his actions that he is about to bowl, he is bound to bowl, and he becomes responsible for any breach of the rules relating to bowling. If, therefore, at the

last moment he throws the ball, instead of bowling it, it appears to us that he delivers a no-ball. Were he to retain the ball in his hand, and, suddenly turning round, whip off the bails of the batsman's wicket at his end, he would be within his right; for he would be only temporarily postponing the fulfilment of a duty he could afterwards discharge without deviating from the rules. But by letting the ball go out of his hands, he actually performs the duty his preliminary actions portended, and, by throwing instead of bowling, he breaks the law, and should be made to pay the penalty. Would, then, the batsman be out if the ball so thrown hit, instead of missing, his wicket? Yes; because a batsman can be run out from a no-ball. Striking the ball a second time is not, or ought not to be, a matter of any difficulty; for an umpire of most ordinary ability may be trusted to distinguish between a wilful second hit, made with intent to score off it, and an accidental or a defensive second hit, made with the intent of keeping the ball out of the wicket. Stumping, again, is not surrounded with any perplexity or difficulty, though the laws are constantly abused, through the negligence and incapacity of umpires. It requires a keen-sighted and vigilant umpire to watch the position of the wicket-keeper's hands, whether they are in front of the wicket or not; and, as we have before said, keen-sighted and vigilant umpires are not to be found every day in the week. Leg-before-wicket will always be the curse of wicket, as long as the present law is maintained. We fully agree with James Lillywhite 'that it is *almost* '*impossible* for a batsman to be out "leg before," if the bowler '(round arm, of course) is bowling *round* the wicket.' But umpires, as a rule, quite disregard mathematical impossibilities, and if they see a batsman put his leg in the way of a ball which would have hit the wicket, they generally give him out. These two facts are sufficient for them; the third necessary fact that the ball must have pitched in a straight line between the two wickets they customarily neglect, and, indeed, few human beings could take accurate notice of so many things happening almost simultaneously. As the law stands, we are of opinion that by far the greater number of batsmen given out 'leg before,' are given out wrongly. Yet we feel no compassion for their fate. If they are not out legally, they deserve to be out, at any rate; for it is no part of cricket to put your leg where your bat ought to be. It is much to be wished that that part of the law which requires the ball to be pitched in an almost impossible line were rescinded. The law would then be workable instead of unworkable; and it would be administered with some approach to accuracy, instead of being systematically violated as at the present time. There are many other points in cricket open to discussion, and about which misconceptions and misapprehensions prevail in plentiful abundance. The law as to lost balls is obscure and little understood, and nice questions might be suggested as to runs-out, especially when they are additionally complicated by the presence of an extra person who has been permitted to run to relieve a disabled batsmen from that arduous exertion. It is always agree-

able to read such rational criticisms on the perplexities of our national game as those on which we have commented; but it is also agreeable to remember that those perplexities seldom create any confusion or unpleasantness in actual play. The rules of cricket are vague and contradictory, but, in practice, common sense reduces them to some shape and system. We should be very glad to see a precise and intelligible code of cricket law promulgated by authority; but there is not the slightest chance that we shall be favoured with the sight, and in the absence of such a code we must get on as well as we can. And in spite of incoherent rules and incompetent umpires, cricketers manage to play a fair game and to get on without bickerings or unseemly disputes.

A few words, at the close of the season, on the general position of the leading cricketing counties may not be out of place. Gloucestershire has suffered some serious reverses this year, but they could hardly have been unexpected. Amateur bowling cannot go on for ever winning matches, nor can one or two batsmen, however eminent, perpetually make up for the weakness of their colleagues. Take away the Graces, and what is the Gloucestershire eleven? Nothing more than a scratch team of ordinary cricketers, without any pretension to compete with counties like Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Surrey, or Sussex. Mr. W. G. Grace has bowled wonderfully well this season, and the professionals especially dread him; but his batting has not been nearly so certain as in previous seasons. We are not prepared to jump to the conclusion that he has gone off as a batsman—his innings at Lord's against the Players was of the highest class, and no other man could have played it—but he has shown himself more susceptible to difficulties of wind and weather. The summer, take it altogether, has been dull and ungenial, and Mr. Grace likes a bright sun and a lively wicket. But in former years his hundreds came whether the ground was quick or slow, or the atmosphere sunny or cloudy; this year he appears to have become more fastidious. Dr. Grace has played very seldom, but, when he has handled the bat, he has shown that his right hand has not forgotten its cunning; and Mr. G. F. Grace has maintained a fair average both in batting and bowling. Apart from these the Gloucestershire eleven has been composed of very ordinary stuff, and even when the great man has come off—as, for instance, in the match against Yorkshire at Sheffield, when he scored 111 and 43—the weakness of his colleagues has made his exertions fruitless. Yorkshire, although her representatives have played somewhat unequally, presents on paper an astonishing combination of strength in every department of the game. What more can be desired in an eleven than bowlers such as Hill, Emmett, and Ullyett; batsmen like Lockwood and A. Greenwood; and a wicket-keeper like Pinder? The fielding also of the Yorkshiremen is remarkably fine, and they do not know how to miss a catch; in which respect they stand in striking contrast to the cricketers of southern counties. Yorkshire also has a fair medium-pace

bowler in Lockwood, though he cannot for a moment be compared with so unrivalled an artist as Alfred Shaw. Towards the latter part of the season the bowling of Hill has shown something of its old destructiveness; but it will, probably, never have the same amount of spin which characterised it last year and the year before. That inexplicable quality of spin sticks to these very fast bowlers for a few seasons and then deserts them. Nottingham has been doing particularly well of late. Alfred Shaw and Morley have been the bowling heroes of 1875; and though Daft now takes a tremendous time to get his runs, other members of this eleven have bestirred themselves in the batting department. Selby has been getting runs freely and well, and Oscroft and Shrewsbury have also distinguished themselves. The neighbouring county of Derby has taken the field also with a fair amount of success, and has the honour of owning in Mycroft a bowler who is likely to attain to the highest eminence, and who certainly should be tried in some of the great London matches next season. Now that there are six contests between North and South, and four between the Gentlemen and the Players, there is ample opportunity to try new men and to vary the composition of the elevens. Lancashire has two useful bowlers in W. McIntyre and Watson, and a brilliant batsman and field in Mr. Hornby; and it is somewhat odd that its programme for the season is not more extensive. The Surrey management have displayed great vigour and enterprise, and the patrons of cricket at the Oval must be, on the whole, well satisfied with the results of their exertions. Of course, the old standing dishes, Jupp, Southerton, Pooley, and Street are still the mainstays of Surrey cricket; but in Elliott they seem to have got a new man of real merit, and there are plenty of amateurs, good with the bat and in the field, to fill up any vacant places. Such men as Mr. Strachan, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Game are certain to be useful in any eleven. The want of Surrey is one or two good fast bowlers; but that is a want which every southern county experiences, and, to all appearances, is likely to experience. Sussex, for instance, with a fast bowler to relieve Lillywhite and Fillery, would be immensely increased in strength; and it is really wonderful what these two bowlers, whose deliveries must by this time be so well known and understood, have accomplished this season. H. Phillips is a brilliant wicket-keeper, and there is plenty of batting strength on the side, Fillery and Humphreys having done well this year, and Mr. J. M. Cotterill and Mr. Greenfield being most valuable additions to the eleven. Mr. Pickering also is a very useful man with the bat, and a fine field. His bowling also, though of a nondescript order, is frequently successful. If the Sussex men did not so often go to sleep in the field they might almost be a match for any county in England; but, unfortunately, they constantly miss catches and throw away the game by want of life and energy in the field when it is fairly within their grasp. Middlesex depends almost entirely on its amateurs; though, thanks to the very vague qualification necessary for a Middlesex player, there is no difficulty in procuring an abun-

dant supply of them. This year Middlesex secured Mr. Thornton —no great acquisition—and Mr. A. J. Webbe, a very great acquisition; but, *per contra*, sustained a heavy loss through Mr. Buller being laid up in the middle of the season. There was any quantity of batting always at the disposal of the Middlesex management, but bowlers were hard to find, and Mr. Hadow was the best of them; so that the worst must have been very bad. Kent has not had a prosperous season, though what good fortune it had came at the right time, in the Canterbury week. Lord Harris has had a very uphill game to play and has worked hard for his county, while the Messrs. Penn have proved able assistants to him. There appears, however, to be very little professional talent in Kent at present forthcoming. Mr. Foord-Kelcey has played on several occasions for his county, but he has never recovered that fatal strain at Prince's. Such are the chances of fast bowling. Your crack fast bowler trips up once, and his bowling is gone for ever and a day. Hampshire cricket cannot be very well managed, seeing that Messrs. Longman and Ridley have only played on one occasion for their county, and then Hampshire won its solitary victory. Without the two University captains Hampshire makes a poor show indeed, though Galpin and Tate appear to be bowlers sufficiently good to be worth backing up. But if the best players in a county decline to play the county matches, it would be better if the county matches were abandoned, for they cannot be kept up with any credit. Hampshire may safely be set down as the weakest of the counties, but it would not be so easy to decide which is the strongest. The battle for supremacy between Nottingham and Yorkshire would, probably, under favourable circumstances, be as close as in days gone by.

A very brief *resumé* of the doings of the counties to which we have just alluded, during the past month, may serve to illustrate the preceding remarks. The match played at Sheffield for the benefit of that deserving cricketer, Thewlis, was worthy of the two great counties, Gloucestershire and Yorkshire, which took part in it. Mr. W. G. Grace was in great force in both innings, scoring 111 in the first, out of 194, and 43 in the second, out of 107. The excellent example he set was not, however, followed by his companions; and as the two great Yorkshire batsmen, Lockwood and A. Greenwood, got well set in both innings, victory ultimately remained with the northern county. Lockwood scored 74 and 39 (not out), and Greenwood 52 and 24 (not out). Mr. Sharpe played for Yorkshire, but his bowling proved ineffective even against the tail of the Gloucestershire eleven. The return match was won by Gloucestershire, though Mr. W. G. Grace only made the insignificant scores of 37 and 17. Mr. G. F. Grace, however, made 25 and 56, and Mr. Townsend and Mr. Wyatt helped materially to swell the score. The match was won, however, by the bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace, which proved fatal to 13 Yorkshire wickets. The Yorkshire batting was by no means up to its usual standard, and there was some bad luck also, Lockwood being run out in the first

innings before he had scored. The first match between Gloucestershire and Nottingham ended similarly in favour of the northern county, though it came to rather a near thing at the finish. Shaw and Morley in the first, and Clarke and Oscroft in the second, innings, disposed of Gloucestershire for small totals, Mr. Townsend (47) and Mr. R. E. Bush (32) being the highest scorers. Nottingham made a good first innings, Daft (47), Selby (37), and Oscroft (30) being the most prominent contributors; but in their second innings they lost six wickets before they could get the required 66 runs, of which Wild obtained just one-half. The return match ended in a draw, owing to wet weather. Each side completed one innings, and scored largely. Selby, Shrewsbury, and Barnes were the run-getters for Nottingham, and Mr. W. G. Grace (119) and Mr. Townsend (84) for Gloucestershire. The southern county headed the northern by about 100 runs in the first innings, so that it may be said that the game was drawn somewhat in favour of Gloucestershire. One of the best matches of the season was that in which Gloucestershire and Kent united their forces in opposition to an eleven representative of the remainder of England. This was the first event of the Canterbury week, and appears to have been a success. The elevens were well chosen, the England team including seven professionals, while the county eleven, composed of six Gloucestershire and five Kent players, was entirely amateur. The match ended in a decisive victory for the two counties, and the honours were equally divided between them, the Kent men doing nearly all the batting—Mr. Renny-Tailyour 54, Mr. Yardley 51, Mr. F. Penn 48, and Lord Harris 38, and Mr. W. G. Grace capturing eleven of the England wickets. England scored largely in the first innings, A. Greenwood (54) being well supported by Mr. Webbe, Mr. I. D. Walker, and Pooley; but the second attempt was a disastrous failure, and the powerful batting eleven collapsed in 32 overs for 68 runs. It must be added that Mr. Foord-Kelcey kept up his end very fairly throughout the match, with the exception of nine overs bowled by the younger Mr. Grace.

Kent not only materially aided to secure the defeat of England in the first match of the Canterbury week, but won the second against the M.C.C.—without the G.—hand over hand. Mr. W. G. Grace was again unfortunate, being got rid of without a run in the first innings, and for 35 runs in the second. Mr. G. Bird (75) and Mr. Fryer (47) were the principal scorers for M.C.C., those great guns Mr. Webbe and Mr. Ridley being easily disposed of. The first five men of Kent put on over 200 runs, Mr. F. Penn (101) playing perhaps the finest innings of the week. Lord Harris (53 and 16, not out) and Mr. Yardley (28 and 46) were also well to the front, and in the end Kent gained a gratifying victory by six wickets—a victory which ought to do a good deal towards increasing the support, both financial and material, accorded to the County Club. Kent, however, has been beaten twice by Lancashire, though in neither case without a good fight. In the second match, for instance, Lanca-

shire had only 18 runs to get to win, but lost five wickets before that small score could be effected. Against a weak Hampshire eleven Kent had of course an easy task, and pulled it off in one innings, with 217 runs to the good. Beyond the exceeding feebleness of the Hampshire batting and bowling—an exception must be made in favour of Galpin, whose bowling analysis is, under the circumstances, highly creditable—there was little noteworthy about this contest, save that Lord Harris's 75 was one of the most finely-hit and rapidly-compiled innings of the season.

Sussex sustained a most unlooked-for defeat at the hands of Hampshire; but, for once, the latter county brought a decent team into the field, and the presence of the two University captains, Mr. Longman and Mr. Ridley, put quite a different aspect on affairs. The match was won by the good generalship of Mr. Ridley, and was lost through the execrable fielding of Sussex, and the inability of the Sussex men to play Mr. Ridley's underhand bowling. For Sussex, Mr. Greenfield got 58 out of 98 in the first innings, and the same gentleman and W. Humphreys made 43 out of 93 in the second. For Hampshire, Mr. Ridley made 54. Sussex had rather the best of Surrey in the first match, and won in a canter in the second. The first was left drawn, Surrey having two wickets to fall and 33 runs to get; but eight Surrey wickets had fallen for 54 runs, and there was little probability that the required balance would be made up by the remaining batsmen. Surrey had headed Sussex in the first innings by 70 runs, thanks to R. Humphrey (43), Mr. Read (40), and others, and the collapse in the second innings was most remarkable. For Sussex, Mr. Greenfield, who fielded brilliantly at point, made 36 and 34, and Mr. Cotterill 72 and 17. The return match was a very hollow affair. In the one innings of Sussex there were no less than four 'fifties,' made by Humphreys, Charlwood, Fillery, and Mr. L. Winslow. For Surrey only Jupp and Elliott and Messrs. Chandler (64) and Read made a stand in the first innings, and R. Humphrey and Elliott in the second. In each of these matches Lillywhite and Fillery got 16 wickets between them—a proof not only of their own steadiness but of the absolute dependence placed on them by their county. Both have been playing cricket now for nearly twenty years, and the retirement of either will be a serious loss to the county.

Yorkshire won a fine match—a bowler's match—against Middlesex. There were few large scores on either side. Mr. Hadow made 58 for Middlesex, and Ullyett and Mr. Sims, for Yorkshire, scored 40 and 35 (not out), but single figures were in the ascendant. In the first innings of Middlesex six bowlers were tried, among whom was not Mr. Sims. For Middlesex, Mr. Hadow was by far the most successful bowler, securing 12 Yorkshire wickets. Yorkshire also defeated Surrey, but with much greater ease; and on this match we read the following comment in 'Bell's Life' of August 21st, that it will 'be handed down to posterity as perhaps the worst exhibition 'of fielding during the season of 1875.' For Surrey, Elliott (52, not

out), Mr. Read (49, not out), and Mr. Lucas (39) were the principal scorers. For Yorkshire, Hicks (66) and Armitage (27, not out, and 68, not out) were the largest scorers. Surrey, however, took its revenge on Middlesex, beating that county by 10 wickets, although there was some tall scoring on the Middlesex side, especially on the part of Mr. Green and Mr. Hadow. The Middlesex bowling was wofully weak, and Mr. Hadow had to retire from the field just when his services were most needed. Surrey, therefore, had it all her own way, and Mr. Read (98), Mr. Lucas (50), and Mr. Game (47) assisted to raise the score to within a few runs of the fourth hundred. Eight Middlesex batsmen fell victims to the dexterity of Pooley; and it may fairly be said that the Surrey wicket-keeper has performed his part throughout the season with undiminished skill.

Nottingham was bound to beat Derbyshire, which is weak in batting, but the fine bowling of Mycroft enabled Derbyshire to make a better fight than could have been expected. Indeed, only Wild (93 and 40) succeeded in punishing this rising bowler with real severity. Alfred Shaw and Morley were too good for the batsmen of the neighbouring county, and the former finished off the match in grand style by bowling three wickets in three balls. Middlesex had to succumb to a one-innings defeat by Notts, only Mr. Buller (51) making any real stand against A. Shaw and Morley. Yet Middlesex played a very strong batting eleven, including Mr. Webbe and his brother, Mr. Dale, Mr. Hadow, and Mr. I. D. Walker, as well as Mr. Buller. But this year the pair of Nottingham bowlers have been irresistible, and Alfred Shaw's fame is now quite at its zenith. For precision, command over the ball, and judgment, he has never been surpassed as a bowler, if indeed he has ever been equalled.

We may just mention, for the benefit of those who care about cricket curiosities, that in a match played a week or two ago between I. Zingari and the Royal Engineers at Chatham, the latter remained at the wickets for two entire days, and when the stumps were drawn had obtained 724 runs for eight wickets. This, we imagine, is the largest number of runs ever obtained in a completed—much more in an incompleted—innings. It fairly beats the 517 for five wickets obtained some years ago by the Southdown Club against Brighton College. On the other hand, the M.C.C. and G. sent an eleven to Ealing this summer which succeeded in amassing the colossal total of 9 runs, including extras. It may be an amusement to the worthy treasurer of the Marylebone Club to calculate how much each of those runs cost.

We shall be much obliged by captains of school elevens forwarding their batting and bowling averages for 1875 at their earliest convenience.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

The sad accident in the Solent has, as might be expected, attracted general attention, and great diversity of opinion is expressed in yachting circles on the merits of the case. That yacht owners, especially when ladies are on board, are, in common with most of Her Majesty's lieges, somewhat in the habit of following the movements of Royalty over closely, will probably be admitted by most *habitués*, while the high rate of speed habitually maintained by the Royal yachts cannot but be, in crowded waters, an element of danger, which has in this instance resulted fatally. As to who may be blameworthy, Mr. Heywood's evidence shows that in his opinion the conduct of his men was just as it should have been, while Prince Leiningen and the officers of the Royal yacht unite in approving the action of Captain Welsh, who distinctly stated, 'Had I done anything else, I should have done wrong.'

The doings of the Squadron were this year remarkable for a great extension of the programme, but the entries, in spite of increased attractions, were in point of numbers decidedly below the average, whilst the muster, as well of yachts as of spectators ashore, showed a great falling off, especially among the fair sex, who, perhaps, resented the abandonment of the Club Ball, while unsettled weather had, no doubt, a deterrent influence on many frequenters of Cowes. Her Majesty's Cup secured only four entries, but though quantity was wanting, the quality of the quartette left little to be desired, schooners being represented by the world-renowed Egeria and Lord Gosford's Ayacanora, and one-masters by the even more famous Arrow and Colonel Markham's new acquisition, Vol-au-Vent, which thus far bids fair to atone for the shortcomings of her predecessors, Harlequin and Pantomime, neither of which did much when in the Colonel's hands, though the latter had subsequently a good season in 1873, after Mr. Starkey had made some changes in her. Owing to the wind, which was quite paltry, being south-east, it was a case of beating both ways, and the cutters had, of course, the lion's share of the spoil, and Vol-au-Vent and Arrow showed the way. The feature of the match was the grand style in which Mr. Chamberlayne's veteran stuck to the Vol-au-Vent, though Colonel Markham had no difficulty in finally winning the Queen's prize. The next day, contrary to precedent, there were two matches, schooners going by themselves, while cutters and yawls were classed together. The schooner entry was more select than numerous, and only four came to stations, Olga (Mr. J. A. Hankey), Gwendolin (Major Ewing), Corinne (Mr. N. Wood), and Egeria. Corinne was first away with a fresh north-easter, and held the lead for some time, Olga coming to grief, carrying away her main gaff, and being, of course, rendered *hors de combat*. Soon afterwards Corinne's foretopmast went, but beyond the delay in clearing away the *débris*, she lost little by the accident, having still plenty of canvas spread; however, later in the day, Gwendolin and Egeria successively worked ahead of her, the former eventually winning the prize. In the cutter and yawl match there was a better entry of eleven, including—cutters—Vol-au-Vent, Arrow, Fiona, Cuckoo; yawls—Corisande, Latona, and Druid. History repeated itself, Vol-au-Vent and Arrow again finishing first and second; though the yawls, Corisande and Latona, especially the former, looked formidable early in the day. In the Town Cup, for which sixteen put down their names, Corinne repeated her last year's victory, and though not absolutely leading throughout the match, was well amongst the front lot nearly all day, with Olga, Arrow, and Egeria; and these clippers

made the most of a strong north wind. At the finish, Olga was first home, Corinne next, winning by time, but Egeria was unpleasantly close, missing the prize by a bare second or two. The couple were again together in the Marquis of Londonderry's prize for yachts in seagoing trim, for which several entered, but only half a dozen started, consisting of one yawl, the Druid, and five of almost the finest schooners afloat, Olga, Gwendolin, Corinne, Egeria, and Ayacanora. Gwendolin won by over four minutes, and, counting allowances, Corinne did Egeria by just half a minute. This concluded the Yacht Squadron programme, which, considering the increase in prizes offered, was somewhat tamely supported.

The Royal Southern and its new rival, the Southampton Yacht Club, filled up the spare days between the Cowes and Ryde meetings, and the Southern had good entries, but from absence of wind the sailing was unsatisfactory. Hypatia (Mr. W. Gordon) and Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa) took the first-class prizes, and Shulah and Vanessa those for the smaller craft. The new Club were more fortunate in their weather, and had besides a capital entry of cutters, including Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Veronica, Iona, Neptune, Hypatia, Coralie, and several others. There was a strong south-west breeze, indeed rather too much for the smaller craft to appear to advantage, otherwise the scale of allowance was so liberal that the big ships of the fleet would have had no chance of the prize. As it was, Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Veronica, and Iona headed the procession until Veronica retired, and finally Cuckoo won by half a minute, passing the flag within two and a half minutes of Vol-au-Vent, from whom she had three minutes' allowance.

The Ryde week, in spite of the absence of the Town Cup, was a fair success, and the renewed struggles between Vol-au-Vent and Cuckoo, and Latona and Florinda created a good deal of interest, as did the success of the Arrow, and the reappearance of the once-famous Mosquito. The Vice-Commodore's Cup was fortunate in having plenty of wind S.E., which gave promise of its being a schooner's day, as indeed it proved. Modwena (Mr. J. Gretton), Olga, Gwendolin, and Corinne represented the schooners; Latona, Corisande, Florinda, and Gertrude, yawls; and Cuckoo and Iona, cutters; but the two latter rigs might as well have stopped at their moorings, as far as any chance of the prize was concerned; indeed, both the cutters gave up before the match was over. Gwendolin greatly distinguished herself, scoring another victory, and getting home some ten minutes ahead of the two big schooners, both of which, of course, had to allow her time. The next day Norman and Bloodhound had a rare tussle for the forty-tonner's prize, Major Ewing eventually winning by a quarter of a minute; and Vanessa and Thought took the honours in the smaller class. The next match for all rigs scored another victory for the Corinne, the second prize (for a different rig) going to Florinda, after a neck-and-neck race all day with the Latona, which after all did not get home far enough ahead to have the time to spare. The last day's racing got together a very mixed entry, and the crack schooners and yawls again made the most of a strong S.W. breeze, Mr. Willan's Dauntless holding her own well against the racers *pur et simple*; but the handicap was too much for any of the big ships, and the prizes fell to Phosphorus, Spindrift, and Alkelda.

Last month we omitted to notice the death at an advanced age of Mr. James Layton, for several years President of the London Rowing Club, an office which, in his case, was held as no mere sinecure, but from a hearty desire to further all genuine rowing sports, as well as the interests of the

Club. In his younger days he was a celebrated oarsman, and known at Henley in the earliest races of that famous gathering; while quite within the last few years he was never happier than when rowing in a skiff up the Thames, or taking an occasional oar in the practice boats of the Club. In other branches of sport, too, he was quite at home, following the hounds even recently with all the enthusiasm of a youngster. His agreeable bearing and genial manners endeared him to a large circle of friends, and all who were acquainted with him will regret his loss.

Barnes Regatta, the oldest and most important of the fixtures near London, was this season favoured with beautiful weather and very good entries; and though the attendance during the early part of the day was somewhat meagre, visitors came trooping in as the afternoon advanced, and both the Maria Wood and the steamers which accompanied the races were quite full enough for comfort. Rowing commenced at mid-day with Junior Sculls, for which there were no less than fourteen entries, and in the final E. Evans, of the L.R.C., won pretty easily. The Senior Sculls entries were also numerously contested, and the final, which lay between Slater and Davey of Twickenham, was a gallant struggle won by the former, the Twickenham man, besides being probably not quite so good at present as the winner, certainly lacking his judgment and watermanship. Davey has, however, plenty of time before him, and if he continues to progress as rapidly as he has done this year, may soon be flying at the highest game. The Pairs, which have on former occasions been very interesting, were this year spoilt by two seniors not being allowed to row together; and as the best pairs were more or less scratch, the steering was somewhat erratic, if not worse. In the final, Chillingworth and Stearns, after being fouled by Russell and Jones of the Waldegrave, who went quite out of their course, were ahead close home, when the Waldegrave fouled again, completely stopping them, and letting up Herbert, who had been astern throughout, so that he made a dead heat with his quondam partner, and won by a foul on its being rowed off. Chillingworth would have won the first time easily enough but for being so unconscionably hampered by the Waldegrave pair, who could not steer a little; and the result of the race forms so strong an argument against these sorts of races at regattas, that the Committee will, it is hoped, next year make the race a Senior one, as formerly. It is all very well to say that the Henley winners sweep the board for the season, but this would scarcely have been the case this year; and if they are good enough, why shouldn't they? Anyhow, spectators prefer seeing a crack pair, even if it does run away from its competitors, to such a series of exhibitions as the mixed race afforded. The Barnes course is a hard nut for good watermen to crack, and mixed crews come to painful grief over it. The great race of the day, coxswainless Fours, brought together three good crews, the Thames, and Leander, and London, being represented at the stations in this order, Thames having the inside or best, and London the worst station, outside. London made the best of the start, but Leander, instead of sheering in towards the Thames, which, if done in moderation, would have been good policy, as giving them a shorter course, bored out towards the London, who gave way a trifle, and the two L's were thus working away to the Middlesex shore, while Thames, with clear water on the Surrey side, went well ahead and won all the way. Whether Leander's conduct affected the absolute result must remain a question; but undoubtedly they took away both their own and London's chance, which, after the race, they very frankly admitted, the error arising from want of practice with the steering gear. In the Eights Ino lost their heat to North London, through

breaking an oar, and Grove Park won theirs pretty easily, repeating the performance in the final, after a foul which involved their being started afresh. Ino and West London were left in the final Junior Fours, and the Wandsworth men won a good race. This was the last event of the day, the Committee having wisely abolished that time-honoured nuisance, the scratch-race, which, if a source of revenue, is usually a ridiculous spectacle, and does good to no one except the pewterer.

The Thames Regatta for watermen assuredly deserves more support than it receives from rowing men, but the subject has been so frequently mentioned in 'Baily,' that any further allusion to it becomes a more than thrice-told tale. There is, no doubt, a feeling of jealousy amongst some of the rising and indeed risen rowing clubs, that the Committee of the Thames Regatta is chosen exclusively from the Universities and the London, Leander, and Kingston Clubs, but as long as other clubs refuse to, or at any rate do not, subscribe to the affair, it is difficult to see that cause of complaint exists. As a matter of fact, the Thames Regatta has for years been supported almost exclusively by members of the societies mentioned, while the younger clubs contribute nothing, though they have plenty of money to spend in scouring the country pot-hunting. As long as the present Executive can get a couple of enthusiasts like the present Secretary and Treasurer to carry on their thankless duties, the money will, it is hoped, be forthcoming; but it is certainly rather hard that the present generation of amateurs, who are far more numerous than the last, should grudge support to the only real watermen's regatta on the Thames—in England was on the tip of the pen; but remembering the doings at the regattas on the Tyne and elsewhere in the North, where professional rowing for money is encouraged by many liberal cash prizes, we must amend pleadings, and confine our comments to the south of England, which is assuredly wealthy enough to keep the Thames Regatta going with as much of the needful as they ask for. The Champion Fours was by common consent booked a moral for Newcastle, as the Hammersmith crew, who had won three years running, had lost the two aft men, and Sadler and Cannon, without practice, were considered not equal to Anderson and Biffen; indeed, Anderson felt somewhat piqued at being shunted in favour of Cannon. The north-country four won their heat as they liked, while Sadler had, apparently, some little difficulty in disposing of the Blackwall men for some distance. Accordingly, the Tyne men were hot favourites for the final, which they won easily enough, though, easing up off the Soap Works, Sadler's friends almost thought for a moment he was going to do the trick. Bagnall, Boyd, and Company, however, made no mistake, and, spurting for the finish, won by three lengths. The Blackwall men, in spite of wretched steering, made a good race with Sadler, who did not shake them off until near the Crab-tree. In the Pairs (rowed down), Bagnall and Boyd ran right away from Sadler and Thomas, who should, it seemed, have changed places, as Sadler at bow had not room to slide, and was too strong for his man. It appeared, however, they had some difficulty in getting a boat rigged northcountrywise, and Thomas could only row stroke side, though why Sadler did not take Green as partner we know not. The Sculls showed old Anderson again well up, as, after Phelps was played out about halfway, he rowed down Higgins, and looked all over a winner; but Blackman finally beat him by apparently a few feet, after rowing absolutely scull and scull from the Crab-tree. Of course the shouts on the bridge were tremendous, and the steamboat passengers could scarcely say which had won until John Phelps gave a verdict of a quarter of a length. The winner, who had a most

remarkable lopsided style, or the lack of it, was evidently fit to a nicety, and looked a most determined, plucky fellow. Being tall and with good reach, he may be made capable of anything when practice and instruction have enabled him to utilise his strength to the utmost. Anderson, too, whose style never was that of Adonis, is well known as a stayer, and no doubt flattered himself that, holding his man, he could just squeeze out an extra spirt at the finish and win on the post; but this time he caught a veritable Tartar, though both men finished pretty well 'all out.' For the Coat and Badge which is now given by the London Rowing Club, Tarryer of Rotherhithe was a great 'pot,' having just won another coat down the river; but he started for the final so slovenly that the talent increased their offers against him from level money to 4 to 1, and more. Before long, however, he woke up and went ahead, to the disgust of the talent aforesaid. One of the lads was disqualified from receiving fourth money, as his brother accompanied the race, and presumably imparted advice, more or less erroneous, to his relative, who was naturally disgusted at the decision, which may, perhaps, deter other relatives. It will be well if friends, too, will please accept this intimation, as on the first day of the regatta also there were several offenders in this respect.

There is every probability that Sadler and Boyd will at last be matched for £200 a side and the Championship, from Putney to Mortlake, as at present it is only a question of date which prevents articles being signed. Sadler, who intends starting as boat builder at Teddington, as soon as possible, proposes the end of October, while Boyd, who has been training and rowing incessantly for the last few months, requires a little rest before going into strong work again, and suggests the middle of November, which unsuitable-sounding month is after all the one in which many of the most important professional races have taken place; so this little difference will doubtless be soon adjusted, and we may look forward to seeing another Championship decided before the end of the year.

The close connection between rowing and swimming, sports which should be more intimately associated than they are, precludes any need of apology for referring here to the sister art, which, owing mainly to well-advertised exhibitions of Captain Boyton, and his journey across the Channel in the Merriman suit, has lately attracted a deal of notice. This feat has, however, been quite eclipsed by the more recent doings of Captain Webb of the British Merchant Service, who, after one false start, has succeeded in swimming, without any apparatus, from Dover to Calais—an exploit manifestly demanding an amount of pluck and vitality of which all of us may well envy the possessor. The rowing world will be, perhaps, more specially interested in the recent exploits of Mr. Davenport, Captain of the Ilex Swimming Club, a body composed entirely of amateur rowing men; Mr. Davenport having, in addition to several recent achievements, lately won the swimming amateur championship against all comers, which when the term is applied to swimming amateurs becomes tolerably inclusive. Rowing men are already well acquainted with Mr. Davenport's powers, but it is satisfactory to have the confirmatory evidence of a contest with the *oi polloi* of the swimming world.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Seaside Scenes—August Æsthetics.

'Thalatta, Thalatta—well, yes, no doubt
There is a briny scent about;
Waves plash, gulls wheel, brown boatmen shout—
Yet, what is wanted?'

REALLY we hardly know. A fastidious man would perhaps say a little repose, just a brief cessation from the eternal fifing and drumming, guitaring and strumming with which Brighton Pier abounds. You cannot have everything, fastidious one, even on Brighton Pier; but let us turn our eyes around on that Saturday morning after Goodwood the glorious (confounded be its memories!) and see if we cannot find one peaceful spot where youth and innocence may rest. Behold before you! See that lovely nymph so absorbed in the volume she is reading, that the pier, its band, its crowds, its Babel of voices are by her unheeded as they are unheard. Mark the charming *pose* of her figure. See how, in her innocent unconsciousness, she has elevated the highest-heeled of *bottines*, thereby permitting us a blissful gaze at more pale blue silk stocking than is generally seen in public life. Regard the one ungloved hand, the white fingers plump, but taper; take in the whole figure, in fact, from the Rembrandt hat to the boots aforesaid, and then own that there is repose, if you look for it, even here. Many such an oasis of innocence is to be found in this Sahara of iniquity, if one had time to seek for them, depend upon it—the modest flowers that, even in blue silk stockings, would rather blush unseen than waste their sweetness on such a throng.

But as some captious critics may remark that stockings of a cerulean hue are incompatible with innocence, and that the 'Van' driver evidently does not know what he is talking about, let us pursue our studies in another direction. There is plenty to study. Not that the *dramatis personæ* change much. There are pretty well the same faces that we met last year, the year before, and the year before that. We are a trifle older—more's the pity—the paint and powder are dashed in with a freer hand—the wrinkles and the grey hairs are more apparent. Our old friend Methuselah is an exception, for he has renewed his youth, and, with a fresh wig and a jauntier step, is more improper than ever. He is talking to two young ladies who call themselves actresses, and at whom—their portraits being in every print-shop in every variety of simper, languishment, and *abandon*—some virtuous vulgarians are strongly staring. Other celebrities are about—noble lords, popular baronets, gallant generals, beloved bookmakers. The latter are flushed with victory; the former are not flush at all. Backers have had, on the whole, a bad time at Goodwood, though here and there are men to be found who have profited by Freeman and Aventurière. They have not profited by Atkino, however, and that is a cup of bitter memories which friends are perpetually offering to their lips. 'I won three thou. at Goodwood,' says the unfortunate Tom Noddy, 'and 'I lost it all but four hundred at Bognor.' 'And what a d——d fool you 'must have been,' is the sympathising rejoinder. There are no ministering angels on the Turf, and 'When pain and anguish wring the brow' you had better not go to Jack or Fred or Blanche or Mabel for consolation. 'Tis only in our hours of ease that our racing friends show their good qualities; but this is a digression. Who was at Brighton? Why, the usual curious people that help to make the place such a queer microcosm at race-time. We have often sketched it, and its aspect is a thrice-told tale. As the actors in the

scene are not new, neither are the parts they play. We do much the same things we have done for years, and though polo and pigeons are fresh amusements, they may be said to form the underplot of the comedy. The Preston ground is pretty enough, and the International Pigeon and Polo is a flourishing affair, we believe, and affords great amusement to the members thereof. But we question much if outsiders care for it; and the fact has lately dawned on our minds that polo is a slow thing for lookers-on. It is great fun for the players, no doubt, but slightly wearisome to spectators. As we have gone through a good deal of polo this summer, we do not advance the opinion without deliberation, and it is highly probable, moreover, that our readers have arrived at a similar one long before it dawned upon us. So to the query propounded just before the last race each day, 'You are coming to polo, of 'course?' we generally returned an evasive answer. We like to give ourselves over to the sad sea waves after dinner at Brighton. There is something lulling in their sound; and if you can get into a dark corner of the pier, away from the revelry and din, and some one to listen to it with you, it is not bad. But, then, neither is it good.

We do not come to Brighton having much regard to the racing, which, as it happened, was exceptionally excellent this year. There are so many other distractions in the town that we pay little regard, comparatively, to the sport on the hill. It is an evil sport, too, for backers, as a rule, and though we believe it is about the easiest course in England, we hate to see our small investments coming down that hill. Not that the hill does much harm to the investments, but the contrary, for it helps them up the opposite ascent; but it does not look nice. The first facer on the first day was administered over the Corporation Stakes, in which the uncertain or unlucky horse Gilestone was stood once again with odds of 6 to 4 on him, and he was beaten by Camelia, his sister dead-heater in the July, she meeting him on 11 lbs. worse terms than she did at Newmarket. This fairly took away our breath as well as our money, for Levant was behind both, and the vagaries of two-year-old form had another chapter added to them. Then there was another blow in the Champagne Plate, in which Archibald, a dark one from Bedford Lodge, was dished up for us; but he never was dangerous, and the outsider of the lot, the Forest Lass filly, made nearly all the running, and won in a canter. She is the property of a lady whose face is well known at Middle Park and Cobham sales, and she is trained not far from Brighton. Mr. T. Smith, who was second with Ascetic, on sufferance objected to the winner, because Rossiter had dismounted before he returned to the inclosure; but the boy dismounted, luckily, within the circle of policemen, and the Stewards, considering the objection should not have been made, refused to go into the case, and very properly quashed it in the bud. We wonder, by-the-way, how people can be found to back Ascetic, a horse with no dash, speed, or staying powers. But backed he always is, under the impression that he is going to win some day. Probably he might, if he ran under welter-weights over plough. Backers were nearer the mark in the Cliftonville Stakes, though Daisy was within an ace of robbing them of their Lizzie Distin money, and did make a dead-heat with her, but Sir George Chetwynd's filly was evidently so full of running, and in another stride would have won, that she carried off the decider very cleverly. The Brighton Stakes, after some chops and changes in the betting, had Louise Victoria installed as favourite. Mr. Cartwright's mare was looking wonderfully fit and well, and so was Trent, of whom his owner was remarkably fond. The public were pretty evenly divided in their affections between these two, for we cannot believe they would trust such an animal as Petition, though she was quoted at 4 to 1. Lilian, of course, had

friends, and so had Huntly, and so had Dudaim, the horse that Wass was riding at Epsom when he met with his fatal accident. He was the feather here, and Mr. Mannington thought he would run well, and so he did, finishing a length behind Louise Victoria and Trent. It was, or looked to be, a rattling race between these two from the half distance; but we fancy Mr. Cartwright's mare won cleverly. Some people said she won easily—a belief which brought them to grief the next day in the Cup. Bras de Fer had nothing to beat in the Rous Stakes, and he won anyhow; but Sir John Astley had the misfortune to lose his horse through misunderstanding the auctioneer, and so Bras de Fer went very cheap to Mr. Batson for 210 guineas. As he won again the next day this was doubly hard. There was a big field for the last event, the Marine Stakes and Welter Handicap, with Modena the top weight, and when she came to the front with her 11 st. at the top of the hill it was all over: a great mare over her own distance.

The Cup day is one of Brighton's gayest festivals, and yet not so much Brighton's, after all, as a *fête* day for the *élite* of South Belgravia and the Wood. The opposite side of the course is a mixture of Ascot and the hill of Epsom, only the latter ingredient preponderates. It is a charming scene. Brighton is a favoured resort at this season of some ornaments of the English stage, chiefly known to the *jeunesse dorée* of these realms and the photographers, and who find, during town's dull time, and before they depart to fulfil important engagements in the provinces, a pleasant relaxation from professional cares in the quiet and repose of the queen of watering places. The opposite side is, therefore, a galaxy of talent as well as beauty, and the Sussex yokel and Brighton's idle apprentice have opportunities, not only of sunning themselves in the light of that beauty, but also of improving their minds by listening to the conversation of that talent, apt after lunching copiously to take a free and discursive turn. There are flower girls, square and round; and there are singers of songs that, from the laughter they evoke, are evidently not quite what they should be. Here and there are coaches with ladies (who have presumably left their ears behind them) on the roof, and all the appliances of the racing luncheon we know so well. And the Stand makes a brilliant display too. The Race Committee and their zealous and courteous Hon. Secretary, Mr. Stocken, deserve a full measure of praise for what they have done here, by the erection of about a dozen private boxes for the comfort of ladies. A man may take his wife and daughters to any part of the Grand Stand, and if he wishes to avoid the crowd, a private box affords him everything he can desire. Neither, as in some other grand stands we know of, are the public left out in the cold, but all who enter can see, and see well. This is as it should be, and we trust the Committee will not be tempted to trench further on the public domain. The private boxes appeared to us to supply what was required, and we do not think there is a call for more.

So altogether the Cup day was a great success this year. The weather was superb, the attendance very large, the racing very good. There were one or two fatal turn-ups, and M. de Fligny was the hero of one of them, or rather he proved himself anything but a hero when, in the Bevendean Stakes, he failed to give Lucy Hawk 10 lbs. There was a good deal of plunging on him; but the bookmakers fielded strongly, as if they knew something, and Lucy Hawk won in a canter. She is a daughter of Sir William Throckmorton's Tomahawk, and her win ought to call attention to that sire. Previous to this race Bras de Fer had taken it into his head to go to the front at the start for the Ovingdean Plate, and never gave the warm favourite Grey Palmer a chance, winning very easily indeed. The worst of it was nobody backed him, as far as we could make out, neither his late owner, nor his present one,

Mr. Batson, and so the ring began the day well. We have alluded in our remarks on the Stakes to what was considered by some people the easy win of Louise Victoria, and we have no wish to deny that she did win easily; but supposing she did, that was no reason that she would stay the extra quarter of a mile in the Cup or beat Marie Stuart. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Crawfurd not running the latter at Goodwood created an unfavourable impression. She was supposed to be not quite herself, a gratuitous supposition which her presence here ought to have dispelled. It is true she did not look quite in such brilliant coat as she did at Ascot; but she moved in her usual grand style, and there was evidently nothing the matter. But a great many of us had got Louise Victoria on the brain, and we need scarcely tell our readers that when a racing man takes an idea into his head, the old joke of a surgical operation might be used to explain the difficulty of getting it out again. We had made up our minds that Marie Stuart, an Oaks and Leger winner, could not give 10 lbs. to a good handicap mare like Louise Victoria, and we suffered for our obstinacy. When Marie Stuart took up the running below the distance, and Mr. Cartwright's mare attempted to go up to her and failed, then, of course, it flashed across us what idiots we had been. Some people very unfairly insinuated that if Custance had come with his rush a little sooner the result would have been different; but they had no reason, beyond the fact of their having backed Louise Victoria, for the insinuation. Chaloner, who rode the winner, had the race in hand, and though it was only half a length, it might have been more if he had liked. The prize was a very handsome and elaborate affair, from the Elkington's, and had previously been submitted for Her Majesty's approval. Modena again made an example of her field in the Sussex Welter, giving lumps of weight away to everything; and this brought the two days of Brighton proper to a very successful termination.

Of the Club day we have not much to say. Racing clubs have had theirs, and the Brighton is no exception to the law. There was not much temptation to climb the hill for the sport provided, and the contemplation of the wonders of the Aquarium and the beauties of the pier were far more profitable occupations. We think the majority followed them, for there was an extremely sparse attendance on the course. We have so few gentlemen jocks nowadays. Mr. W. Bevill is still *facile princeps*, and there are no young ones coming on. Five amateurs rode on the Club afternoon, and that is about the average number one generally sees. Under these circumstances the want of a new club is more than problematical. One, however, has been launched—the Southdown, with Lewes for its more special *vènue*. It may succeed; but we have doubts whether it will do much to promote better races or increase the number of gentlemen riders.

To Lewes by road is like a miniature Derby, bar the Ethiopian serenaders and the gentlemen with the dolls and the noses. The former find more profitable 'pitches' in the King's Road, and the latter adjuncts of racing civilisation have not yet penetrated into Sussex. But with these exceptions, the road is one long procession of racing and non-racing Brighton and the strangers within its gates. There are fewer prettier racecourses in broad England than the one on Lewes Downs. Nature has done for it quite as much as she has for Goodwood, and Art has done less. It is true that Mr. Verrall, whom we will take as the representative of art here, has built stands, and provided to the best of his ability for the accommodation of the public that flock to his meeting; but there has been no attempt to adorn or beautify, unless we can call the Swiss châlet-sort of erection for Lord Abergavenny's private use a step in that direction. Lewes owes everything to its situation, and one of its chief beauties is that here you see so well.

Complaints there were this time, indeed, that this natural advantage had been unfairly trespassed upon, and they came especially from the bookmakers, these gentlemen alleging that a portion of the ground hitherto given up to their use had been made over as the exclusive property of the Southdown Club, a new institution for the encouragement of welter races and the promotion of the breed of gentlemen jockeys, a species that some people profess to believe is dying out. Be that as it may, it was certain that the complainants had cause for the outcry they raised, as the persons who paid extra for admission to Tattersall's inclosure saw just nothing at all, while locomotion in the circumscribed space was a real difficulty. The bookmakers could not get at their clients, the members of the Southdown Club, for a great gulf was between them in the shape of an iron railing and some feet of greensward; and the spectacle of the leading members of the ring clinging to the former and vociferating their offers across the space was an edifying one. Great was the wrath stirred in many a manly bosom. We were not fortunate enough to hear the whole of a stirring philippic addressed by Mr. George Reynolds to his brethren, in which he upbraided them for thus submitting to be trampled upon, but the peroration was very fine, and evidently had an effect. Subsequently the same gentleman addressed Mr. Verrall in Plimsollian strains (fortunately an iron railing intervened), to which Mr. Verrall replied with his usual calmness and courtesy, promising redress of grievances if any existed, and trying the effect of oil on the troubled waters. But the tempest was not assuaged, and the last thing we heard was the utterance of some few flowers of Sheffield oratory from Mr. Steel. However, we have no doubt the cause of disaffection will be remedied by the next meeting. Mr. Verrall has always shown himself particularly solicitous for the comfort of his patrons of every degree; and if he has made some mistake in this matter, we feel sure he will promptly own it, and have it rectified.

All honour to thee, Erin, first flower of the earth, &c. When we were poking our noses over the De Warrenne Handicap, as soon as the weights appeared, we none of us imagined that Ireland was to take the prize; at least, we neither saw or heard a hint on the subject. We speak under correction, though, because we know what a multitude of prophets arise after the event, and it may be that a host of the talent knew all about Queen of the Bees, but, like wise men, kept their own council. She was a good thing, no doubt, and we only wish, for the sake of her owner—as good a sportsman and as popular a country gentleman as there is to be found within a wide circuit round the Curragh of Kildare—that he had had a better price about her. But a Newmarket trial—and Queen of the Bees was sent there to be tried—is not a thing that you can hide under a bushel in these days, and the wires were busy, and so were the Newmarket sharps, five minutes after Queen of the Bees had done what was asked of her. We believe Mr. Dunne was thunderstruck on passing through Dublin the day before the race on his way to Lewes, at being offered 5 to 1 about his mare, and which price he was obliged to accept. It speaks well for him that no thought of striking her out entered his head. He knew his Irish friends were on, and that most of his English ones, when he saw them at Lewes, would be on too; and, though the cream of the market was gone, she ran for the little he backed her for, and the honour and glory. Directly the numbers went up, Queen of the Bees was favourite, or nearly so, but some heavy investments on Slumber gave her the call at the finish. Modena and Lord Rollo were the other two backed for money; and of course Sir George Chetwynd had something on Lady Athelstone, who, with 8 st. 5 lbs. and Jim Goater, was given every chance. But the race was never in doubt, Queen of the Bees coming away from the start, and winning at last

just as far as Morgan chose to let her. It may be remarked that Modena was third, and that Lord Rollo, from whom great things were expected, was the first horse beaten in the race. The rich Astley Stakes—which are to be made twice as rich next year, by-the-way—was won by Lady Mostyn, a Lord Clifden that ought to have gladdened while at the same time it sorrowed the heart of Mr. Gee, as much as the satisfactory cheque that Mr. Verrall had to send Mrs. Drewitt—the widow of poor Dick—must have gratified her. Gilestone ran very badly indeed; and Julie Peachum and Father Claret were never formidable. The winner must be very smart, and her success was, we are sure, eminently popular. A good young soldier won the Selling Handicap with Bashful, the Man of Mystery being second; and Jim Goater—a promising young man who is making rapid strides in his profession—scored another win on Woodlark. Bertram, who evidently has a heritage of Queen's Plates in the future, never gave Kaiser a chance in the one here; and so ended a very good day's sport, witnessed by an attendance that it is scarcely an exaggeration to call enormous.

There was hardly the large attendance on the second day that there was on the first. Some of the bookmakers had retired in dudgeon, and some backers who had done well on Friday returned to town or solaced themselves at Brighton, only taking care to send a little commission to go on Fraulein. There was plenty of racing, and losses were pretty generally got back. Everybody, for instance, was on Rouen for the Town Plate, and though people foolish enough to trust Ascetic again, in the Nevill Handicap, paid the penalty, they ought to have won their money on Cat's-eye in the County Cup, when it was decided that he carried no penalty. And that decision of the Stewards was a curious one, we must say. Nothing could make Cat's-eye a maiden; but yet, on Sir George Chetwynd consulting the Stewards on the point of weight, these gentlemen—Lord Rosebery the only dissentient—gave it as their opinion that Cat's-eye had no penalty, and so accordingly the horse came and won by any number of lengths, for Trappist could not give him 22 lbs. The Stewards grounded their decision on Rule 19, we believe, which says that qualification dates from the time of closing, and as Cat's-eye was a maiden when the entries for the County Cup closed, as a maiden he ran at Lewes. But, as Lord Rosebery well demonstrated in a letter to the 'Sportsman,' the rule cannot hold on all occasions; and the absurdity of it, as applied to Sir George Chetwynd's horse, ought to have been palpable. A number of people thought, of course, that he was penalised; and we doubt if bookmakers were certain about it, or he would hardly have started with odds of 7 to 4 against him, when it was in reality 10 to 1 on him. There was an objection talked about after the race, but of course it came to nothing, as the Stewards had themselves, previous to the race, fixed the weight he was to carry. The was a good deal of brisk wagering on the Lewes Handicap, and Scamp at last deprived Fraulein of the position of first favourite. There was, in fact, a perfect rush to get on him, and little else was backed but these two. The race was all over when James Goater brought Fraulein, pulling double, to the front at the distance, and she won in a common canter by half a dozen lengths from Scamp, who was only second best on sufferance, the Snail not being persevered with. The rise and progress of Fraulein, her adventures and misadventures, might make a small volume. Last year a mile was the most she could accomplish, and her owner and stable were in perfect ignorance of what a treasure they had in her. The Somersetshire Stakes must have opened their eyes a little, we should imagine, and the Lewes Handicap has at last convinced them of what a wonder she is. Probably there is not such another animal in training as this once little-thought-of daughter of Nutbourne; and we doubt

much if weight will stop her, however much forestalling may. Lord Hartington is a sportsman against whom fortune has some spite, for he cannot win a race, and in the Helter Skelter Stakes his Reginella filly was cleverly beaten by Selborne. Sir George Chetwynd, who had not been having the best of times at Goodwood and Brighton, was recompensed at Lewes, for, in addition to Cat's-eye, Conseil and Sugarcane were good goods. Conseil, by-the-way, ran in the colours of Mr. Stockwell, an American gentleman with whom Sir George has entered into confederacy, and we congratulate the new confederates on such a good beginning. Lewes was emphatically a good meeting, and, bar the little hitch about the Southdown Club, which will doubtless be all remedied by next year, everything was admirably conducted. The lessee, we understand, contemplates a new weighing-room, with more accommodation for the officials than at present exists, and that would be a great boon. The present space is very confined, and on a warm day painfully so, the atmosphere being 'very tolerable, and not to be endured.' And so ended the Sussex fortnight. The racing contingent departed on the Monday morning, with bag and baggage—a great deal of the latter—and became a broken and scattered contingent, not to be reunited till Knavesmire received the whole. Of the form of Egham we know only by hearsay. That it would be a mild form after the fortnight above mentioned was a safe prediction, quite as safe as that Alexandra Park would add another to its list of racing failures. If the directors would only courageously look the matter in the face, demolish the Grand Stand—that fatal white elephant bequeathed to them by the folly of their predecessors—and turn the so-called racecourse into flower-beds and shady walks, they would be great gainers.

The Carlisle otter-hounds have been having some extremely good sport when the rivers have been in a proper condition; but the dirty state of the water, from storms and a long succession of rain in the height of the otter season, has sadly interfered with the regularity of fair hunting days. Neither very high nor very low water is favourable to the sport. The first permits the game to make its way immediately to those large pools where the shallows cease to be, and become one and the same with the rushing river; and in the second case, the otter is shy of going too far up stream, so as to be debarred from making good his retreat to the deep pools and long reaches of water, where he makes his stand for an honest fight.

On June 24th the meet was at Lockerbie, at 6·45; drew Doyfeholme, on the River Annan. The hounds had a 'drag' in the instant they reached the water, carrying it for five miles to Jardine Hall, where he was marked in the weirs, in a long and deep pool, and the hounds, well at him, soon caused him to bolt. For three hours they hunted him up and down the water; but, from its foulness, he was not seen once. He was at last marked and set in a fox-earth, where it was not permitted to dig. Sandy, the huntsman, said there were two or three otters afloat, which opinion was confirmed by Royal finding on the island at the lower end of the pool, and, after an hour's excellent hunting up and down the pool, he was killed. Another was set going farther down the stream, and killed after a sharp chevy; both otters weighing about 15 lbs. each.

July 8th, Wetheral, 6·30.—The Eden was too low to afford any chance of sport; but, as many strangers had remained after the races to attend the meet, the Master decided that the hounds should try the water. A drag was taken up at Corby Coop Island, and carried to Coathouse Island at a hot pace, where two otters were bolted. The hounds went away with the first up stream, and marked him in a very heavy weiring, from whence the terriers could not bolt him. No. 2 was found down stream, at the head of the White Stream, and

afforded a capital hunt for two hours; and, although frequently viewed, he managed to beat the hounds, from the foulness and quantity of water.

July 20th. Lockerbie, 6·45.—Drew the Kennel River, crossed the country from Lochmaben to Dormont, and found in the island, and swam him up and down the long pool—more than a mile long—several times; and at last the hounds, one and all well at him, forced him away, and swam him—heu gaze—bubble-a-vent for two miles right away, the otter coming up several times to breathe. The river rising every moment from a freshet, the hounds were called off.

July 23rd. Dumfries, 7·30.—Found at Cow Hill Pool, carrying it at a fast pace to Friar's Carse. They had him in the large pool, and for four hours they rattled him incessantly before he went down the river. For two miles they swam him straight, scarcely ever out of sight, when he made for the root of the old ash tree above the railway bridge. Dimple failed to seize him; but Corby got a strong hold, and together they rolled down the bank into the water, where the pair soon despatched him—a dog otter of 20 lbs.

June 26th.—Through the kindness of Mr. Baylis, the contractor, the members of the Carlisle Otter-Hunting Club had the privilege of a special run over the local portion of the Midland Railway. The scenery throughout this line of railway is especially beautiful by Armathwick Castle to Barron Wood and the Coombes, and the Nunnery, with its celebrated walks to Lazenby, where Sandy, true to business, and careless of romance, threw off, and had a drag immediately above Lazenby Bridge, at Eden Lacy, bringing the foil up the river to old Eden, and, turning again, found in the pool weiring. Here he was chevied for three hours up and down; but he was only seen twice, from the peculiar colour and depth of the water.

August 3rd. Hornby, 7.—Threw off at Wenning Brook, found under an old root, and, after half an hour's exciting hunt, killed an otter of 23 lbs.

August 5th. Greta-foot, River Lune, 7.—Carried a drag for five miles to Kirby Lonsdale Bridge; found him in a thick covert near the river, where he was chased by the hounds, and, being viewed, breaking away, returned to the covert, which he did three times before taking the river. After an hour's hunting, with every hound at him, affording a specimen of real otter-hunting, he was killed—a dog otter of 22 lbs. The field numbered above two hundred, with several ladies.

August 10th. Ridding's Junction, 6·30.—In the River Liddell the hounds were soon on a drag; but the river was so swollen that nothing could be done, and they went to Langholm railway bridge, where they had a land drag to Liddell Foot, carrying it across the meadows to the Esk, and up to the Sand Scaur at Cannobie without a check; and at Gilnockie he was found, bolted, but returned to the rocks, where, after an hour's hunting, he was left in that stronghold; and the party adjourned to partake of the hospitality of Sir F. Graham, at his noble domain of Netherby.

Galopin's victory in the Derby this year having placed him at the top of the tree as an equine wonder, his portrait will no doubt be eagerly sought for by a host of followers of the Prince's green jacket. The picture is now completed, and is not only a faithful likeness of the horse, but may be ranked as one of Mr. Harry Hall's happiest efforts in painting turf celebrities.

Why do our coachmen take off their coaches so early, and, as it seems to us, lose some of the best part of the season by so doing? The St. Albans, the Guildford, the Windsor, the Dorking, the Virginia Water, the Maidenhead, are all off the road, and only the Tunbridge and that famous everlasting, the Afternoon Dorking, keep to it. This appears to us shortsighted policy. We know they all have done but badly this season, and with the spring and

summer we have had, it would be wonderful if they had done well. But here in the glorious weather we have been lately enjoying, and when there was every chance of a harvest in the shape of good loads, the coaches are taken off and the horses hurried to Tattersall's, where they go for a mere song. London is supposed to be empty we know, but there are plenty of people in it—many of them country people, only too glad of a ride, while the town men, tied to the ear, but yet with occupation and business slack, would be equally glad of a day's holiday down the road. But, of course, our coachmen know their own business best, and we suppose had good reasons for the taking off. We only give an outsider's view of the matter.

Coaching flourishes in the provinces, however, though the horn is well-nigh silent in Piccadilly. The Earl of Mayo has started a coach from Brighton to Arundel and back, which he intends keeping on the road until the middle of October. The route is through Shoreham and Worthing, and is described as picturesque and interesting. Time is allowed at Arundel to inspect castle and park, and the homeward journey lands passengers at Markwell's Hotel in excellent time. The thing is thoroughly well done, and Lord Mayo sticks to work well. We should think in this holiday season, with the Sussex seaboard crowded as it is, it would prove a great success.

A story comes to us from the shires anent a gentleman now very well known in the hunting world, but who took to the noble science rather late in life, and, with a certain praiseworthy idea of making up for lost time, rode accordingly. One of his first meets was with the A—— Hounds, and determining to choose a good leader, followed old D——, then the huntsman, and ere the hounds had gone three fields knocked the old man and his horse both down. He was overwhelmed with grief, apologized profusely, and gave D—— a sovereign, the latter being perfectly satisfied. Both got up and renewed the chase, but not very long afterwards the gentleman bowled over the huntsman again. The same scene was enacted: the same apology and another sovereign produced and accepted, D—— simply observing, 'Well, sir, I must say yours is a most 'liberal style of riding.'

There is a very big man up in the North, who, like a good many other big fellows, is very fond of hunting. One day coming to a public-house, and making some inquiry as to whether anybody had seen the hounds, a navvy who was drinking at the door said, 'You've not bin a hunting, surely?' and on being told he had, rejoined, 'Then I'm d——d if thee ought not to hunt in a railway 'truck.'

And that reminds us of what a success the Yorkshire Horse and Hound Show has been. The Hound Show was the best ever seen, and the decisions, as was to be expected from a bench comprising such judges as the Rev. John Russell, Sir Reginald Graham, and Mr. Hall, gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Tom Parrington surpassed himself, and more cannot be said in the management, and every visitor and exhibitor went away charmed. We hear Mr. Parrington has been appointed agent to Lord Feversham, and we will venture to congratulate Lord Feversham, as well as Mr. Parrington, on that 'happy thought.'

Hunting has begun in the West according to rule made and provided, for the Devon and Somerset have met at Cloutsham; there has been a good deal of 'regaling,' a lot about Dunkery Beacon and the Porlock panorama, and a stag of ten has been unharboured, who, of course, knowing what was expected of him, took to sea at Porlock Weir, &c. We have heard and seen all this before, and we should much like to see it again. Nothing can be more splendid than a gallop over Exmoor, and August and September see the cream of the hunting. Why do not more people go there, and why do not we all go to

that sister moor that takes its name from what enthusiastic local admirers have termed 'the English Rhine'? Why do not all of us go to Dartmoor and see what sport the Dartmoor otter-hounds can give us? Reading a stirring account of a meet of this pack in the 'Field' lately—and a very stirring account it was—from the death of poor Twig to the final 'treeing' of the beast that killed him, we felt that a-hunting of the otter we must go. Surely all the grouse that ever were driven could never yield one quarter of excitement that 'our sweet shire of Devon' can give in the matter of stags and otters. What a month one might have there between the two! Better fun this than trying to spot the winner of the Great Ebor, or endeavouring to find out the best of the worst Leger lot we have seen for many a day.

Equanimity of temper, how good is it. 'Twas in Devon that a worthy old sportsman of our acquaintance—alas! he now hunts no more—was one day followed by a young Englander much too closely to be pleasant. He was always with him at the fences, until they came to a big brook, where the veteran fell, and his tormentor, riding clean over him, only elicited a 'D——n 'it, sir, we are not playing at leap-frog.'

Two gentlemen, one of them was a Quaker M.P., were discussing the religious opinions of a neighbour, and broad-brim, remarked, 'I am told he is 'an atheist.' 'You can rest assured he is not,' replied the other, 'for the 'other day when somebody trod on his toe, he said "God d——n you!" 'as plain as you or I would.'

The subject of driving four-in-hand was being discussed the other day in the snuggery of a certain dealer well known in the Midlands, and out of them too, when some one said, 'I saw Colonel —— driving a team just now: I 'believe he is a very good hand; but whose coach was he driving?' Replied the dealer, 'Mr. —— of ——.' 'What!' said another, 'does he drive a 'team? What sort of a performer is he?' 'Well,' was the great dealer's answer, 'whenever I see Mr. —— driving four horses, he always reminds me 'of a butcher's boy drawing entrails out of a pail.' If our readers will only suit the action to the word, they will see how ludicrous was the simile. It was received with immense laughter in the snuggery.

The respectability of Baker Street has been much disturbed. A recent sad scandal, to which we are thankful to say we need not more particularly allude, has brought great shame and sorrow on what was once pre-eminently the abode of gentility and virtue. We are far from saying that Baker Street does not shelter these qualities still; but there has been a change in its fortunes and manner of life within the last five and twenty or thirty years patent to all who remember the locality in those its palmy days. Though north of Oxford Street, and not boasting the fashion and brilliancy of streets south of that great thoroughfare, it yet had a *status* in the social life of London essentially its own. It was part and portion of the great world, though not in it. It clung tightly to the skirts of Portman Square, and the dowagers and maiden ladies of small means and good blood who occupied its first floors were rather proud of their home. There is always a line drawn somewhere between the places society may live in and the barren spots it may not, and Baker Street was emphatically declared to be in the world. But a quarter of a century brought a change. Shops invaded the hallowed precincts; music, stationery, pots and kettles, confectionery, Birmingham jewelry, and co-operative stores crowded out the dowagers and the maiden ladies, and Baker Street somewhat fell in the social scale. Still it is respectable, as we have remarked before, eminently so; and its inhabitants, deeply feeling the slur that now attaches to its name, have taken counsel together and memorialised the Metropolitan Board of Works to change it. That body is, of course, scattered now in this

holiday season; but still a zealous standing committee have warmly taken the prayer of the memorialists in hand, and with the happiest and most satisfactory results. After much deliberation, a name has been decided on in the place of its old one, and we believe we are breaking no confidence in announcing that Baker Street will henceforth be known as Upper Petticoat Lane.

'Dear Jim,' wrote lately one of the most aristocratic of horse-dealers to a friend and customer, 'I can't get any money out of the swells, so I must ask 'you to let me have five hundred on account. Yours ever, Bob.' The reply was prompt. 'Dear Bob,—Put me down among the swells. Yours ever, Jim.'

We have to lament the loss, by the death of Mr. Henry Blundell Leigh, poor Gerard Leigh's brother, of as good a sportsman and popular country gentleman as this country could show. He was the last surviving son of his father, Mr. John Shaw Leigh of Luton Hoo, and few men had more thoroughly acquired the esteem and affection of all with whom he was brought in contact. His thorough knowledge of country pursuits, his genial disposition, his manly and cheerful spirit, contributed to make him a universal favourite, beloved and respected by every one.

A well-known Hampshire sportsman, Mr. Alfred Dyson, has lately died. He was a constant companion of Mr. Joseph Anderson when that gentleman lived at Longstock, a place, by-the-way, much improved while in his possession, was a very fine horseman, and a capital judge of horse and hound. In 1838 he hunted Sir John Halket's staghounds at Fareham for two years, and in 1860 he became Master of the Isle of Wight Hounds, and hunted them for three seasons himself. He was fond of a little racing too; and we heard a great friend of his say lately, 'Alfred Dyson was one of the most extraordinary 'men I ever knew, for he never had five hundred pounds, and he nearly 'always had a pack of hounds.'

Old 'Thomas,' the well-known janitor of Tattersall's subscription-room, has departed the scene. He was a character, and somewhat of the Diogenes type, and his cynical remarks on men and things were very often amusing. 'Thomas' had many antipathies, 'the legs,' as a body, being one, and he always threw an extra tinge of cynicism into his remarks when, on Monday, the settling was in their favour, and was grimly merry when they lost. 'Argus' was one of his few favourites, to whom the old man unbent; and we like to remember that he was generally very gracious to us in our rare visits to the room. Peace be to him! We believe his bark was worse than his bite, and that under a somewhat rough exterior he concealed qualities that, perhaps, few who knew him gave him credit for.

Among other things that may be laid to the account of that much-desired man Mr. Alexander Collie, perhaps the singular and fatal accident to Mr. Baldock—who formerly sat for Shrewsbury, used to hunt from Market Harborough, and was well known in Sir Watkin's country—might be counted as one. The unfortunate gentleman, while inspecting Collie's house in Kensington Palace Gardens walked through a plate-glass window, and cut himself badly in one of his legs. Erysipelas supervened, and in a few weeks Mr. Baldock succumbed to the attack. He was a very cheery companion, a little given to too much talking, especially in the hunting-field; but he went straight.

The Dublin Horse Show has become the great horse mart of Ireland; all the best horses are kept for it, and upwards of six hundred were exhibited in Kildare Street on the 3rd of August. In judging the heavy-weight class, however, the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Combermere had the greatest difficulty in finding horses of sufficient merit to award the prizes. Weight-carriers have become few and far between in the Sister Isle. Whilst the

Marquis was trying the paces of Virginius, a neat, blood-like brown horse, but with little pretensions to carry fifteen stone, our Saxon ears were tickled with the conversation of a couple of Irish squireens: 'Oh, he is a sweet harse; he 'is a parfect gentleman!' said one. 'And quite raight; for he has a gentle-'man on his back,' said the other. 'And a raight sporthsman, too,' added the first speaker. The taker of the prize in this class was a well-shaped grey horse, that was afterwards bought by Mr. Lansley, the dealer of Cricklewood, near London; and Lord Waterford gave 350*l.* for the chestnut that was placed third. In the other classes there were plenty of nice horses up to twelve or thirteen stone; but the prices asked were so extravagant that most of the dealers abstained from buying, and comparatively few horses changed hands.

The children of Israel are wonderfully enterprising children, and lose nothing from a lack of audacity. Faint heart never won fair lady, we know; and when a bold heart is backed up by a Japanese cabinet, success would seem to be certain. At least so thought one of the children, a gallant, gay Lothario, who, much struck with the appearance of a well-known actress—a lady who is as charming in society as she is clever in her profession—called one day lately at her house (he not having the slightest acquaintance with her), and emerged from a four-wheeler, bearing in his arms a Japanese cabinet of the description one sees in auction rooms and boudoirs, and was, so accompanied, ushered into the presence of the much-astonished Miss ——. Depositing the Japanese article on a table, the worthy man, addressing the lady, said that he had long desired to make her acquaintance, and that he had taken the liberty (which he certainly had) of calling on her and offering for her acceptance a humble tribute of his admiration. With as graceful a bow as a slight tendency to obesity would allow, he then withdrew, leaving Miss ——, we need scarcely say, intensely amused. We fear the cabinet must be entered in his ledger as a dead loss.

In season or out of season the doors of the Alhambra are always open to its patrons, the programme being sufficiently varied to meet the tastes of all comers. Providing the quantity of amusement is ample, the *habitués* are not over and above fastidious as to quality, *ballet divertissement* combined with scenic display supplying all the material that is wanted for the evening's entertainment. One of the latest novelties introduced here is an extravaganza founded on Planche's serio-comic drama of 'A Romantic Idea,' originally produced at the Lyceum under the direction of the late Madame Vestris. The thread of the story is preserved, and that is all. The title given to the new piece is 'Spectresheim,' music and dancing of the most lively burlesque character being ingeniously employed in giving effect to the romantic development of the legend. Some of the songs are both tuneful and pleasing, and the success of the piece in this respect is in a great measure due to their skilful rendering in the hands of Miss Katherine Munroe. The Majiltons also are deservedly popular, and their appearance lends considerable *éclat* to the other attractions of 'Spectresheim.'

Mr. Houldsworth showed us a good two-year-old in Springfield, a son of St. Albans and Viridis, who does credit to his breeding. He won his two races in gallant style, and is in all probability the best we have yet seen. But as that opinion has this year been expressed about nearly every two-year-old that has won a race, it is advanced now with diffidence. There was a grand race for the Queen's Plate between Louise Victoria and Thunder, and very kind of Mr. Vyner was it to give us such a treat, at which the tykes yelled and shouted with delight; but we cannot help thinking that if he had kept him for the Cup, Lord Falmouth might not have carried that trophy south

with Spinaway. There was not very much Leger wagering during the meeting, and except that Claremont's case appeared to be hopeless, nothing of any great moment occurred. What is to win the great race is certainly a puzzling question. A good horse will not be required; all we want to know is which is the best of a bad lot, and that is always difficult to discover. We have not backed anything ourselves, we are thankful to say, and probably shall not; but if our readers wish for a tip (which they are not at all called on to follow), we cannot help thinking that Balfe has the best credentials. We saw him very nearly get the distance in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, giving Earl of Dartrey three and Bay of Naples ten pounds; and as we do not see how Mr. Savile's horse is to be depended upon after his recent running, and as no one knows anything certain about the staying qualities of Gilbert or St. Cyr, we have a great opinion that Balfe will about win. It would be a very popular one if he did. 'Our Princes' have not been so favoured by racing fortune, but that the carrying off by them of Derby and Leger in the same year would not be hailed with the most lively satisfaction. It would be a fitting tribute to high character and honourable careers, against which no man could cast a stone.

We wound up the month very pleasantly at "the brave town of York" with some good racing, good dinners, and other diversions. There is snug lying in the city of many gates and bars, and the lying at the Club Chambers, as we can testify, is of the snuggest. An impression prevails, we believe, that these chambers are for the sole use and benefit of members of the York Club, but such is not the case; and any gentleman visiting York at racetime or in the hunting season can be there accommodated. The rooms are most comfortable, the attendance is very good, and the terms are certainly not dear. Lily Agnes won the Great Ebor, as every one said she would when the weights appeared, and they then finished by backing Harriet Laws and Aventurière, also Apology, under the idea that the latter would wipe out her Goodwood stain, when she only added to it This, and the defeat of Thunder, who began to kick when the flag fell, in the Cup, together with the 'busting up' of several undoubted morals for the minor events, did not tend to make us altogether happy; and if it had not been for the hospitality of the Club, the lot of many of us would have been sad. A good Samaritan is the York Club, binding up our wounds, and pouring in the oil and wine; and when the latter is Bollinger and Léoville of '64, we take a good deal of pouring. By-the-way, a very promising young man, a native of the county, gave us a riddle one morning at breakfast, which was new to most of his audience, and may be to our readers. 'Why were the Apostles so cruel and such cowards?' 'Because the lot fell on Matthias,'—an answer which so puzzled a gallant warrior present—his range of scriptural reading being supposed to be limited—that he had not mastered it on the concluding day of the races. His friends had great hopes though that the air of Scarborough might do something for him.

A. D. Turner Lieutenant

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. A. H. TURNER NEWCOMEN.

The subject of our present sketch, the Master of the Cleveland, is well deserving of a place in that collection of Yorkshire sportsmen which has contributed so largely to fill 'Baily's' gallery. Born in 1844 at his ancestral residence, Kirkleatham Hall, near Redcar, Mr. Newcomen evinced a passion for field sports very early, and was Master of a pack of harriers at the promising age of thirteen. The passion developed with his growth, and he soon became well known as a good performer with the Hurworth, Durham, and Mr. Cradock's hounds, and when last season he took the Cleveland, one ambition of his life may be said to have been fulfilled. A bold rider and a good judge of pace, he is generally to be found with his hounds in the rather rough country over which they hunt, and he has a good huntsman in Richard Sherwood.

Mr. Newcomen continues to breed from his grandfather's valuable and now rare old strain of blood from which sprang the Flying Dutchman, Van Tromp, Zuyder Zee, &c., and his young homebred hunters give promise of becoming as celebrated as the 'Perions' and the 'St. Bennetts' in days of yore. He is fond of a little racing, and occasionally has a horse or two of his own breeding under Sanderson's care at Hambleton, among which we may mention Soufflé, Kelchburne—the latter once beating some good horses in the Autumn Plate at Newcastle—and others. He is well known as one of the best and quickest game shots in the north of England, is good with his rod, fond of cricket, and, in short, 'can play the game 'all round.'

We must not forget to add that to him is mainly due the excellent racecourse that Redcar now possesses, with its straight seven furlongs on old grass land, and the new Grand Stand, second to none in the far north for comfort and convenience. In fact, the Redcar meeting quite holds its own with the older established ones, chiefly owing to local support and the excellence of its course.

Mr. Newcomen has married a daughter of Sir J. Clarke-Jervoise of Idsworth Park, Hants, and to say that that lady is a sportswoman, in the best sense of the term, is only saying that she is her father's child. She takes the keenest interest in all outdoor pursuits, and has a very famous breed of Dandie Dinmonts and colleys which have taken prizes all over the kingdom.

A 'SECOND OCTOBER' ACROSTIC.

WORKED BY CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

1. Nothing venture, nothing take;
2. Though a Monarch's first-born names the stake.

1. 'Lie by my heart, cold love;' 'twas thus she sighed,
The swarthy Queen; 'my love lies cold and dead;
One silent kiss, and life's exulting tide
No more reseeks its throbbing fountain-head:
Slow steals oblivion o'er the darkened brain,
Like ice that seals the currents of the main.

2. Oh! paths that lead to yonder heights sublime,
Wherein divinely reigns her noble power,
Would I had sought ye! ere the hand of time
Came, blighting all the sweets of Beauty's bower,
Throning in place of Kings presumptuous churls,
And whelming those we fondly pledged in pearls.

3. But he, still softer than his name in Greece,
Bound me with rosy fetters to his car,
And laid me, sworn to victories of peace,
At his proud feet, the arbiter of war:
Then marvel not with Anthony he came
In thin disguise to feed the subtle flame.

4. No slave from yon benighted neighbouring shore
Lay more securely fettered; all my blood
Rose in wild tumult, ever more and more,
Like teeming Nilus at his height of flood;
Beneath *his* force the thirsty plains were hidden,
Mine had the topmost Pyramid o'erridden.

5. Back to thy source, weak harbinger of grief,
Shall one poor drop my flaming woes assuage?
There are to whom thy courses bring relief;
The babe's smooth face, the furrowed cheek of age
Are wet with vernal shower, or autumn rains,
But summer withers on her arid plains.

6. "Ah, miserable! ah, unkind!"—but no,
Forbear that last cold epithet to breathe,
I have enough to whelm me in my woe;
And my lost love calls from the shades beneath,
"Come, in Elysian shades the past renew,
More blissful hours than e'en the fancy drew."

7. I come—life's setting sun his parting beam
Flings on the clouds of tempest overpast,
And lo! reflected in yon placid stream,
Hope rears his airy token—peace at last!
The slow, cold poison curdles all my blood,
As feebly ebbs its palpitating flood.

8. One word above my ashes—this to tell
The ruling passion of my life—be writ
In Roman characters: by what strange spell
"I governed," ask not; let my failings flit,
Remembering I was woman; and be blind
To all the imperfections of my kind.

9. Land of my birth, from thee my glazing eyes
Draw their last light: my spirit fades away
Like some white fleecy cloud from summer skies,
Or flowery coronal of bridal day,
On Nile's broad bosom negligently cast,
To die in Ocean's briny wave at last.

10. Like to that mythic bird of Eastern tale,
I long, from Earth's dull fetters freed, to soar;
To ply my wing on some celestial gale,
Hearing the sullen waves beneath me roar;
And marking earth, through long harmonious years,
March to the music of the rolling spheres.

11. Great Mother, to thine all-enfolding arms
Receive a weary heart that scorns to break,
No more satiety of life hath charms,
With pleasure, love, ambition, all at stake:
Unloose the weary circle of the crown,
And cast in dust th' imperial sceptre down!'

A.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER XX.

When the letter of Dr. Twigg, enumerating the many acts of insubordination of which Frank had been guilty, and his consequent expulsion from Buckbury school, reached Watercombe, a postscript appended to it informed the Squire that if his son did not arrive at

home that evening, he would be found at Heathercot, where, as the writer believed, he might probably tarry for a few days.

'By all that's sacred!' exclaimed the Squire, his eyes contracting ominously, and his sinewy hand dropping the letter on the breakfast-table as if he had been suddenly shot, 'that shall never be! I'd 'rather see Frank in his coffin than coupled up with such a lot!'

'What on earth are you talking about, Mr. Raleigh?' inquired Lady Susan, half petrified with alarm at the outburst of her husband's passion and the fierce language he used in reference to Frank. 'What has the poor boy been doing now?'

'Read that letter, madam,' he said gravely, but as courteously as his temper would permit him. 'According to that report, the Doctor seems to think he is only fit for the penal settlements; but, lawless as he makes him out to be, there is no imputation against the boy's honour; that at least is a comfort, and were it not for the postscript I should not feel so worried about him.'

Lady Susan, who was dotingly attached to her son, and never would allow, however much she might have felt it, that he had ever given her a moment's uneasiness, perused the document with an anxious look, but without comment, down to the last word.

'The whole letter,' she said, 'is a piece of spiteful and gross 'exaggeration; just what you might expect from the head of such a 'school as that of Buckbury. Had Frank been sent to Eton, as I 'wished, he would not then have fallen into such low company, and 'we should have been spared this bitter mortification. It's a trap 'laid for him, no doubt, by that designing widow; but, at his age, 'if he falls into it, he's sharp enough, I hope, to find a way out 'of it.'

'What! back out of an engagement, like a cur out of a fox-earth? 'No; if he is ever fool enough to make an offer to that girl, or 'any other, by heavens he shall stand to it, or I'll disown him for 'life!'

'Then, Mr. Raleigh, you would be doing him a grave injustice; 'the boy is only seventeen, and, if entangled now by the meshes of 'an artful woman, it would clearly be your duty to step in and help 'him out of them. Such a *mésalliance* would be the death of me.'

A sudden impulse appeared to seize the Squire; for, without waiting to reply to Lady Susan's last remark, he flung impatiently out of the room, and hurrying to his sanctum, rang the bell for Matthews with an energy that made the old butler jump from his chair and hobble to answer it with very unusual promptitude. 'Order King Cole to 'be got ready, and tell Langworthy to bring him round as soon as 'he is saddled,' he said, in so short and imperious a tone that, contrary to his habit, Matthews stayed not to ask a single question, but proceeded at once to execute his master's commands.

'Zummut's up now, Tom, and no mistake,' he remarked, as he entered the stable and took his seat on a huge oaken corn-bin opposite the stalls, and filling a wide window-recess expressly constructed for its reception. 'I reckon 'tis my lady again, for I han't

'a zeed maister zo peppery, nit since he'd a got that nimpingang in 'his neck, and the doctor comed to cut it out vor un.'

''Tis more likely that black-strap, Matthis, that yeu've a got the 'handling of; ef I was yeu, I'd tak' a bottle more and give he a 'bottle less; that wid zoon cool un down, tak' my word vor't.'

'Yeu'm a fule, Tom; I'd zoonder ha' a glass o' Plymouth gin 'then all the port in our zellars; and as vor Squire, he'th a took to 'whisky ever since that nimpingang; wishy-washy trade, I call it, 'and nit fitty for a gen'leman like he. Lor', Tom, tell of port! yeu 'should a zeed they three passons as dined wi' us last Saturday was 'a week! I was a counting up the empty bottles under the zide-'board, thinking they was all up wi' my Lady, zo I zed, "One bottle, '" tew bottles, dree, vour, faive, zix bottles! pretty passons they!" 'and wi' the same, whew should stap out from behind the window-'curt'n but th' old passon Barker. "Well, Matthis," zays he, '" and that's on'y tew bottles apiece atwixt dree ov us; and I, for '"one, han't a feeled the waistband o' my breeches it. But there; '"'tis a Saturday night, and I've got my discoos to find vor to-'"morrow, or I widn't ha' let that Comet-port off zo aisy."

'He's the king of 'em all, is the old Barker,' continued the butler; and I call un a rale old sand-bag, and nort else.'

'Yeu'm about right there, Matthis; I've a know'd un mysel' at 'our hunt dinner to Ivy-town lap up zixteen glasses o' tew-water 'grog wi'out ever blinking he's eye; there's never a hoss in these 'stable can tak' his gruel as he can his grog.'

How much longer this conversation might have been carried on before the butler had delivered his message, it is vain now to conjecture; but just as Matthews was about to cap the groom's story with another equally descriptive of Barker's Bacchanalian powers, the Squire's voice, in a tone of thunder, was heard, as he entered the stable and inquired why the horse was not ready and brought round, according to orders.

Both the men were for a moment mute; but as the Squire's eye rested on Old King Cole, not yet stripped, Tom was at no loss to discover to which horse the question applied, and a lie coming readily to his lips, he said, 'King Cole, yeur honour, has got a cough—'catched it that day he got the bucketting over the moor, and I'm 'afeard 'twill come to a chronic, zo I widn't saddle he till I'd 'a got farder orders.'

'Quite right, Tom; but you should have told me before of it. 'Give him a bucket of hot bran-mash, with a cupful of linseed 'jelly in it, every other night for a week, and a handful of green 'meat daily. But look sharp, and put the saddle on Sweet-Pea; 'she'll do for my work just as well.'

The little mare looked like a star as Tom Langworthy, running her rug off from the point of her oblique shoulders down to the very hocks, stripped her in a second, and displayed a figure than which nothing in the shape of horseflesh was adjudged more perfect on this side of the Atlas range. She could travel like oil, too, and although

safe and active as a mountain cat, in climbing or descending the rugged and almost perpendicular paths so frequently met with in the dingles of the moor, no power on earth could get her over a fence or persuade her to rise at water. Into the latter, however, she would fearlessly plunge, and by battling and swimming, no matter how flooded and fierce the stream might be, would win her way and carry her rider in safety to the opposite bank. This aptitude for wading, in a region where the rivers are never jumped and the bottoms are always sound, added to her great speed, rendered the mare especially valuable as a moor hunter; whereas, the defect of refusing every fence she was put at made her utterly useless except as a hack on any other ground.

There is a general impression among grooms that horses have a strong objection to being mounted in their stalls, and that many will not permit it at all; but, on the present occasion, thin-skinned and ticklish as Sweet-Pea was, the moment her head was round in the stall, and the throat-lash of her bridle loosely buckled on, the Squire vaulted into the saddle, and, quick as Marmion dashing under the falling portcullis of the fiery Douglas, he cleared the stable-door at a bound and galloped off straight for the moor.

Matthews and the groom were aghast—tongue-tied by the spectacle for several seconds. At length Tom shook his head and said, with a perplexed look, 'Whats think now, then, Matthis? If maister 'ain't gone mazed, I ner zeed a mazed man afore, nit I, fai.'

'No more mazed than yeu be, Tom, replied the butler, indignantly rebutting the imputation, and jealous of every one who presumed to know the Squire's movements so well as he did. 'If it ain't my 'Lady, I'll warn ee he'th a heerd zum news o' the moyle.'

'No, Matthis, it ain't the moyle; I hop' the crows have a got he 'avore this. It fairly gall'th me to hear that young 'oresbud Tammy 'a telling up about un, as if thikky half-and-half mongrel could 'show he's tail to the best nags in our stable. I wish a was dead, 'I du, and Ben Head had a got un in he's boiler. I'd stand a gallon 'o' Whit-ale to zee the skin of un a hanging up tu Ben's door, that 'I wid, and welcome.'

'Maister would soonder zee thy skin a hanging there,' said the butler, provokingly. 'He can find many sich as yeu be, but he'll never zee the likes o' Jack-o'-Lantern again; leastways, zo I've a heerd un tell a store o' times.'

Tom Langworthy was much too knowing a hand to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, and understood his interest far too well to offend the butler, who, within doors and during the absence of his master, exercised a kind of despotic power over the domestics of the establishment. Many an odd glass, too—the beeswing bottom of the finest port, bottled when Plancus was consul—had fallen to Tom's lot for the most trifling service on his part in aid of Matthews; nor was it likely that the cool lie he had just told, in order to screen his fellow-servant from the Squire's wrath, would go without its reward on his first visit to the butler's pantry. So, for

these and other reasons, Tom, who was probably as much hurt by the sarcasm as a duck is by a shower of rain, very discreetly allowed it to pass without even a word of comment.

Be it with hounds or without them, nothing on earth is more inspiriting to horse and rider than a wild gallop over an elastic and boundless grass-plain; but infinite zest is, of course, added to this enjoyment by the accompaniment of hounds, especially if, carrying a grand head, they are dashing forward, merciless and all but mute, on the very haunches of their game. And if that game be a fox—one of those lanky, half-fed varmints that are bred on the moor, and are

'Not found
By twang of horn or babbling hound,'

the rider may congratulate himself on enjoying a foretaste of the Elysian fields even on this side the Styx. But even without hounds, however ardent the hunter may be, a ride over the moor may have other charms to commend it not a whit less attractive than those of the chase; at least so Frank thought when, side by side, as if they were yoked together, Mary Cornish and he skimmed over the mossy moor, up hill and down dale, like a pair of golden plovers racing on the wing.

'This is a treat indeed!' said Mary, reining up her pony, and almost breathless from the speed at which they had been going. 'I had no idea Taffy could gallop so fast; and George tells me 'there is not a bank nor a wall round the moor he cannot jump. I 'should so like to try him!'

'Nothing is easier,' replied Frank, delighted at the prospect of schooling his own steed—a promising colt, bred by the Squire, and destined for the huntsman's use. 'We have only to drop down 'towards the Hayford inclosures to find plenty of fences broad 'enough and high enough for that purpose. But where on earth is 'George?'

They were then at the upper end of Dockhill Ridge, and could look back over a wide expanse of open moor without seeing a sign either of man or horse following in their wake.

'I told mama the old Gunner could never keep up with us,' said Mary, half frightened at finding herself alone with Frank after the injunction so earnestly expressed by her mother, that the attendance of the gardener was an addition to which she must of necessity submit. 'The breeze is so pleasant, and the view from this hill so 'extensive, that we may well enjoy the benefit of both for a short 'time. Our horses, too, will not object to a halt; and then, perhaps, 'we may see something of this laggard George and his stumpy steed.'

The wind was blowing freshly from the west; and as their horses' heads were turned in that direction, Frank could plainly see the belt of dark pine plantation that, in spite of northerly gales, reared its hardy head at the back of Watercombe, and sheltered it in winter from the nipping frosts that desolate the moor. So different is the climate, at that season of the year, between the hill-top of

Dartmoor and its sunny valleys looking south, that while in the latter the myrtle, magnolia, and even the fuchsia are treated and flourish as hardy perennials, the former is too cheerless to sustain even the bristling furze, except in hollow spots protected from the cutting winds.

'There,' said Frank, pointing in the direction of Watercombe, 'stands my father's house, nestled under that clump of fir-trees you 'see fringing the moor. As the crow would fly, it may be some 'ten miles off; but there being so many coombs, with scarcely a 'lanyard of level ground between us and it, the distance to ride 'would, doubtless, be half as far again.'

'So I should think,' replied Mary; 'for though the atmosphere 'is quite clear, I can only make out a black mass in the western 'horizon, and it seems almost in Cornwall. But see! there comes 'George at last. Very stupidly I've been looking for him in quite 'an opposite direction.'

There certainly was an object in the distance coming towards them that Frank had not yet remarked; but as he was well aware they had held from the first a due westerly course, he knew at a glance it could not be the old coach-horse and its rider so far ahead of them.

'If that's George and the Gunner,' he said, straining his eyes to make out the figure, 'they must have borrowed wings to carry them 'where they are. No; they certainly must be a mile behind, and 'in a totally opposite direction.'

After some minutes, while the tails of their horses were still shaking, and their flanks quivering from the pace, Frank, who had never taken his eye off the advancing objects, and was waiting to watch their action on reaching the Aune, became aware beyond a doubt, as they dashed into the river, that the horse and its rider were no other than his father and Sweet-Pea, a discovery which, for a second or two, overwhelmed him with intense perplexity.

'Acting on old Twigg's information, and coming to look for me, 'and no mistake!' he said to himself, as he observed the little mare breasting the rocky stream in her usual undaunted style; 'but he's 'nearly a mile off yet, and, as we have been stationary, has probably 'never caught sight of us at all. So there's lots of time to get away, 'and let my anxious parent go on to Heathercot. It would be a 'great bore to be balked of our fun just as we were going to 'enjoy it.'

He then wheeled his horse round, saying, jauntily, to Mary, 'Now then for the fences. I'm longing to see how Taffy can 'jump, and whether I can't pound you at the first fence. The 'pony must be a good one if I can't.'

'So he is—good as gold at everything; but won't you wait to see 'if that is George or not?'

'It will be only a waste of time,' replied Frank, eagerly. 'That 'horse is a light bay, and the Gunner is as black as a heath-'poult. It cannot be your servant.'

Mary, apparently well satisfied with this explanation, laid her whip with a gentle touch on Taffy's off shoulder, and again they were swinging away at a merry pace over the breezy down, pointing directly for the inclosures in the vale below.

Frank, however, had calculated without his host when he came to the conclusion that they had escaped the observation of his father's keen and practised eye. Not only had he seen but known them at a glance; and he would have tallied a fox between him and the sky-line at even a greater distance. Believing, too, that they had recognised him, Mr. Raleigh eased the little mare up the steep ascent, and, walking leisurely by her side, pondered over what he had best say to the youthful gallant. 'After all, the boy is but seventeen,' he said to himself, repeating the very words of Lady Susan; 'and 'unless he gives me strong grounds for interference, I had probably 'better not rate him at present for what may only turn out to be an 'innocent and resultless amusement. If he is in love with the girl, 'opposition is far more likely to clench the nail than loosen it, as I 'too well know by experience. No; if I attack him at all, it must 'be on the ground of his dismissal from school and his cool, I may 'say his audacious, conduct in not returning directly to his home.'

By the time he had arrived at this determination, the hardy Squire of Watercombe had picked his way by the rocky clitter of Woolholes, the favourite stronghold of many a mountain fox, and, clambering thence, he soon gained the summit of Dockhill Ridge. There, however, to his infinite surprise, appeared not a single vestige of a human being. Moorwards and seawards he swept the horizon on every side, as an eagle would have swept it; but all was still, not a living animal moved within his ken, and the solitude of the wide and dreary waste appeared to be undisturbed for miles around him.

'I couldn't be deceived,' he said, gravely, as he proceeded to examine the turf in the direction of the spot on which he had last seen the pair. 'Here they certainly were in bodily form only ten 'minutes ago, and now they seem to have taken wing or vanished 'into thin air.'

A close inspection, however, of the grassy sod, broken at various points by the recent and deep indentations of two horses' feet, soon convinced the Squire that the objects he had viewed were not the mere creation of a fanciful brain, but in reality the persons he had judged them to be—his own son and Mary Cornish. He not only recognised at a glance the impress of the colt's feet on which Frank was mounted, but on a bare spot, where it was more sharply defined, could have sworn to the peculiar web of the shoe made expressly for that animal by his own blacksmith. Still, where were they? for neither horses nor riders could be seen, and their sudden flight appeared to him a mystery beyond his comprehension.

A man, however, so thoroughly versed in the shifts and wiles of a sinking fox, or in the tactics of an otter when fathoms down below the surface of the waves, was not likely to be long baffled by Frank's manœuvre. Following up the tracks at a rapid trot, 'the

'bottom' below Hayford became quickly revealed to view, and, casting his eye from Holne Moor downwards, he detected on the very edge of the inclosures the objects of his search, Frank in the very act of taking a moor fence, and his companion, preparing to follow him, close on his heels.

The colt almost took it in his stride, just scattering a few loose stones from the coping, and carrying Frank, as if impelled by a catapult, far into the adjoining field. But when Taffy, held by too tight a rein, scrambled rather than jumped to the top of the fence and there stood balancing himself for some seconds on the narrow apex, as if he was just as likely to fall backwards as spring forwards, the Squire held his breath, feeling sure that an accident of a serious nature would be the too probable result.

Thus intently occupied, he had failed to notice the approach of a horseman, who, pulling up within a few yards, accosted him with the following inquiry: 'Plaize, yeur honour, have ee zeed aught of a 'young gen'leman and lady on they moors? I was sent out to look 'arter 'em by my mistiss; but, lor! I may zo well a stapped home 'and scared away they jays as try to catch 'em on thikky old broom-'stick. They'm like two stags, bless ee! and the farder I go, the 'farder I be behind.'

'So I should think,' replied the Squire, as he ran his eye over the round legs of the Gunner and listened to the tale of distress so pathetically told by his unmusical pipes. 'Your mistress, of course, 'meant you to keep at a respectful distance, and I doubt not you 'have fulfilled her wishes to the letter.'

'Ees, ees, may be zo. I've a heared tell that three is no company, 'and I zim the young gen'leman wid like it too, for he zim'th nation 'sweet on Miss Mary.'

The Squire gnashed his teeth, and looked as ill-pleased by this blunt remark as if he had just heard that Tom Franks had destroyed a whole litter of foxes in Stoford Cleaves. But without replying to it, he looked round in the direction of the inclosures, and, to his great surprise, saw that not only had Mary landed on the right side, but was sailing away over the rough pastures, taking the broad banks one after the other like a bird on the wing, and clinging as closely to Frank as if she had been coupled up to him. Their very horses, to the Squire's eye, appeared to be going lovingly together, keeping stride and stride with each other, as if eager by their even pace and close proximity to contribute in every way to the happiness of their riders.

Had Frank's companion been any other girl in the county or Devon except Mary Cornish, the Squire would have been absolutely charmed with the scene; but, daughter as she was of that 'poaching 'pirate' who had so often bearded him on the bench, and turned him into ridicule before his own tenantry, the sight galled him to the quick. 'Yonder they go,' he said, hoarsely; 'and if I don't bring 'my son to book for this, may I never look upon a tor again.'

'Mr. Frank might du wuss, I reckon,' said the man, indignantly,

'than kip company with my young mistiss. There ain't a maiden 'in these parts fit to hold a can'le to her, nor it come of better 'havage.'

Scarcely a word, however, of the honest fellow's eulogy reached the Squire's ears; for, striking both rowels fiercely into the mare's sides, he dashed off at full speed down the eastern slope of Dockhill Ridge, sitting square and firm in his seat, and pointing directly for the inclosures in the vale below. But Sweet-Pea's defect in refusing to rise at a fence, even as high as a nursery fender, had not escaped the Squire's recollection. He was making for a narrow lane which, skirting the fields and crossing the valley in the direction of Walliford Down, would bring him again to the open moor, and enable him to head the unsuspecting pair just as they were quitting the inclosures at that point.

The manœuvre was the common one of many a veteran in the hunting field; but the fox will sometimes balk the calculation of even the craftiest strategist; either he is coursed by a sheep-dog, or is headed by an object he does not care to pass, and away he goes at a sharp angle from the straight line he had hitherto kept. A parallel case precisely was that of the hunted game on the present occasion. Frank had vigilantly watched his father's movements, and, seeing him descend at a fearful pace towards the green lane, so well known to himself, he at once divined his object; and, then doubling short back, led his companion over a few fences, and fairly baffled the Squire's tactics.

He, indeed, being on lower ground, remained utterly ignorant of this counter-move, and spurred on and on directly for Walliford Down; while George, who still kept his post on the upper ridge, stood watching the game with intense interest, and could scarcely forbear a cheer when he saw how completely the youngsters had foiled the Squire's scheme.

'Cuss un!' muttered the man, 'he'th a ill-wisht my young mistiss, 'I know he hath; but there, I'll go mysel' and zee the white witch 'to Exeter, and then, bless the dear blood of her! Miss Mary can 'come to no harm.'

TOM SPRING'S BACK PARLOUR.

I HOPE I shall not get a reputation for being a pothouse snob because I turn up again in a tavern parlour. Last month I was smoking a pipe with Fuller Pilch at the Saracen's Head; now I invite the readers of 'Baily' to come into Tom Spring's private parlour. In the month of February, 1842, I was launched into the little village of London. I fancy my candour proved my death-warrant, for on paterfamilias suggesting the propriety of my commencing a profession at the age of eighteen off, my reply was, 'Let 'me have six months more, sir, at school, or I shall miss playing in

'the Lord's eleven again this summer.' Paterfamilias was wise, and foresaw that my mind was on athletics more than on work, and I am sure he was right. When started in a place of business I was in doubt where to go for my luncheon, for I was utterly green to London, when a name on a lamp close to Gray's Inn gateway caught my eye. That name was 'Tom Spring.'

I suppose that all the world knows that Spring's real name was Winter. He appeared at the old Fives Court sixty years ago or thereabouts, and when his name was asked for (according to history), one Paddington Jones shouted out 'young Spring.'

At school we always took in 'Bell's Life,' for the cricket in the summer and for general news and amusement, especially the fights, in the winter; and Bell indulged in caricatures of 'Heads of the 'People,' with poetical descriptions, some of which caricatures, as we afterwards learnt, were drawn by the immortal John Leech, when a young student in London. I can remember my old friends now. Caricatures of the Lord Mayor, Common Councilmen, the City Marshal, &c., and one in particular, of an assault case at a police court in which a young lady-costermonger, kissing the book, deposes:

'Ees, sir, I'll do as you desire,
And tell 'ee how it comed about:
Muggins called Giles a thundering liar,
And so Bill Giles sarved Muggins out.'

I very likely shall be discursive, and reproduce some of the eccentricities of Bell when Vincent Dowling was consul.

Two or three things to my uneducated mind seemed impossible: one was that any men could really have seen the Derby and have lived, or have spoken to such men as Tom Spring, or Peter Crawley, or Tom Cribb — more impossible still to realise — and have walked about afterwards as ordinary citizens. I pictured to myself a prize-fighter as a ruffian who lived on nearly raw meat, knocked every one down who contradicted him, and out of whose mouth curses and ribaldry proceeded, and into whose mouth went nothing but brandy. However, curiosity overcame my scruples, and I walked up the passage into the Castle in Holborn, and found myself in a very comfortable bar, behind which stood a tall, broad-shouldered man, who looked a very well-to-do Baptist minister, minus the hypocritical smile which some of those gentlemen assume —an oily, unctuous, cold, untoasted-muffin expression. He must have been nearly six feet high, if not quite, and boasted a pair of very broad shoulders. His hair was getting slightly grizzled, as were his whiskers, which were bushy; but I never shall forget his eyes. If I remember rightly, his eyes were rather far apart; and in speaking, a kind of frown, which was not an angry frown, seemed to come over his face and wrinkled his forehead a little. His nose was disarranged from the aquiline somewhat, as most of the P.R. heroes experienced. He had a nice voice and a frank and open manner, which stamped him as one of nature's gentlemen. He was dressed in an evening black suit, though it was early in the afternoon—

for he always dressed for dinner—and wore a white neckcloth, and a brooch with some hair in it in his shirt frill, and his boots were polished in a manner such as I never saw surpassed, except by the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and it was enough to raise the envy of Beau Brummel to have seen old Dan's boots.

I stood looking at him in blank amazement, and I thought to myself, 'Can this man be Tom Spring, the great prize-fighter?' Spring looked at me and said with a smile, 'Well, young gentleman, what 'are you staring at?' My answer was, 'Are you *really* Tom 'Spring?' 'Well, I was Tom Spring this morning,' he said, 'and I suppose I am now.'

Having made known my wants, which were some bread and cheese and a glass of stout, Spring summoned his niece from the back parlour, which opened out of the bar, and my luncheon was placed on the counter. Now for Tom Spring's niece—I never knew her name, except that she was called 'Mrs. B.' She was a widow, of very considerable dimensions, of about forty years of age, fresh coloured, with a pair of arms from which I should have been very sorry to have received a 'one two.' An active little curly-headed waiter, named Hickman (a relative of the celebrated gas-man), and a potboy, Joe Phelps (brother to Brighton Bill) completed the establishment, so far as the outer world could see; and a very quiet, orderly household it was.

I used to go daily for my luncheon, and after a little while I was invited into the sanctum; but I never smoked a pipe in Spring's parlour, for, if I remember rightly, smoking was not allowed in the daytime in the front bar, and never in the private parlour.

The Castle was a quiet, cosy place, well removed from Holborn by a long passage, and there was a homely appearance about it all. There was generally a well-to-do cat snoozing in the sun, and a bird hanging up in his cage, who drew his own water with a little bucket and chain, and a thrush or blackbird singing, and frequently some flowers. In fact, nothing could be less like a prize-fighter's home.

Bullet-headed ruffians, resembling bull-dogs who had been baptized, with what Charles Dickens called 'a large tract of barren 'country behind the ear' (though, by-the-bye, Dickens utterly failed in painting a life-picture in the character of 'the Chicken'), dressed in flash coats, with cheese-plate buttons adorned with fighting cocks and fancy devices, and wearing fur caps, had no place in that bar. They might go into the taproom if they did not get drunk or use bad language; though if they did, the way down the passage was speedily shown to them, and they would as soon have thought of insulting Tom Spring as a little parish clerk would of kicking the Archbishop of Canterbury. The old school, consisting of such men as Spring, Peter Crawley, Jem Ward, Jem Burn, Frank Redmond, and the like had a position; and having been backed by noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank, they had acquired that natural good-breeding which is engendered by associating with people much above them in society. You see this in gamekeepers,

cricketers of good stamp, huntsmen, yachtsmen, and the like, who have made their services essential to the enjoyment of men of fortune, and who have been treated with confidence and respect by the supporters of a pleasure in which master and servant have a common interest.

Spring christened me 'young gentleman,' and I christened him 'governor;' and I can honestly say, at this distance of time, I look back with gratitude to his kindness to me. London at the time I am speaking of was at about its very worst. There were few railways to get out by, no Saturday half-holidays, no cricket ground but Lord's, no volunteers, few boating clubs, and every kind of blackguardism was put under one's very nose by day and by night. The Tom and Jerry days were not extinct. Most of the supper-rooms and the upper boxes of the theatres were a disgrace to a civilised country, and peopled with as delicate an assembly of the softer (?) sex as the stage is now too often peopled with, to the delectation of audiences who are delighted with semi-nudity and low slang; and 'fast life' meant going to the devil, and ruin of health and happiness. Bachelor life in chambers and in lodgings consisted much of card-playing and drinking hard; and a large majority of youngsters, after a short stay in London, got quite tired of ladies' society.

Now I remember old Tom's first 'paternal.' I went for my usual luncheon earlier than customary, and instead of my pint of stout wanted some cold brandy-and-water. He took me into his sanctum and said:

'Look here, young gentleman, you will go to the dogs if you 'drink brandy-and-water at this time of day, and under twenty years 'of age, too, and I don't mean you to go to the dogs.' And then he told me that he never drank before dinner, and never had a glass of anything in the bar unless his niece was there and took the money; 'for,' he said, 'whether the money comes back into a 'man's pocket again or not, the act of taking his money out and paying 'for his drink makes him think twice; and many a time I say to 'myself, "Spring, you worked hard for that money, keep it in your '"pocket."'

If Spring's lectures about card-playing, gambling, and other evils could all be remembered, they would do young England good in these days when so many foolish boys who get afloat in the world are ruining themselves with brandy-and-soda, pool-playing, and betting; and I feel certain that I owe it to Tom Spring's advice that I never won or lost a sovereign at cards in my life.

'Well, governor,' I said to him sometimes, 'why do you bet 'yourself?'

Spring used to shake his head and say, 'You mind what the 'parson said—"You do as I say; don't do what *I do*." The fact 'is that when I used to fight I carried hundreds and thousands of 'other people's money; and when I had it, I used to put on some 'of my own; and I suppose what is bred in the bone must come

'out in the flesh. And then I am very fond of a horse, and I do 'like to back my fancy sometimes, and to back a man, too, when 'he is a good one.'

'Now tell me about fighting and training, and what your ex-'perience was.'

'Well, young gentleman, now I will tell you all about it. Training 'was very hard work, unless you had the luck to have a very cheer-'ful trainer. The first feeling of having nothing to do and a good 'job in hand was very pleasant, particularly when you got over the 'stage when a man did not know what thirst was, and health and 'strength were coming every day; but the hard work was when 'you felt fit to fight twenty men, and the day was two or three 'weeks off; and then sometimes I could see my trainer was fid-'getty, and I fancied that my backers might be fidgetty too, and 'I would get suspicious, and would think they were keeping my 'friends away from me, or that too many people came to see me, 'and were writing about me in the papers; in fact, it was a terrible 'trial of temper and patience; and when the time really did come, 'and I threw my hat into the ring, and saw my colours tied to the 'stakes, it seemed like taking a ton weight off my mind, and I 'would not have changed places with the King of England.'

'Well, can you remember the rounds now, as I can remember 'hits and catches of cricket matches years ago?'

'Most of them; for, you see, when a man fights he sees nothing 'of the crowd round him, but his whole attention is on his oppo-'nent's face; and thinking over fights, I can see now when I missed 'finishing a man off, or when I was open, and he never took ad-'vantage of it. Now, about the pain. A heavy body blow or 'a bad fall must always tell, and hands will suffer; but the head 'blows weren't much at the time, when a man's in training and his 'blood up, except, of course, behind the ear or parts like that, any 'more than a hard blow on the leg, which would make a man dance 'for a week in cold blood, hurts a cricketer in the summer. You 'may depend upon it, that the greatest pain to a good man is to find 'that he has lost, and that they have given in for him. A man 'feels down and done for. All his trouble is thrown away, and he 'fancies that he may have lost his friends too; but if he happens to 'win, no matter how much he may have been punished, he feels 'fit to jump over the moon.'

'Well, now, what do you think of the ring now? Is it better or 'worse?'

'What I think of it now is this. London is larger and more 'accessible than it used to be. There always were black sheep in 'the ring, and now there are more black sheep than there were. 'Lots of men manage to get a fight or so, and call themselves 'fighting men, and set up low ginshops and make small matches, 'when "win, tie, or wrangle" seems to be the motto. Mr. Jackson 'was trusted by the highest in the land to arrange what we called '"Prize Battles" when I first began, and any fight with a lot of

'noblemen behind Mr. Jackson was pretty sure to be square; and 'if a young man really could fight and did not show the white 'feather, he might make his way if he took care what company he 'went into; but if he was ever seen in company with black-legs, he 'was marked.

'The worst of the ring was that, when a man had a house and 'wanted to make money quickly, he would keep a kind of raree-shop, 'and sell any poison to any one who would come and drink it, and 'then he generally went into the trap himself, and drank himself out; 'and lost his licence, and ended worse than he began. The grand 'secret is to keep a good name, and keep your friends. Why, all 'kind of gentlemen come in here at Derby time or Cattle Show 'week, and those times—sometimes a lord, or a baronet, or old 'country gentleman who saw me fight my early battles perhaps, 'many of them twenty years older than I am—and they treat me 'like a man, and come for old acquaintance sake; but I don't care 'for your swaggering betting men, half gentlemen, half, or more 'than half, rogues. Some of the sporting publicans will let any one 'of these fellows pat them on the back, and call them "Bill," or '"Jack," or "Tom," and think that their sixpennyworth of brandy-'and-water is a great consideration. I wouldn't give sixpence for 'the whole gang. This is my house, and I am landlord, and I 'choose my own company.'

I once saw Spring settle a snob, and I once saw him settle a bully. The first occasion was when a short, stout, brandy-and-water-faced, dirty-nailed, hot-handed cad, with a sky-blue satin neckcloth, with a waterfall to ditto, illuminated with a large pin, the device of which was a pair of silver spurs, and wearing no collar, came in, and, holding out his black hand, on the little finger of which glistened a diamond ring, exclaimed, 'Tom, how are you, old fellow? How am I to go 'to Chatham races and the fight too on the same day?' The man winked, as much as to say, 'Look, my fine fellows, what a sports-'man I am.'

Spring put his hands quietly behind his back, and answered, 'When 'did you ever know me well enough to call me "Tom?"'

It was a floorer. The man had never seen him before in any private company. The look which Spring gave him settled him, and he walked quickly out, muttering, and got into a flash dog-cart and vanished.

The other occasion was when a drunken soldier, one of the foot-guards, came in and wanted something to drink. Mrs. B., the big niece, told him, very good-humouredly, that he had better go to his barracks, as he had had enough. Whereupon the soldier came out with a dreadful oath, and called her a horrible name.

Spring came out of his parlour with his hair almost on end. I never saw him angry before. He let fly at the soldier in words somewhat warmly, and the soldier said that if Spring had been a younger man, he would have knocked him down; and he began to take his belt off, like a coward. In a much shorter time than I can

write three words of this, Spring was round the bar, and there was such a curious conglomeration of a red coat and a black coat twisting round and round down the passage into Holborn, that it had the effect of Chinese fireworks, which are produced by constant change of colour revolving; and, to my delight, I saw Spring's right foot applied as a finisher as he kicked the man into the street. In a minute or two his good-humour returned, and he got his wind again. 'There,' he said, 'I would serve a whole regiment such as that blackguard so, 'one at a time, or two, if they wished it. That fellow fight! Why, 'my niece could beat him.'

'That I could, uncle,' said Mrs. B.; 'and should like the job too.'

Spring was a very industrious man, and was always busy in the morning, sometimes in a white smock-frock when he was arranging his cellar. He enjoyed life thoroughly, because he never was a cockney. He knew a good horse, or dog, or game-cock, especially a good beast, and was a good judge of farming. I met him at the Cattle Show once, amongst the Herefordshire shorthorns (Herefordshire being his county), and I was immensely pleased to see how his countrymen welcomed him. Top-booted, sturdy farmers and graziers and their daughters crowded round him; and his opinion—particularly as he was originally apprenticed to a butcher—was cordially asked for. He was also very fond of a day's shooting, and I can record what I heard from a country gentleman, who had some very fine preserves in Hampshire, and who let his shooting one year, owing to the absence of his sons, of a trait in Tom Spring's character. My host told me that he was horrified to hear from his head keeper that the gentleman who had hired his shooting had invited Tom Spring and Frank Redmond, the prize-fighters, to shoot; and that he, of course, expected wholesale slaughter, and every kind of poaching. He also told me of his surprise when he received a letter from Tom Spring, apologizing for having accidentally shot a hen-pheasant (hens being held sacred in January), and saying that he had fined himself half a guinea for his mistake, and had paid it to the keeper.

I never shall forget an eccentric picture which I saw once in the old back parlour. I had been away for a few days, and read in the paper that Spring's eldest son had died very suddenly. I at once started for Spring's, and Mrs. B. told me that the governor was sitting alone, and very bad indeed. I went in to see him, and I could not help laughing, and so did he afterwards; for he was sobbing audibly, with the tears running down his eyes, and *trimming a game-cock for Peter Crawley.*

It was about the year 1845 or 1846, I think, that a new visitor was found at the Castle, as old Tom Crib paid Spring a very long visit. It was to me like talking to a man from the dead, for if Spring was to me one of the heroes of the past, what was Tom Cribb?—antediluvian at least. Cribb always occupied an easy-chair near the fire, and I had from his own lips the accounts of his first fights and of his two fights with Molyneaux, the black.

Cribb told me that where he first worked, when a youngster of about eighteen, he was bullied and 'set upon'—I think it was in a coal wharf. Anyhow, the oppression became so terrible that he could stand it no longer, and he picked out three of the worst bullies, and matched himself to fight them one after another, and—

'God forgive me,' said Cribb, who was about seventy-four when I first knew him, 'it was on a Sunday morning; but I did a good 'Sunday morning's work, and polished them all off at five shillings 'a man.'

Cribb was Spring's second when he fought Langan, and told me all about that fight, as, in the words of 'Bell's Life,' 'Cribb had 'promised *to pick up Spring*.' Any one can read the account of Spring and Langan's fights in 'Bell's Life' for 1824, and tremendous fights they must have been; but to show how the old school stuck to one another, Spring, a few days after the twentieth anniversary of that fight, gave me a liqueur glass of neat whisky from a keg which Jack Langan—who became a prosperous man in the whisky trade—had sent to him as a token of respect and affection, and in memory of the fight.

Tom Cribb, who had taken his farewell benefit in 1822, appeared once more in the ring in 1845 or 1846, I think, when in his seventy-fourth year, at his own benefit at the Westminster Baths, and put on the gloves with old Tom Oliver. It was a tremendous crush, and of course the old man could not spar, but he just showed us the old guard with his right hand within a few inches of his face about the level of his eyes, and his left hand advanced a little before it and a few inches higher. It is impossible to exaggerate the wonderful reception which he received from people of all classes.

A host of good men sparred on that evening, Spring included, who looked like a gentleman, in his black trousers, well-polished boots, and close-fitting white jersey. About that time there were a great many good men who really could spar, and did spar with a good deal of fire—Owen Swift, Hannan, the two Broomes, Bendigo, Johnny Walker, Hayes, Keen, Phelps, young Reed, Alec Reid, Ben Caunt, and others; Peter Crawley, Spring, Jem Burn, and Jem Ward often appeared amongst the veterans; and there were two of the minor lights who were too delighted to show anywhere and at all times—'Porky Clark' and 'Jacko,' who were further removed from the Adonis type than any two bipeds whom I ever saw; but when they did put on the gloves they hammered one another as if their lives depended on it.

The master of the ceremonies at the grand benefits, Jem Turner, the D'Orsay of the ring (as he was called in Bell) was a host in himself, and if he had been educated would have made a splendid low-comedian, as he had a most astonishing flow of ready wit.

When Caunt and Bendigo were induced to meet some time after their fight, in which the Nottingham Lambs smashed the ring, and which Caunt lost by a foul blow, according to the referee's decision,

there was bad blood between them. The two sparred in fighting costume—I think, at Tom Crib's benefit—and party spirit ran high amongst the spectators. Jem Turner introduced them: 'Ben Caunt, 'gentlemen; Bendigo, gentlemen; *both* champions of England. 'No applause, gentlemen. Mum as oysters, gentlemen. If you 'please—time!' That was something like a set-to, and Bendigo gave Caunt a regular hammering, and hit him just as he pleased.

I went to many benefits with Spring, or by his advice, at the Westminster Baths and elsewhere, but I never but once went to a fight, as it was very expensive work in the first place, and very rough work, as a rule, in the second. The fight I saw was between Keen and Grant, and I met Spring on the ground by appointment, and I certainly would go a hundred miles to-morrow to see it over again. The fight took place in the autumn of 1849, on the borders of Hants and Surrey. Spring told me that it was sure to be a good fight, as he knew that the money was found by men in the Household Brigade, who could afford it, and that strict orders had been given by both sides to take either man away if fairly licked. I can recall every incident of that day as if it occurred yesterday. The arrangements were perfect, and a special way-in at the railway station was reserved for the excursionists; and the police made no bones about it, but kept on calling out, 'This way for the fight, 'gentlemen, this way for the fight—two pounds and a pound.' A poor old lady, a venerable third-classer, made a mistake and thought she was going to Portsmouth, and it was only discovered just in time. I was in a second-class carriage, full of old ring-goers, and was amused to see the enthusiasm with which they recorded past battles. One old gentleman in tops and corduroys, and a large mackintosh and low-crowned hat (who need not have informed us that he was a cowkeeper, as there was an aroma about him which disclosed the fact), who had seen one of the men every morning during his training, and supplied him with new milk, was very enthusiastic about his performances.

We had a funny scene at Woking, where the train stopped, and a number of the constabulary were drawn up and announced that they had a warrant to arrest the men; on which Old Bishop, the gun-maker of Bond Street, explained that it was a private train, and that he had come down with a party '*to consecrate a church*.' After much parleying and delay the police were allowed to get into an empty carriage at the end, and after they had been run out a hundred yards the train was backed and the bobbies' carriage was uncoupled, and they were left lamenting.

We had good fun with an old farmer in a smock-frock, in whose field the fight took place. I often pass the spot now, near Fleet Pond. It was a meadow three meadows off from a lane just below a high embankment; each meadow had a gate opening into the last, which was a *cul-de-sac*. A long parley ensued about what was to be paid, and Spring and Burn wanted to give three pounds.

'Noa,' said the farmer; 'five pounds is my money.'

'But,' argued Jem Burn, 'you are an old fool, for we shall do your meadows five pounds worth of good trampling 'em down in the middle of October.'

'Very likely you will.'

'And you will see the fight for nothing.'

'Very likely I shall.'

'Now, what is your price?'

Farmer log. 'Five pounds in money, gentlemen; five pounds 'worth of good done to my meadows by stamping 'em down, and a 'view of the fight for nothing.'

'Give the —— old fool his fiver, Burn,' shouted a noble Lord (since deceased) who was in the Life Guards, and who lived almost for prize-fighting.

'Ah! just you do; that's what I say about it.'

Of course the five-pound note was paid, and as soon as it was, the man said, 'Now, who is a fool? I've got all I want, and now I 'shall let you have a truss or two of straw to make yourselves com- 'fortable in the inner ring, and shall be happy to see you another 'time.'

It was a splendid autumn day, and the scene of the fight was in the heather country in that part of Surrey which so strongly resembles Scotland and Ireland. It was a pretty sight to see the crowd dotted about. If I remember rightly, the commissariat was highly praised in the sporting papers. All I can say is, that in the company of many Peers, Guardsmen, Members of Parliament, and frequenters of the best London clubs, who like myself were half famished, I made one in consuming what appeared to be half-raw horse, which probably had been killed that morning, eaten with the crummiest new bread and no salt, and washed down with some brandy-and-water, which ought to have killed us all on the spot.

Just before the fight commenced a startling event occurred. A gentleman on a magnificent hunter took a hedge and ditch which bounded the field in grand style, and, riding up to the ring-side, he informed a select few of the company, Spring included, that he was a magistrate for Surrey and Hants, and confessed his incapacity, single-handed, to clear the ring, if called upon to act, but he dropped a hint publicly that the county constabulary would be up *at least* in two hours, whereupon the crowd gave him three cheers; the magistrate lit his cigar, and, as I saw him with my own eyes, gave Lord L. a sovereign for the losing man after the fight. (For particulars of the fight, *vide* 'Bell's Life,' October, 1849.) The fight lasted an hour and five minutes, and, barring one or two nasty incidents, which are not worth mentioning, I never enjoyed a sight much more, it being a wonderful display of science, courage, and endurance, without any brutality. If I remember rightly, the slighter man tried wrestling with Grant and got the worst of it; and afterwards, about the sixth or seventh round, by sheer science and timing the blow, knocked Grant clean off his legs. Two things only distressed me: one was the broken-hearted look of the man who lost, when he

came to himself; though I saw him eating some bread and meat within half an hour, and surrounded by a number of gentlemen who cheered him up, and told him that he had done his best, and that they would be his friends; and the other was the hideous blasphemy of some of the lower grade of prize-fighters, who got a lift down for nothing for some service which they rendered. As regarded the arrangements, an inner ring ticket secured as comfortable a place as one would find in a cricket ground; but if for no other reason than the outrageous language and blasphemy, which were twenty thousand times worse than I ever heard in a London crowd—even an execution crowd—the abolition of the ring was a necessity. I saw one ruffian kneel down and tear the grass with his hands like a wild beast, apparently to assist him in his blasphemy. Coming back there was a scramble for places, and, to my horror, I found myself, with the exception of two officers, in a carriage full of the roughs of the ring, and I suppose that amongst the whole lot there was not one who could read or write. One incident did amuse me, which was a question asked, not uncivilly, by one of them of a gentleman, who, speaking about a well-known prize-fighter, remarked that he got into trouble about a *crim. con.* 'Beg your pardon, sir,' asked one of the prize-fighters, 'who *did crim. con. fight?*' Possibly the question was excusable, as a certain Mr. Con Parker was backed to fight Tass Parker at that very time.

I suppose, if the truth was really told, the ring once had its palmy days. Battles were fought under the auspices of the highest in the land, who backed a sport in which many of them would not have minded taking the punishment themselves, as, according to reliable accounts, many 'sets to' in Gentleman Jackson's rooms, between amateurs who stood high in the fashionable world for what was called 'a 'bellyful,' were next door to a fight. And I know that many of the most mincing dandies, who used to be seen with their lavender kid gloves and curled whiskers and moustaches, sitting in their cabs, were ready and willing at a moment's notice, at a race meeting or elsewhere, to jump off their drags and to tackle a big bully twice their size. I once heard an enthusiastic patron of the ring describing a fight at which he lost his money in these words as nearly as possible: 'I give you my honour, that for nearly 'twenty minutes my man's left was hardly off the Black's face 'for a moment, and I doubled my bets I was so sure; when, to 'all our surprise, the Black put in an upper cut, which knocked 'my man out of time, and the sponge was thrown up at once. 'It was such a splendid upper cut, that, although I lost my money, 'I could not help admiring the man who gave the blow, and I was 'so pleased that *I should like to have had it myself.*'

The low sporting (?) publicans appear to have brought the ring to its lowest ebb, just as they have done with many local metropolitan races. Matches for small stakes, which the backers could not afford to lose, and cheap trips by steamboats into the marsh districts on the Thames, brought together a crowd of costermongers and roughs,

who ruled the roost, and some of the scenes enacted caused much public scandal, and the whole thing became a nuisance. Many years ago much sensation was caused by the accounts of the fight between Caunt and Bendigo, when the Nottingham Lambs attended *en masse*, and the spectators were stripped of watches, money, and jewelry wholesale; and I heard, upon good authority, that an unfortunate foreigner, who wanted to witness *La boxe*, injudiciously went down in a new pair of patent-leather boots, and who, after being relieved of all his valuables, was set down on the ground, and some roughs also took off his boots, and left him to get home in his socks.

The low sporting publican who encouraged little fights, if not a fighting man, was generally a pudding-faced ruffian who could not stand one in the face from a boy, and was much of the same class as those who engaged windows at public executions, and who delighted in cruelty for cruelty's sake.

How Thackeray delighted to portray the low sporting 'gent,' to wit, the slang young man at his club, who informed you that he had run down to Epsom from Saturday till Monday, to spend Sunday with Hocus, the leg; or Colonel Altamont, who went to the Derby in a four-in-hand from Wheeler's, of the Harlequin's Head, with a 'slap-up lunch in the boot;' or Sir Francis Clavering, going down in the steamer and losing his money on Billy Bluck, the cabman, who was killed; or the sporting parson, the Rev. Bute Crawley, who, in enumerating his nephew Rawdon Crawley's vices, exclaimed, 'Didn't he cross the fight between Bill Soames and the 'Cheshire Trump, and thereby lose me forty pounds?'

Sayers and Heenan created as much sensation as the Crimean War or the Prince of Wales's marriage. The 'Times,' according to their own statement, sent a reporter to the fight for the first time for thirty-six years, and their report, as a piece of graphic description, will be quoted long after most of us of this generation are under the turf. Their account of that fight opened people's eyes to the reality of prize-fighting. It was not couched in the curious phraseology of ever-pleasant 'Bell's Life,' which poor Thackeray described in his dry way as 'an admirable paper, with a good deal of erudition in the 'Answers to Correspondents,' but they called a spade a spade, and described how 'Heenan felled Sayers like a bullock.'

I said I was going to be discursive, so, under 'Tom Spring's 'Back Parlour,' I may as well call to mind a few ring peculiarities, including its literature.

The 'Times' stuck to Tom Sayers, and, if I remember right, they commenced their leader with, 'Yesterday all England was deter- 'mined to break the peace.' I have not looked to the file of the 'Times' to correct myself, nor have I looked to the files of 'Bell' either, except for two dates, nor shall I, in what I shall quote about that good old sporting paper.

No doubt the ring had to be humorously treated. It was considered by many, some of the judges and Members of the Legislature

included, almost a necessary evil. The Art of Self-defence *v.* The Knife was a popular cry; and if a fatal accident occurred, the delinquents were dealt with with leniency, and the defence always was that it was a fair fight.

I remember, on one occasion when a man was killed, whose name, I think, was Simmonds, the daily press went in for sensational writing on the brutal spectators who saw the man killed, and 'stuck 'the knife' into 'Bell's Life' for advertising the sport. 'Bell's Life' had a leader in which they quoted the greater part of the article, and candidly admitted in effect that the spectators were of the lowest and most ruffianly order, almost outside the pale of civilisation; but as they were left by the State in an uneducated and semi-barbarous state, and as the only sermon which could touch them was an exhibition of a fight under the rules of fairplay, which they all understood, and which the majority of them respected, and as they belonged to a class who habitually got drunk and quarrelled, it was much better for them to be taught to settle their quarrels in a mode which left them with a couple of black eyes and a broken nose, than to be found in the street with a knife stuck in them, and a widow and fatherless children left unsupported. In the same article they stated that, as regards the ring, if no necessity for it existed, nothing would please them more than to withdraw all note of it from their columns.

Whether it is owing to our frequent intercourse with foreign nations, or from what other cause, I know not, but the knife is much more frequently used now than it ever was.

I knew very intimately, from having passed a long vacation—within the last twenty years—in the parish where he dwelt, a very eminent editor of a very eminent sporting paper, who used not only to attend the great fights, but was often referee. He was one of the most amiable of men, and his three proclivities were gardening, being a very active Vicar's churchwarden, and looking after the parish schools, in which his wife was an indefatigable worker. I remember at church disturbing the devotions of a very excellent lady who was getting her money ready for the collection at a missionary sermon, by remarking that 'Bell's Life' was stakeholder.

But what quaint language they used in Bell, especially in the days of old Vincent Dowling, and, earlier still, in the days of Pierce Egan.

I wish everything would stick to my memory like the quaint sayings of such writers do. Here is a specimen in the description of a fight between young Dutch Sam and Ned Neale, from Pierce Egan's 'Book of Sports':—

'The nobby appearance of Curtis and Holt attracted the ad-'miration of the spectators. They were dressed in new flannel 'jackets with side pockets to ditto, in fact they might have been 'termed "dress-jackets," and, in order to make the *tout ensemble* 'more complete, the tonsor had been put in requisition to decorate 'their nobs.'

Then, in the Answers to Correspondents :—

'Owen Swift did not marry a nun, nor was his father a friar.' 'Frosty-faced Fogo was his godfather.' And (*nihil ad rem* to ring)—'Our correspondent can have his question about the young 'lady answered at the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, but we 'advise him to go *with his nose well soaped*.'

'Phil Sampson himself again.—We are happy to announce that 'the gallant Phil Sampson is not, as was reported, knocked out of 'time: our correspondent had *a wag of his daddle* last Sunday.'

Then, again, a benefit advertisement :—

'The gallant Jem Davis having lost his wife, begs to announce 'his benefit for Tuesday next, and hopes his friends will rally round 'him and *dry up his tears*.'

One more specimen and I have done. In the account of the fight between Caunt and Bendigo, the reporter (evidently old Vincent Dowling) writes :—

'And now let us record our gratitude to that good Samaritan 'the Right Rev. Father the Lord Bishop of Bond Street, who 'took us into his carriage and recruited us with a twopenny 'buster and a slice of bees-wax, which, with a flash from his pocket 'pistol, enabled us to survive and tell our tale.'

There! I have not seen any of the above in print for I suppose five and twenty years, nor have I looked at Bell (except for dates), as Bell will testify; but I fancy that any one who refers to the originals will not find me far out. With all its oddity 'Bell's Life' had a strong and lasting influence over the London roughs who attended fights, and an exposure in their columns of any blackguardism committed by a man who aspired to be a pugilist soon brought him to his senses.

The ring now is dead, *stone dead*, but boxing and good boxing perhaps never was better. Young Reed, though he must be well middle aged, I will be bound to say makes twice as much as three-fourths of the clergy of England do, and is as much surrounded by Peers and men of position as Gentleman Jackson ever was, though his rooms are only designed for pure business and are not a lounge; and many more 'professors' are doing well. I very much doubt if people would stomach a regular prize-fight now. The halo which surrounded it is gone. The quaint language and oddities which marked it are things of the past.

It would never have done to have talked about fists, noses, mouths, blood, teeth, and eyes in describing a fight, or to have recorded, in cold blood, how one man knocked out another's teeth and cut his knuckles to the bone. It would read nasty, so it was necessary to say 'that the Nobler dashed in his left mawley and 'landed on the British Oak's kissing trap, drawing the claret freely, 'knocking out two of his front rails; though we doubt if the move 'was advantageous in the long run, as the Nobler was evidently in 'pain with the force of the blow, which cut his knuckles badly, and 'he was inclined to use his "right duke" the most till the finish.'

Strange it was to see the delight which the British rough showed in having this kind of thieves' Latin read to him, and the gravity with which he accepted the account; and if he happened to know a friend who was on duty at a fight, how his dignity rose; and an engagement to go down and to help to guard the commissariat—what Jem Burn called 'the belly-timber'—was looked on as something equal to a field-marshal's post.

I firmly believe that in its time the ring did a great deal of good, and that the old rough-and-tough school brought to perfection a system of boxing which is not likely to die out. To show how the ring was backed fifty years ago, it is recorded in the fight between Spring and Langan on Worcester racecourse, that the magistrates met and determined to allow the fight; and a short time since a venerable old gentleman told me that when a great fight took place near Andover Gap—a celebrated fighting country near Stockbridge—a grand exhibition of boxing was held at the Andover Town Hall, under the patronage of the Mayor and Corporation, on the evening before the fight, and that the Mayor, having been driven into granting a warrant for the arrest of the men, lent the promoters of the fight a map of the borough, so that they might fight outside the limits of his jurisdiction, and went with many of the Corporation and the Town Clerk in a waggon, with a luncheon, and sat by and saw the fight out. Some few years since I witnessed at St. James's Hall, on the occasion of a benefit for the Soldiers' Female Orphan School, an exhibition (*inter alia*) of boxing between soldiers of the Life Guards and the Blues which for science and pluck was unsurpassed. A great many ladies were present, and at first they did not know whether to be pleased or not; but, after a round or two, the waving of their handkerchiefs showed what they thought of it.

Fighting was a bad trade on the whole, as a very large number who did rise were wholly uneducated, and got money and drank themselves out. Poor Tom Sayers was one of the last specimens of that school. It seems but yesterday that I saw a well-known county Member and county magistrate collecting sovereigns in a hat for him in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1860, after his fight with Heenan, when, as the story goes, Lord Palmerston insisted, against the rules, on giving five instead of one; and on being remonstrated with for his over-liberality, answered, 'Put down one 'for me, and four for Lord Shaftesbury.' I went to the Tottenham Court Road to see Sayers' funeral start, when the crowd was so great that all traffic was stopped. One of the morning papers stated that the only respectable person present was Tom Sayer's dog.

Well, good-bye to Tom Spring. He died in 1851 at the Castle in Holborn, as he lived, respected. Several testimonials were given to him; one, many years ago, after he beat Langan, by the 'lads 'of the cider country.' It was a very handsome silver cup and cover, with a cider cask for a handle; the last, in the year 1846, a very massive silver flagon, which was well lined with sovereigns. I

remember one very amusing incident about the Spring testimonial in 1846, which was an announcement that a special extra meeting of the subscribers would be held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, with a remark in large type, 'Mr. T. Spring has kindly consented to take 'the Chair.'

Although I had a horror of ordinary 'sporting houses' and of 'sporting gents,' I was in Spring's house hundreds of times; and I suppose that ninety times out of every hundred my refreshment was bread and cheese and a pint of stout. Though, on state occasions, I have been in very good company in his sanctum, when old members of the Pugilistic Club and men of rank, too, gave him a call, and had a bottle of wine and talked over old times.

I never heard him say an unkind word, or saw him sponge upon any one, or do a shabby trick of any kind; and I look back on his memory with something very near affection, and I believe him to have been a kind, true man. The clergyman who attended his death-bed wrote a very feeling letter in 'Bell's Life' about his last moments, and told how he left life as he had lived—an honest Englishman.

FREDERICK GALE.

Mitcham, September, 1875.

SLAPTON LEA.

II.

'A SKULE! a skule!' and the school of mackerel that was thus announced in the Ionian dialect of sunny Devon acted as a gathering-cry far and near. Slapton Bay was in a fever of excitement!

It was a beautiful evening, with the moon shining full on the sea, with a gentle breeze, and the scene brought with it the recollection of the *lusinghiera Partenope*, excepting that the listless lazzaroni were replaced by their more active congeners of the North. The women, who have an equality of interest in the adventure with the men, were a prominent feature, and assisted manually in the labour of the long shore. The owners of the boat and of the sean have the first proportion of the catch, and afterwards it is share and share alike, without distinction of sex, husband and wife having a separate interest. We stood Slapton against Street in the briny venture, and, just to give a zest to the matter, backed our fancy for a bowl of Badminton with a stockbroker on the loose from 'Change, and greatly exhilarated by his morning's sport with some good pike. The upper and lower boats were half a mile apart and stationary. There was an uncertainty about the direction of the school, whether coming westward or eastward. If from the west, they would pass Slapton and move towards Street; or otherwise, coming eastward, Slapton would be the gainer. 'Skule, ha! therrer them be,' shrieked out

a strapping woman on our side, with her arms a-kimbo. 'Dray off, 'you fellers, shut awa!' shouting to the men in the boat with the sean.

We attached ourselves directly to this lady lazzarone—a buxom creature, with a redundancy of person strongly developed, and having one eye slighly damaged in some former sea-fight, which gave it a Plantagenet droop. Sympathies are unaccountable—for the most part agreeable, if not creditable—and always to be encouraged. Nothing can be more distasteful than the forcing skeleton proprieties with their bare crudities, as it were 'neck and crop,' into a graceless opposition to harmless caprices, otherwise called 'Sports and Pastimes.' '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*' and the order of Lady Salisbury's garter was instituted in honour of the principle, with twenty-four knights in buckram to defend it. The Street boat, seeing the other make a start, put out quickly, shooting away the sean in a short circle, whereas Slapton bore away straight out for some distance before making the turn. The quick eye of our Madge had detected the sheen of the dorsal fins that every now and then glanced on the surface of the water; and although not discernible to the uninitiated in sea-craft, yet the undamaged eye in its single ken had detected the welcome sign. The Street company had failed with a meagre take of two or three hundred. It was evident that the fish, making eastward, had shot by Street, and that Slapton was in luck. The boat stood out for some way, then, turning sharp, the circle was widely and rapidly made; the boat dashed homewards; the rope was given to those in the water, passed on to the hands on the beach, and the hauling commenced. Separated into two gangs in a long line, each having an end of the sean rope, the net was gradually drawn home. As the bag tended by the men in the boats approached nearer and nearer, the corks were seen to be depressed and under water; the silver sides of the fish became visible; those that were in the side meshes were taken and thrown out; and the commotion in the centre, from the fish darting here and there and rushing at last into the bag, indicated that the venture was abundant, and promised a good profit. The take proved to be of four thousand. The fish were piled into a long heap on the sands, and with their bright colours glistening in the moonlight produced a novel and weird effect. They were without motion, for they seemed to die the instant that they were taken from the net. Much jeering ensued with the Street faction, and the chaff was returned with interest; but an old hand declared, from esoteric indications known to those who occupy their business in great waters, that this was only the advanced squadron of a larger lot handy and close in the bay. At that moment a kind of long-shore official stepped forward, gave a flourish of his hand after the Antony fashion, but instead of 'Friends, Romans, countrymen,' &c., he cried out, 'I say now, you 'chaps, I say—hold your noise, you women and childer—look'ee 'here, now—sharp's the word—faive shilling a 'underd, and away 'with 'ee.' There was no amendment moved; the women and children loaded themselves, ponies and panniers were at hand, and in less

than an hour the silver pile of four thousand was dispersed far and wide at a quadrupled price, each fish travelling to its living sepulchre. The oppositionists went their several ways, with a determination to be on the alert even before cockcrow. Badminton was discussed at the Sands Hotel, Slapton was backed for double or quits, and the sweet restorer of nature performed the welcome office. Indistinct shouts, however, disturbed the restorative, and at daylight a tap at the door announced that 'they'm all gon' down to the say, and there be 'a crool sight of mackerel.' Away to the beach at once. It was a lively gathering; for crowds had come from all parts, the news having been widely spread about that a large quantity of fish was in the bay. The over-night prediction of the patriarch had come true, and the prophet had earned the name which is given to that one of a hundred who is honoured at the expense of the other ninety and nine impostors to whom—with an equality of merit—chance has not been so fortunate. The several shoals or schools were fairly visible as the long and dark line rose with the wave, and was partially serrated by the fins of the fish. Both boats were out, and the dispositions were the same as on the preceding day; but the circle was extended, and the sean had been shot out a long way. The boat was approaching—in it came—the end of the rope was cast ashore—the gangs of men and women approached each other to within a few yards, and the hauling became laborious, which was a good sign. The Street boat had their net out half a mile away on the upper shore, and all were in eager expectation. The breeze had freshened, the task had become more difficult, and it was necessary for the haulers to go deep into the water, and to keep the corks well up; for the fish, pressed together in large numbers, rise with the swelling tide, and many escape over the lines. 'Hauld up vitty 'now!' cried the buxom Madge, up to her middle in water. It required strength to stand against the breakers and at the same time to hold up the corks above the waves. Madge was standing—in the vernacular of that ilk—'backsyfore' to the breakers, and one cresting higher than the rest broke sharply upon the back of her neck—a clean blow, and over she went, head downwards, and the reverse in alt. Up she came, bravely shaking her head like a water-rat and heedless of the cause of the merriment that she had created. But the laughter occasioned by this incidental manifestation of largesse was scarcely heeded amidst the hubbub and din that greeted the incoming of the overcharged sean. It was brought in slowly, and the enormous take was transferred gradually to the beach, forming a vast heap of forty-two thousand—sixteen paces in length and four in breadth. The Street party had also done well, landing thirty thousand. And the seventy-two thousand were glistening at the same time in the sun, amidst the hilarious rejoicings of the well-rewarded fishermen. It was the largest take, an old crone said, since the comet year of 1811. The women had worked well and gallantly; and summoning Madge, as the representative of the Corybantes, elected by us without opposition, we communicated to her at the bar

of the house, as Speaker of the Slapton Commons, that a subsidy in the shape of a gratuitous grant would be paid into the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Sands Hotel for the benefit of herself and kinswomen of the fishery. Great cheering and blessings of his honour ensued, with gesticulations frantic as those of the Member for Derby elsewhere, but in a contrary sense. The Cockney stockbroker behaved liberally; certain of the Corybantes, in very excess of jubilation, had slapped him on the back, and one—olent though not redolent—had put her arms round his neck—a grave misdemeanour, according to Croydon law; but he had recovered the injury done both to the olfactory and the nerves, and was foremost in the voluntary rate of the Sands Hotel. The plenitude of a mackerel catch has its drawback. The whole country was tainted with its contingencies; and at the inns, great and small, one was pertinaciously greeted with—'Fresh mackerel, sir; just come from that 'wonderful take at Slapton Lea: boiled, fried, or pickled, sir.'

It has been mentioned that at Dartmouth Ferry, in the time of the Civil War, Charles Mohun and Bridget Cudlipp had escaped the vigilance of the Fairfax sentinels. Bridget Cudlipp was an attractive widow, the property of charm being common to those who survive the affliction of being left alone in the world. She sought for consolation where it is generally to be found and readily granted, and, much valued by the Cavaliers and detested by the Barebones ladies, she contrived to make herself passably comfortable. Wit and beauty are commodities that have a ready demand in all social markets, and their exchangeable value often baffles the principles both of protection and free trade. In the sober truth the protective duty of a woman vidual is to be defiant of her sex, and to fight her battle single-handed behind her own broad bulwarks, the best of all safeguards. The fair Bridget, repudiating the dower house of Cudlipp Town in the forest, resided at Stoke Fleming, in the Manor House belonging to Lord Mohun of Okehampton, and her tenantry of the old mansion brought her into occasional contact with his younger son Charles, a Cavalier not held in high esteem by the Puritan prudes, from the waywardness and elasticity of his social tendencies, and more especially for his high approbation of the widow. But his bravery and gallantry were of a par, and the banner of the sable cross, with the crest of the dexter arm mounted and holding a fleur-de-lis or, was ever seen foremost in battle for the King. Not less devoted to the widow was Colonel F——, the leader of the Roundhead rebels in the South Hams, and at every opportunity he strove to propitiate and advance himself in her good graces. The Cavalier and the Roundhead had met often both in the battle-field and in the boudoir; and as at Stratton fight the Roundhead had fared badly, so in my lady's chamber the goosey-gander had failed to make good the upstairs movement. Not so Charles Mohun. Fortune, it is said, favours the brave, particularly when fortified by comeliness, and in this case the desert was all in favour of the Royalist. When taken prisoner with Sir James Chudleigh at Stratton fight—in which

Charles Mohun was engaged—Colonel F—— had given his parole not to take arms any more against the King; but the tide had turned, and the parole was carried away with it. A sense of dishonour sharpens enmity in the dishonoured person, and if jealousy be superadded by way of a *sauce piquante*, the mess of pottage becomes utterly distasteful.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, in January, 1646, made his appearance at Totnes with a large force, a regiment of which, three thousand strong, he placed under the command of Colonel F——, to surround and besiege Dartmouth. The garrison held out resolutely, and were favoured by the rural population of the neighbourhood, with whom the leaders of the Royal party were generally popular. Charles Mohun, in command of a portion of the garrison, had left Dartmouth momentarily for Okehampton, where the Royalists, with Prince Charles, were obliged to retreat before superior forces, and to fall back by Bridestowe and Lifton upon Launceston. After having escorted the Prince beyond the Tamar, he collected a band of trusty followers at Hayne, the residence of his sister, Cordelia Harris, the daughter of Lord Mohun, and appointing as their henchman Antony Payne, the Cornish giant, known by the name of Uncle Tony, and the head of the Grenville retainers at Stowe, returned on his way to Dartmouth by the fastnesses of the forest. This Antony Payne stood seven feet four inches without his shoes, was well made and proportioned, and was equally well supplied with a ready mother-wit, which is not usually the case with those to whom Nature has been prodigal in stature. He was with Sir Bevil Grenville when he fell on Lansdown Hill, and leaving his dead chieftain, took his place by the side of Sir Bevil's son John, who, then a lad barely fifteen years old, charged gallantly at the head of his father's regiment. It is related in the 'Footprints of Far Cornwall,' by the late Rev. R. Hardker, a clever, racy work, abounding with historical and local lore, instructive and entertaining, that a boy with an ass having been sent into the woodlands of Stowe to collect logs, the boy played truant, and Uncle Tony went out in search. Shortly after a sudden outcry was heard at the postern, and Tony entered the hall with the loaded animal on his back, and, throwing down his burden, shouted merrily, 'Ass and fardel, Ass and fardel for my lady's yule.' He behaved bravely at Stratton fight, took Colonel F—— manually prisoner, and now held him in aversion for the glaring forfeiture of his word.

The little band of Royalists, many of them hunters of the moor to whom every path of the forest was known, took their way by Lidford, Links Tor, Nodden Hill, under Great Mistor, by the Rundle Stone to Dartmeet, then by Skeriton Wood and Rattery to Morleigh, where they were in friendly quarters. Colonel F——, aware of the absence of Charles Mohun, and not calculating on the possibility of his return, had taken up his headquarters at Stoke Fleming. The charming widow, therefore, was debarred from any tidings of her Cavalier—a point that did not work so favourably for

the Colonel as he had anticipated. There is always a little bird at hand to set at nought Locke's denial of intuition, and it was not long before the widow became aware of the vicinity of her Cavalier, and of his plan for an escape from her present situation.

In those days, near the bridge at Streetgate, there was an eminent hostelry, some remains of which may still be discovered, which was used as a house of resort for fishing parties, and occasionally for an outing banquet—a cerealia, now called a picnic. The sign had been originally that of the King's Head—bluff Harry VIII.—with the loyal distich—

'May the king
Live long;
Dong, ding,
Ding, dong.'

A delicious euphony, teeming with that poetic sentiment for which the West was proverbial even in the Middle Ages. The Puritans, being in the ascendant, had obliterated the head of the King, and painted in its place 'The New Jerusalem Cellars,' with the appropriate caution, *Drink fair and don't swear.* An outlying stag of the forest had harboured in Sherford Wood, where he had been for some time, feeding undisturbed amidst the rich pasturage of the South Hams. Colonel F——, a keen hunter, had determined, amidst war's alarms, to dislodge him and have a gala chevy, and at the same time a Jerusalem banquet, for, when unharboured, the deer would probably run the coverts of the lower woods, unwilling to leave the rich passurage of the vale, and thus afford a kind of popular hunt. The party had been expressly made for the charming widow, who, with others, had been invited to the hunting feast with its accompanying revelry. Uncle Tony and his fellows were well apprised of these doings, and prepared to have a share of the fun. The stag had been slotted into Sherford Wood, and at nightfall Tony with his moormen approached Slapton to stalk the lower woods. It is well known that a stag of the forest cannot tolerate the smell of powder, and never returns to coverts that have been shot through for some time, and until thoroughly purged of the taint. The project of Tony was to fumigate the coverts thoroughly between Slapton and Sherford, to prevent the deer running the range of woods from one to another, which it was intended should constitute the sport for the lady hunters and footers, and to make him stretch away for his forest home. Links were made with stout sticks, packets of wet powder were tied on at the end, that when ignited simmered away and smoked with an undeniable stench. The woods were properly befouled—it was well done—and then Tony and his men withdrew to their place of concealment. It was a gallant morning, a crisp air, yet with every indication of scent, fun, and frolic. The hounds were punctual at the meet on Sherwood Common; no time was lost, the word was given, and in they dashed. The crowds dispersed in detachments to head the deer back, and make him run the vale; and the ladies on their Dartmoor cobs, looking "fresh blooming health and universal joy,"

took up their stations to see him go away. Hark! he is up; every hound in the savage soul of chace is at him,—

> 'But ere his fleet career he took,
> The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
> Like crested leader, proud and high,
> Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
> Then as his headmost foes appeared,
> With one brave bound the copse he cleared.'

Out he came, and seeing the crowd in groups everywhere, stood for a moment motionless, gave one gaze round, and bounded back into covert. After threading the woods and snuffing the taint in all directions he headed back, and heedless of the crowd of footers, charged right through them, going away to Salcombe and Kingston, over the hill to Loddiswell, and taking the line up the vale of the Avon river, made his way from wood to wood to his home in the wilderness of Dartmoor Forest. The manœuvre of Antony Payne had been carried out to the very letter. The field, with Colonel F—— at their head, giving a lead to the ladies, left the valley, and by lanes and byways got to Loddiswell, a good eight miles from Slapton. Bridget, however, watching her time, and seeing the Colonel well forward, slipped back at a merry pace. Charles Mohun was at the upper bridge of Ireland Creek, waiting with impatience for the ring of hoof: his listening ear and still more eager eye were at last gratified; for there came in the very flesh, and rare too in its way, the bonnie Bridget on her Dartmoor Galloway, and away to the New Jerusalem to recruit in hot haste for the long ride she had before her. The banquet had been laid out for those that came not, and brought to mind the *Sic vos non vobis* of the Latin day. To do Colonel F—— justice, it was a brave spread. In the centre was a venison and game pie, called a 'Batalia pastye,' rich and savoury, the contents of which shall be given from the identical recipe now in its antiquated phraseology lying before us, and treasured by the Mohun descendants:—'The bottom of the pye to be well larded with bacon and 'the Marrow of two bones,—Venison from the hanche or necke thickly 'slyced,—boned Hare—Partridge—Pheasant,—Quails and Larks 'trussed,—with 4 sucking Rabets,—3 or 4 Sheeps tongues,—3 or 4 'Sweet breades,—Lamb and Cock's stones and combes, boyl'd, blanch'd 'and slyc'd,—with Oysters and Anchovies,—and savoury balls of force-'meat—the whole seasoned with pepper salt and spice, and the Liquor 'White Wine, Gravey and drawn Butter.' (*Sic.*) There is the famed Batalia pye, which should have been spelt 'Battaglia;' and an eager battle did Tony's men wage on it. But his caution, like that of quick-witted Antonia, in the Juan Memorabilia—'Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling,' was prudent; and that same prudence dictated to him to stow away one or two Battalia pasties in one huge pocket, and some bottles of wine in the other, then to horse and away. The road to the River Dart, in order to avoid the Stoke Fleming detachments, lay by Slapton Upper Bridge to the old mill, turning by Watergate towards Blackawton. The bridge had an

embattled gateway, now replaced with one of wood, having a marsh on one side and the lake on the other, and thus commanding the pass. Colonel F——, on drawing bit at Loddiswell, missed the widow, and, suspecting something wrong, galloped back, collecting his retainers by the way. The two parties met on the bridge; the Colonel saw his rival, and guessed the whole truth. It was a sharp pang, and when his eye rested on Bridget, it spoke little of love. The Royalists were well armed; and the Roundheads, unprepared and in small numbers, could not stand a moment. The Cornish giant, with his seven-feet-four powers of height, hurled the rebels right and left into the marsh and lake, and collaring Colonel F——, dragged him from his horse, and from his enormous height was enabled to lift and bind him at full length hard and fast at the top of the arch, reading him a stinging lecture, spiced with strong expletives, on the infamy of a broken word. On—on by Blackawton to the creek at Dittisham, amongst friends, where boats were in readiness; and not waiting for the night, and in order to forestal the alarm that would be given, with a fast running ebb tide down the Dart they went. The ping, ping of the Roundhead sentinels were occasionally startling; but the widow was well cared for, and in chosen company, and getting safe within protection of Kingswear Fort, they ran into the harbour.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was never inclined to be severe in his conduct towards the Royalists. This escapade, however, of Charles Mohun irritated him, and the rage of Colonel F—— acting as a spur, the General moved directly with his whole army to Dartmouth. The garrison refused to surrender, and the town was stormed. Kingwear Fort was taken, then the town; Townstall Church and Mount Boone fell, and the remnant of the garrison, with Charles Mohun at their head, retreated to the castle, situated at the extreme point of the promontory, at the very edge of the shelving rock of glassy slate, and washed by the sea at high water. It was a hopeless case; but brave hearts never despair, and Charles Mohun was not disposed that Bridget Cudlipp should be the prisoner of Colonel F——. Calling on his men, he headed a vigorous sally from the fort named Gallant's Bower, and was the first that fell, shot through the head. *Heu miserande puer!—manibus date lilia plenis.* Fairfax behaved generously and like a gentleman—a trait that ever distinguished him from the other Radical Roundheads. He personally protected the widow; and the Cornish prisoners, with Payne the giant, were set at liberty, with money allowed to carry them home. The amount was returned by the Grenvilles, with a letter to Fairfax in acknowledgment of his courtesy. 'But time at last sets all things even,' and at the Restoration the 'Merry Monarch' appointed the Cornish giant to be one of the yeoman guard, with a pension; and when John Grenville, Earl of Bath, was made Governor of the Citadel of Plymouth, Payne was placed therein as a gunner, and he died in his old age at his native place of Stratton. Bridget Cudlipp passed the remainder of her days in the Manor House at Stoke Fleming, that

may now be seen near the church, 'for ever silent and for ever sad.' Colonel F——, however, did not appear again on the scene. The Grenvilles and the Mohuns were too powerful to contend against; their influence prevailed, and, like the Regicides, his country knew him no more. Mercy and peace having become the order of the day, the Royalist and rebel parties at Slapton, in the blessedness of mutual forgiveness, shook hands over a fresh tankard and another Battaglia pye; but the sign of the old hostelry was changed once more, and for the third time. To indicate the harmony that now reigned in the neighbourhood of Slapton Sands, in full oblivion of the past, and by way of a compromise of faith and doctrine, in imitation of ecclesiastical convocations, the gaudy sign was set forth of the Lion and the Lamb, with the following pertinent lines as a declaration of honourable compact :—

'If the Lyon show'd kill the Lamb,
We'll kill the Lyon, if we can,—
But if the Lamb show'd kill the Lyon,
We'll kill the Lamb to make a Pye on.'

Happy and facetious West!

M. F. H.

A RUN IN THE WOLDSHIRE COUNTRY IN DECEMBER, 1872.

'Now the varmint is spied as he crosses the ride,
A tough old campaigner I trow;
Long, limber, and grey, see him stealing away—
Half a minute!—and then—Tally-ho!'

G. J. Whyte-Melville.

I am commissioned to recount the events of a run in the Woldshire country which took place three seasons ago.

* * * * * * *

I must accordingly ask my readers to accompany me in imagination to Hunters' Hall, situated in Woldshire, where I am staying for the purpose of hunting. My small stud, consisting of two promising five-year-olds and a hack, is quartered in the village close by, under the care of a battered specimen of the groom race, who has been with me ever since I entered the army, and who entertains, when tipsy (which, I regret to say, is not seldom), an exalted opinion of the animals under his care, which occasions contradiction, ending in many a saddle-room fight.

One morning in the latter end of December I wake with the pleasing consciousness that the weather has changed from being everything that is objectionable to the sporting mind to something more hopeful. I proceed leisurely with my toilet, and go downstairs to find my subaltern despatching a most heterogeneous breakfast. I follow the example, but in a milder way, and at 10, mount my covert hack, a clever pony bought out of a baker's cart

for the sum of twelve pounds, and thrown into the bargain was a colley pup, who eventually had to be hung for treating sheep, as the shepherd to whom I gave him said, 'terrible rough.' I go on and leave my friend to follow. Grey-dappled clouds overhead, a sweet earthy smell (caused by the steady rain of last night), and a southerly wind, with just a touch of east in it—all this promises so well for sport, that it makes one forget, in the joyful anticipations of the future, the frost and snow of the past fortnight. As I canter along, swinging back the hunting gates in the scientific manner that Leicestershire men will tell you is never thoroughly learnt out of the shires, I fall in with many small and big sportsmen on their way to Sure-Find Pastures; small schoolboys are very numerous on their long-tailed, long-suffering ponies. How glad those ponies will be when education reclaims her unwilling disciples, and they are handed over to Sister Trix to finish the season. A couple more fields, and I am at the place of meeting. Hounds have already come (they meet at the good old-fashioned hour of 10·30), with George, their huntsman, on a powerful black horse, in their midst —a *beau idéal* of a huntsman, with his keen eye, intelligent, bright face, strong seat, and cheery, ringing voice. The Master soon follows. The Hon. Captain Cromwell, looking bored, is the next to come, followed by others in rapid succession.

Last in arriving, but first in the enthusiastic admiration of the field, is the lovely Duchess of Covington, well known for her true love of sport. As the hunter-like chestnut she is riding comes swinging up at an easy canter, there is a pleasant smile on every one's face, and the Master turns to the huntsman with, 'Now 'you can go on;' so we trot on to Sure-Find Pastures. A few moments later, and a sharp-looking bay hunter, carrying a slight girlish figure, ranges alongside the Master. The rider of the bay is well known in the hunt, and right proud it seems of her, as well it may be; for there have been but a few good runs the last three seasons with the Woldshire in which Lady Honey Hill has not been seen riding in the front rank in the quiet sportsman-like way so peculiarly her own.

Lord Solom Wood comes up at a gallop, his hack in a lather, and his hunters nowhere to be seen, having missed their way in some unaccountable manner; luckily they appear just before hounds find. Lord Solom Wood, who seems keen, mounts his grey as first horse, and as hounds get away with their fox, I see him in the interval of adjusting a troublesome stirrup-leather giving some strict directions to his second horseman, which, however, were not attended to. Lord Tansor and his brother, young Daregowell, are more punctual. Hounds are in covert, and I take a look forward over the beautiful undulating country spread out before me. How pleasant the large fields look, and how easy the fences—at this distance. I changed my mind, however, on that point before the day was over; the only fault being too much plough, which will make it killing work for horses if hounds really run. I go to the farther side of the covert.

I am the only one who has chosen this point. 'Yoick in! have at 'him there!' George's fine voice rings through the covert; not a hound speaks. I am afraid we are going to draw the pastures blank, for the first time this season; but hark! Shiner gives a faint whimper, then Vanquish takes it up with greater confidence, and gives the others, who firmly believe in her, the benefit of her knowledge. Every hound is now speaking, and each man believes his wishes are at last to be fulfilled. Cigars are thrown away, stirrup-leathers righted, and every man races for the point from which he thinks he will get the best start. Captain Cromwell, Lord Daregowell, and some others, are away to the right-hand side of the covert like lightning. 'Hold hard, gentlemen!—spoiling your own sport again'—to those who have gone forward to try and get a good start—'hold 'hard, if you please!' roars the Master in an agony, lest his beauties be over-ridden ere they settle to their work. At the same moment the musical chorus ceases, and there is a perfect silence. I have remained in my old place, trusting fortune will be in my favour. There he goes, slinking quietly through the fence beside me, pointing straight for the Lime Pits. I begin counting twenty, when 'Tally-ho!' yells an excited schoolboy, home for the holidays. The boy has headed him! No! though the holloa was too soon, our fox is a plucky one, and it only makes him change his stealthy trot for something a bit faster. 'Hold up!' and the huntsman crashes through the stiff wattle fence which incloses the covert. 'Now then, young sir! where did he break?' The schoolboy, to whom this remark is addressed, at once puts on an expression that is intended to convey the idea that he could not tally, even if he tried. However, George does not wait for the answer; for at that moment Vanquish, who has been feathering just outside, speaks to it in a firm voice, showing how glad she is to be again on the line of the cunning varmint who has so skilfully evaded her in covert. 'Hark, together!' toot toot, goes the horn, and every hound is out of covert, slipping quietly away, proving how good the scent is; now and then an eager, tremulous note from a young hound tells the unhappy ones who are far behind that they must ride indeed to catch them. George, I, and the holloaing schoolboy have got a good start, riding a little to the left of hounds, our only companion for a few minutes being the Master of the neighbouring pack, on a clever-looking bay, who, in spite of his one odd leg, I would 'Chance' against any other animal in the field. Should any one, seeing with what ease he and his odd-legged nag cross a country, try to follow him, they would find it required all they knew to hold their own with this grey-haired sportsman, whose hands any man might envy. The rest of the field are on the wrong side of the covert, and a narrow hand-gate leading out of it keeps them back. Some one has tried to open the gate, and got his whip tightly caught, and he and his horse—a cross-grained colt who can't go forwards and won't go backwards—are the recipients of no small amount of bad language. Those whose feelings of

prudence induce them to ride to points, turn, and are to be seen piloted by Mr. Shorthorn at a tremendous pace: he has focussed a big white gate in the distance that will bring him close to hounds again; his great knowledge of the country, and his willingness to go best pace all day, provided there are 'no leps to be thrown,' enabling him to see the end of many good runs, even in such a badly-gated country as the Woldshire. Captain Cromwell jumps the stiff rail at the side of the gate, and makes up for his bad start; he is quickly followed by Lady Honey Hill; and Lord Solom Wood shakes into his place. The Master flies the rails with little effort, leaving the field still occupied with the gate. We cross a holding piece of plough; an uncompromising fence out of it tries the under-conditioned and over-weighted ones; and hounds cross a wild sedgy country that holds scent splendidly, with nothing but fair hunting fences to negotiate. George is riding as near his hounds as possible, 'and what Providence sent him he took in his stride,' with his mind in a fever of doubt as to whether the earths at the Lime Pits are stopped. A gentleman is riding near him, who is so well known with the Woldshire, particularly when hounds are running their best, that I need not name him. Many are the 'close finishes' in the racing arena that he has ridden. He is now proving himself to be a bad one to beat. He has been down once; but so thoroughly does he understand the art of falling that he hardly loses a minute by it. We have been doing the last two miles at a tremendous pace; but here hounds suddenly throw up, and, with one look at their huntsman, fling themselves like pigeons to recover the line of their fox, which has been foiled by yonder flock of sheep standing huddled stupidly together. I take advantage of this check to see who are up. Lady Honey Hill, who has been riding quietly to the fore; Lord Solom Wood, who has not forgotten that he has a second horse out, and has been asking some severe questions of his first; a thin gentleman in spectacles, riding a white horse, who immediately pulls out his watch and times the run up to this: he evidently looks on timing a fox's powers of endurance as the end and aim of existence—and perhaps not a smaller one than many of our aims which we are pleased to think nobler, particularly if he times a good run from find to finish from actual knowledge, and not according to the general rule of when the timer arrives himself. Young Daregowell comes up, looking very happy on what one would hardly consider a good-mannered mount; also the owner of the cross-grained colt, who is now conspicuous for the limpness of his general appearance. A successful cast forward being made, our fox, finding the Lime Pits stopped (thereby relieving the strain on the huntsman's mind), bears to the right, which bend leads us over a fine bit of rough sporting country, 'hummocky' grass fields, with big wattled fences that require a real hunter to do. Forward we go, leaving High'em Steeple on our right; here we get on holding ground. A stile with a sedgy landing, or an awkward fence with a deep drop, await our choice. Lady Honey Hill, who has a

great partiality for timber, is the first who tries the stile, and gets well over. George follows. A farmer dressed in the dark-blue hunting-coat and black cap, that shows him to belong to the W—ll—n division, who has been going to hounds in the most gallant manner, tries the effect of pace, with but a poor result; for his horse over-reaches himself in the deep ground on the landing side, and gives him a bad fall. Hounds here turn short to the left; the fox has evidently been headed by that cadaverous old woman picking up sticks. This turn puts me a little wide of them; and my horse, game though he is, finds the continued pace trying, in the heavy state the country is in. A check would indeed be appreciated; but hounds seem only to be increasing their pace. The country before me would delight any one who had time to think of aught but how to get a tired horse to the end of a good run; forward on—a man in the distance is waving his hat, if I can only manage to hold on a bit longer! The huntsman has got his second horse not a moment too soon, and shoots past me as I labour up a furrow. Lord Solom Wood is looking anxiously for his second horse; but it is nowhere to be seen. There is likewise a look of anxiety on Lord Tansor's face, arising from the same cause. They have both nearly arrived at the stage when they will be ready to say, 'My king-'dom for a horse.' Lord Tansor's brother, however, from the two advantages of light weight and skilful riding, is still going comparatively at his ease in a forward place. Captain Cromwell is luckier, and has changed on to a horse who is as fresh as if he had just come out of his stable. Over 'great open field' hounds race; many a good horse who up to this point has been going well is reduced to a trot, for the plough is deep; and all wish that the owner of that Wold had left it in its old state of grass, and not been tempted by the high price of corn to allow that great enemy to hunting, the plough, to cross it. To make matters more painful a most formidable post and rails stare me in the face; not a friendly gate or gap do I see, and I look anxiously; indeed, it is simply a case of necessity. Try it, I must. I find myself the other side of the rail in a rather complicated knot; however, I am only the worse as regards bruises; but I make up my mind not to dare, under any provocation, the perils of timber again to-day. Lady Honey Hill just manages to do it. I hear a suspicious cracking of wood, a remark not of a flattering description to his horse, and I turn in time to see Lord Daregowell save a fall by what may be termed the merest accident.

At last we get on grass again; how man and horse both appreciate it! We near the muddy Kym, small enough in its natural state, but now bank full and particularly uninviting. I hope sincerely that our fox, who must be beat, has dreaded it and turned. No; after a moment's hesitation hounds, with an eager whimper, flop in. I hear a scream from George that might waken the dead, and, at least, has the effect of putting fresh vigour into our tired horses. Yonder he goes, and I see a beaten fox going up the hedgerow the other side of the brook:

most of the field, guided by a fat old farmer on a solid-looking brown, make for the ford higher up. The few who intend trying the brook soon become noticeable, nearly every one who has not got his second horse having had more than enough by this time. I need hardly say that Lady Honey Hill is one who thinks a possible wetting a small penalty to pay for seeing the end of so good a fox. The huntsman chooses his place to the right of where she did it so cleverly. One of the blue-coated sportsmen, who is doing credit by his riding to the W—ll—n division, takes it in his stride. Down over the grass I go at the water with a rush and a vigorous accompaniment of spurs and a blind trust in fortune, which is said to favour the brave, and, to my surprise, I find myself, after a prolonged struggle, on the right side without a ducking; Lord Solom Wood does it with a 'liberal' margin; Lord Tansor, though his horse begins to cry, 'Hold enough!' sends him at it a little to the right of where I did it, but, unfortunately, within three strides of taking off, he is crossed by one of the whips whose horse objects to water at this time of day, and, to avoid a collision, Lord Tansor checks his horse, who, jumping short, lands among the stakes on the other side, and I fear is badly hurt. As I turn for a look I see another sportsman who has come to grief, and who is standing on the bank convulsively grasping his horse by the head, the rest of the animal being submerged: owing to his generally demoralised appearance it is difficult to recognise the 'neat' rider of the morning. The Master of the neighbouring pack, on Chance (into whose country we have run), flings the brook behind him, as if it were a six-feet drain instead of a good 18 feet from bank to bank. Now, at this point, if I were writing an account of an imaginary run, I should make our plucky fox fulfil his destiny by being run into in the open, with every hound at his brush; but as I am writing a true account of a run in the Woldshire in December, 1872, I must give facts. A few fields after the brook there was a slight check that enabled our fox to get on; soon after this hounds bore to the left, pointing straight to the Duke of Covington's coverts. A gentleman on a bay, who, by force of good riding, has proved that his horse's name of Rattler is no misnomer, turns away from hounds, and we all think he has taken advantage of passing his stable to change horses; but justice must be done to the reputation of the game little nag: his rider had never thought of changing, and had only galloped forward, taking a short cut through his stable-yard, to try and view our beaten fox before he reaches Boarshead covert—too late, our fox has reached that stronghold, and, I should think, has saved his brush.

We spend some time in Boarshead, scent getting worse every minute; George stands in the muddy cross ride, his face a picture of annoyed perplexity, as he meditatively scratches his left ear with his horn. At last, as fox after fox is viewed, the Master determines to call off the hounds; we have changed foxes, and there is little chance of killing our hunted one; so, reluctantly, the order for home

is given, Lord Solom Wood remarking that he thinks it time the 'hunt expired,' as he has reduced his grey to a walk, and his second horse is still the horse of the future.

We have finished a long way from home, and the hounds have a severe twenty miles' jog before they reach their kennels.

N.B.—Since the above was written, the hounds have changed hands, and the country has to mourn the loss of a first-rate sportsman and popular Master.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE BICYCLIST.

SCENE—*Sunday afternoon—The Road, Golder's Green, Hendon.*

I.

CANIS *loquitur.*

'WHY, what machine are you bestriding?
In the name of Go', do you call that riding,
Cockney, who jumps the counter?
Do you think to pass Kimbolton Lodge
With that there sham equestrian dodge?
By Jove! I'll soon "dismount yer."'

II.

The words scarce uttered, with one leap
(Lion's on deer or wolf's on sheep
Was never more distressing)
In the wet grass the Cockney sprawled,
And Norval, while for help he bawled,
Was heard him thus addressing:

III.

'If you want to ride, we've horses here;
Some sound, some not—all very dear.
Many of "Tom's" selection
From Howden and Horncastle Fair,
From Wales, and breeders here and there,
Bought after much reflection.'

IV.

The Cockney lay in the nettles floored,
While Norval growled; for aid he roared,
Just like a Bull of Basan.
'You may go this time,' Old Norval cried;
'But buy a horse, if you want to ride,
And buy of Newcomb Mason.'

A DAY IN A PUNT.

THERE are few things pleasanter in anticipation to a Londoner, who gets more hard work than holidays, than his first day's fishing on the Thames. People may laugh at 'patience in a punt;' but to one who wants to get the cobwebs out of his brain, the change from the dusty, smoky atmosphere of an office, with its dull routine of work, to the fresh breezes, the ripple of the water, and the sight of green meadows, trees, and hedges, is in itself a thing of joy, to say nothing of the anticipated sport. It is a day of freedom from toil and care, a day to be looked forward to with eagerness, and, if all goes well, to be remembered with pleasure—the bright spot which will cheer many a day of drudgery. It is true the excitement of the fly-fisher is wanting—we have not even so much as the troller or spinner; but that is no reason we should not be thankful for the pleasures we can reach instead of hankering after those that are beyond us; and anglers have always been a patient race of men, as the bard of Twickenham, who must have had opportunity enough of studying their habits, says:—

> 'In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
> Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
> The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
> Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
> With looks unmoved he hopes the scaly breed,
> And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.'

I had made all preparations for my first day on the river, and, with a glass of hot whisky-and-water by my side, and a pipe of the fragrant weed to help contemplation, was somewhat anxiously eying a neighbouring weathercock which seemed suspiciously inclined to the north-east, when a thundering rap at the door brought me at once back to passing events, and, almost ere I could look round, the old lady who acted as Cerberus to my modest establishment ushered in Nigel Nutbourne, an old friend and schoolfellow. 'Come up to 'have a look at Johnson's horses, old boy,' said he, 'and try and buy 'the big bay at Tat's on Thursday, and I thought I must look you 'up; so seldom I am in town that I could not afford to lose the 'chance.' This was literally true, for if ever man believed that 'God 'made the country, but man made the town,' it was Nutbourne. He hated the sight of bricks and mortar, and was never so happy as when he was in what many would call the dull solitudes of the country. Moreover, he was a mighty son of Nimrod, and thought all time misspent that was not passed in the chase. When it was possible, he hunted six days a week, and said he should like to do so seven; and he kept on at it pretty well all the year round. He began with staghounds in August and finished with foxhounds in April—that is, when no pack kept on long enough to kill a May fox, and then varied the thing by having a turn at the otters until stag-hunting came in again. Generally, there was no one I would sooner have

seen than my old chum; but, under present circumstances, I must say that his company did not appear exactly desirable, for I knew that as long as he remained in London there would be no getting away from him; and, as to the fishing, why, he would laugh me to scorn at the mention of such an amusement. What was I to do? My hamper was packed, Hopkins (as we will call the fisherman, for want of a better name) was engaged for the next day, and had orders to secure a pitch and well ground-bait it overnight; and, to crown it all, the weathercock shifted from north-east to south-west even while I was talking to him. As the Yankees say, I was in a pretty considerable fix when he asked me what I was going to do with myself the next day.

I shall never forget his blank look when, screwing up my courage, I answered, 'Going fishing.'

'Going to the ——,' answered he, using a naughty word, and puffing like a steam-engine at the pipe which he had already started. 'What am I to do with myself in this confounded place, and not 'a soul to speak to if you take yourself off?'

I mixed him a tumbler of hot with, and let him blow a little steam off before I ventured to say, 'You had better come with me.' He pondered a little, and then said, 'Well, I don't know which is 'worst, to tramp along muddy banks in wet boots all day long for 'nothing, or walk one's legs off about the confounded streets alone.' 'Do neither one nor the other,' said I. 'Buy all the newspapers 'you can carry, and then sit in the punt and moisten them with 'Bass while I fish.' 'Must do it, I suppose,' he answered, 'though it will be like penal servitude; for I can't ask you to 'alter all your arrangements. It's no use to go to see the horses 'until Wednesday, and I won't stay in London without a soul to 'speak to.'

The next morning saw us early at Waterloo Station, and in the course of an hour or so we were seated in one of Hopkins's punts on the Thames, myself and our fisherman quickly being at work, while Nutbourne devoted himself to the papers, as I advised, notwithstanding the oft-repeated queries of young Hopkins 'whether 'the gentleman would not take a rod?' However, when he saw fish after fish hauled in—for although, in spite of ground-baiting overnight, we got no barbel, the roach were biting freely, and one or the other of us was continually fast in a fish—he gradually came to take interest in the sport and eye the spare rod with somewhat wistful looks.

'Better have a try, sir,' said Hopkins again.

'Why, bless the man! I never touched a fishing-rod in my life.'

'Never mind; you'll soon pick it up.' And before he scarcely knew what he was doing the hook was baited and the rod in his hand. 'Now, look here,' continued his mentor, 'throw gently 'out, not too long a line at first, and then draw the bait steadily 'back towards the punt, and as soon as you see the float dip, 'strike.'

It so chanced that just at this particular time the fish were not feeding quite so freely, and we had sat, maybe, seven or eight minutes without taking one. An eddy sucked Nigel's float slightly under, and no sooner did he see it dip than he struck with force enough to jerk a shark out of the water. The rod flew back over his head, and Hopkins uttered such a yell as I suppose was never heard in the river before, at the same time clapping his hand to his head. He had hooked him through the gristle of the ear.

Notwithstanding the awkward position of my friend and the painful one of the fisherman, I could not help laughing, and it was some little time before I became steady enough to bring what knowledge of surgery I possessed into play and extract the hook, when a good pull administered from the flask, and an application of that plaster which heals all sores, liberally used by my friend, made all straight if not comfortable, though, as the fisherman remarked, ''Twas a darned rum thing to come out fishing and get 'hooked yourself;' perhaps though it was about as good a day's work as he had all the season. Nutbourne, from that time forth, declined to touch a rod, but thought he might make himself useful in taking the fish off the hooks and baiting, so as not to hinder, for he was as keen as any one for a big take now that he was fairly in for the job. Bad luck was, however, still on his side, for, as fate would have it, I hooked and caught a nice perch, the first we had seen, perhaps he was from a pound and three-quarters to two pounds. My friend was greatly excited all the time I was playing him, for he was a game fish and took a bit of handling, and no sooner was he in the boat than before either of us could utter one word of warning, he seized the prize to take it from the hook and consign it to the well as carelessly as he had previously done the roach, of course pricking his hand badly with the back fin. I shall never forget the look of amazement with which he dropped it, and took to swearing at large, nor could all our encomiums induce him to admit that there was any beauty in the striped sides of the offending fish, though he was in magnificent season. It took at least a couple of big cigars and a very liberal allowance of cold whisky-and-water to restore him to that equitable frame of mind for which he is proverbial; for a better-tempered fellow in the general way does not exist than Nigel, though he certainly did stigmatise the affair as 'the most cockney-like concern he had ever come across in his 'life.'

When, however, we had moved to another pitch, got the fish well on the feed again, and he saw the roach, in all their beauty of red and silver, following each other over the side of the punt, almost like schoolboys into an orchard, he once more began to regard us and our doings with a more formidable eye, for there is no keener sportsman at heart; and I believe he delights to capture anything, from an elephant to a rat. In fact, he is a regular rat-hunter during a frost, and has better ferrets and terriers than any man in his county —not show dogs, but real workmen. After an hour's rare sport,

pulling the fish out nearly as fast as we could bait our hooks, luncheon was unanimously voted as desirable, and to it we went with an appetite such as some hours spent on the river engenders. A big feed has certainly a tendency to make you drowsy, and Nigel, who seldom indulged in a mid-day meal, dropped off into an unmistakable doze ere he was halfway through his first weed, and, I trust he will forgive me saying so, snored awfully. I was just debating with myself whether it would not be better to wake him, in case he should lose his balance and topple over the side of the punt, for he was beginning to jerk and sway about after the manner of sleepers generally, when I was saved all trouble in the matter, for just at the time one of those small steam-yachts with which the river is now so unhappily infested, to the disgust of anglers, bore down upon us, and I verily believe purposely passed so close as almost to catch the end of our punt. The noise she made caused him to start from slumber, and the rock of the punt in her swell deposited him neatly on his back, to the infinite delight of the owner of the vessel who had caused the disaster. Nigel is a strong man, and, when roused, wrathful; so that it was all I could do to prevent his plunging into the water, though he cannot swim a yard, to chase the offender, and avenge the insult his dignity had received. 'By G—! you cockney snob,' said he, shaking his fist at the grinning yachtsman, 'if ever I catch you 'on dry land, I will give you the most delightful licking you ever 'had in your life, and make you laugh on the other side of your 'mouth! Now,' continued he, 'put me on shore. I believe I am 'no greater coward than other people when danger is to be faced; 'but I am not going to stay here to be run down and sent into 'eternity by every grinning jackanapes who can scrape together 'money enough to buy a steam-yacht. I should like to have that 'fellow before me, stuck in the only thin place in a bullfinch on a 'light, weedy horse; I'd help him through with a vengeance!' There was nothing for it—on shore he would and did go; and, as I had had a very fair day's sport, I agreed to let the fisherman take the punt back, and stroll along the bank with him until we came to the road for our station, arranging with Hopkins to meet us there with the things. Viewed from the bank, life on the Thames had a totally different aspect to my friend from what it had when seen from a seat in a punt; and the various phases of life on the water afforded him no little amusement, now that he was safe on land. It is true he wondered how a respectable married man could trust himself and his olive branches on the water, 'where those steamers may 'smash them at any moment,' as well as how the young fellows in the wonderful get-up could undertake voluntary hard labour in rowing a 'couple and a half' of girls about, pretty as they were, and endanger his life into the bargain by letting one of them steer. 'If 'there was only one,' says he, 'I could understand it; but what's 'the use of so many, since we don't live in the days of Solomon?' Still greater was his astonishment at seeing another young fellow,

equipped in lavender kid gloves and eye-glass, &c., let two young ladies row him; and he would, I verily believe, have liked to then and there kick the 'lazy beggar,' as he termed him. His country mind was, however, destined to be still further astonished; and when he saw a couple of young fellows coming full trot up the path towing a lady in a light boat at about the rate of four or five miles an hour, he scarcely appeared to believe that he had not been translated to another world. Having stared at them until they were shut from view, he walked on in silence for the space of half a mile, then, turning suddenly, slapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'I have seen 'very similar animals pulling a barge in Northamptonshire, but they 'always had them at length; that's a good idea of the girl's to drive 'hers double.'

Well, he got safe to town, and bought the bay horse fifty guineas cheaper than he expected, so that, as he says, his journey to London was not all lost; but he never fails to add, 'You don't catch me 'on the Thames in a punt again, my boy.'

N.

MY LAST DAY'S SPORT IN AFRICA.

By one of those strange coincidences which sometimes occur in a man's life, my last day's sport in Western Africa took place within three or four miles of the spot where nearly twelve years before I made my *début* as a sportsman on the West Coast, and with that day I fear my experiences of African sports for ever terminated, leaving behind them nothing but a few trophies, but also a host of reminiscences of happy days and loved companions, many of the latter, alas! being now in 'the happy hunting-grounds.'

The locality of my first and last day's shooting in West Africa was up the Victoria Lagoon, which runs from Lagos to Badagry, a distance of about thirty or five-and-thirty miles, and is about the most unhealthy part of that sickly coast. I had been anchored outside the bar off Lagos, awaiting orders from the commodore, who was on the southern part of the station, when one afternoon the United States gun-boat, Sumpter, arrived from the Congo, bringing me a mail from the commodore, by which I found I was to remain at or near Lagos until the arrival of the next mail from England, when I was to receive his despatches and join him with all speed at the Congo mouth. The mail was not due for another week, so I proposed to Captain A——, of the Sumpter, that we should have a day's 'gunning' up the Lagoon, to which he at once agreed, and that evening, over our grog and pipes, we arranged our plans for the expedition, before starting on which I will say a few words by way of introducing my Yankee friend to my readers.

Captain A——, or 'Jack' A——, as he was usually termed by his intimates, was a perfect specimen of a 'blue-blooded Yankee;' there was nothing in this world, or out of it, that he could not do

better, or knew more about than any one else, while his capacity for strong liquors exceeded that of any one I ever had the good fortune to chum with, and his command of strong language was a perfect 'caution to sinners.' Never in my life have I met his equal at original and eccentric swearing; his first lieutenant told me one day, that 'when the "old man" got his shirt out properly, he'd make the 'hair of a saint's head stand up like marling spikes, if one only heard 'him easing his steam off!' Like most Americans he had an immense knowledge of the Bible, and he had a habit of lugging in texts of Scripture into his discourse, that although often shocked, one could not help being amused. One instance of this I remember well. 'Jack' was taking a passage on board one of the mail steamers from Sierra Leone to Fernando Po, and the Bishop of the former place was one of his fellow-passengers. After dinner one day the conversation turned upon prophecy, and his lordship referred to the numberless prophecies in the Old Testament which had been fulfilled. 'Yes,' said 'Jack,' 'I quite agree with your lordship; for 'even this steamer was plainly foretold by the prophet Isaiah.' 'Oh! Captain A——,' said the bishop, 'this is really too sacred a 'thing to joke about.' 'Joke about, my lord!' replied 'Jack,' 'indeed I am not joking, for if you turn to the twenty-eighth chapter 'of Isaiah and the twentieth verse, you'll find these words: "For '"the bed is shorter than that *a man* can stretch himself *on it;* '"and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself *in it,*" 'and by God, that's just the case with my bunk!' The bishop bolted, and 'Jack,' with a grimace that set the whole party in a roar, remarked, 'I guess that's one chalk to me!'

The bar at Lagos is one of the most dangerous on the coast, especially for boats, so I determined to take the B—— (the ship I commanded) over, as I had no particular wish to make a close acquaintance with any of the countless sharks that abound there, which sharks, by-the-by, I have never known to take a bait, although I have repeatedly tried to catch one when there have been dozens swimming all around us, but I never succeeded there, although on other parts of the station we never had any difficulty in catching any number of them.

By 5 A.M. 'Jack,' his first lieutenant, and purser were on board, and, steam being all ready, we weighed and proceeded over the bar, and in about two hours came-to off the consul's house. Lagos was, and no doubt still is, a most detestable hole, hot as the infernal regions, very unhealthy at all seasons of the year, and constantly open to the attacks of the King of Dahomey, who shortly before the period I write of, had sent a messenger to the English consul, informing him that he intended to destroy Lagos and build himself a palace with the bones of its inhabitants! The few European merchants residing there were very good fellows, and were always glad, at least those that were well enough, to join in a day's sport and to provide the commissariat, in which, by-the-way, the eatables bore but a very small proportion to the drinkables. Directly the

anchor was let go, we adjourned to the consulate, where we were quickly joined by pretty nearly all the European community, and we made arrangements for a number of Kroo boys to be on board the B—— at daylight the next morning to act as beaters for us; and the rest of the day was spent in going the rounds of the place and visiting those of our friends who were too unwell to leave their houses. We had a big dinner at the consul's, and at a somewhat late hour, I fear, returned on board; three of the Lagos fellows joining us for the cruise, and sleeping on board, so as to be all ready for an early start.

At 4 A.M. I turned out, and, our beaters soon after coming on board, we weighed, and proceeded up the Lagoon. It was a very chilly morning, a heavy wet mist hung over the land, and the fetid stench of the Lagoon was almost overpowering. As we could not depend upon our chart, we had to proceed very slowly and pick our way, the depth of water changing every few moments. Now we had five fathoms, then in a little time only two, and so on; so that our progress was anything but rapid. About 9 A.M. we grounded in the mud, having only got about eighteen miles up the Lagoon. We backed her off, and then let go a stream anchor, and, after a hearty breakfast, we sent the beaters in boats to a point about four miles above us, with directions to beat the forest towards us as well as they could; and at 11 A.M. we landed and took up the best positions we could fix upon, to await what game Providence and the beaters might send towards us. Our party in all consisted of fourteen guns, so that we were enabled to form a pretty long line of interception. 'Jack' and I chose the extreme inner end, the others fixing themselves at what each thought a 'post of vantage' between us and the Lagoon. About an hour and a half after we had taken our stations, we began to hear the cries and shouts of the beaters, and soon after numbers of the monkey tribe and a few guinea-fowl came past us, the former jabbering like so many washerwomen, and the latter, with outstretched neck, running as only guinea-fowl can run. These, of course, we allowed to pass with impunity, as the place is noted for deer. Shortly afterwards a couple of reports told us that something worth firing at had been seen, and immediately afterwards two of the common African deer came bounding towards me; the first dropped to my right-hand barrel, but the second doubled back, clean missed. The shooting now became general for a few moments, but nothing else came in my direction; and in a few moments the line of beaters hove in sight. We now collected together, and found that seven deer had been accounted for. The Kroo boys had also seen a leopard, and as the animal had not been seen by any of us, we conjectured that it had either doubled back, and had contrived to slink away between the beaters, or had taken to tree. Anyhow we determined, after having a 'wet' all round, to try if we could put it up again, so forming a line, with the guns mixed amongst the beaters, we tried back on the line they had come. For half an hour nothing was seen, and then, as we were beating a patch of low underwood,

with a tree here and there, a terrific yell told us that our friend had been started again. Rushing in the direction of the cry, I found an unfortunate Kroo boy extended on the ground, covered with blood, and the leopard upon him, tearing at his back (he having fallen on his face) like a cat with a small dog. It was impossible to shoot, for fear of hitting the man, so A—— and I rushed in with loud cries, hoping to frighten the beast off. In this we fortunately succeeded, and A——, with a splendid snap shot, put a bullet through its head before I could get my gun to my shoulder. We picked the poor boy up, and, cutting some branches, improvised a litter, and carried him to the landing-place, and, getting on board, the surgeon was soon at work at his wounds. He was very badly mauled, the animal having sprang upon him from behind, and had torn his scalp from the top of his head down to his neck, and had also bitten him very severely upon the right shoulder. My surgeon replaced the scalp and sewed up his wounds, and we made him as comfortable as was possible, and I may as well say he recovered all right.

After luncheon we landed again on the opposite side of the Lagoon and shot a few guinea-fowls, parrots, and monkeys, which latter, by-the-way, are not bad eating, when there is nothing else in the larder, although their strong resemblance to 'dead child' is anything but conducive to a good appetite.

At about 5 P.M. we lifted the stream anchor and steamed back to our old billet off the consulate, and at his excellency's dinner-table shot all our game over again. 'Jack' was in high delight at having bagged the leopard, and nothing would please him but our having, at his expense, what he termed a 'buster' of champagne punch, decocted by himself. To this end a dozen of Moét was procured from one of the stores, and, a big calabash being provided, the whole dozen, with half a dozen of soda water, two bottles of brandy, and half a handful of bird's-eye peppers, were mixed in it. The mixture was certainly good, but a very little of it went a long way; and the result was, that next morning's sun found the floor of the dining-room strewed with 'slumbering beauties,' not one of us, I think, finding our way to bed.

That day we recrossed the bar, and the day we spent in the Lagoon proved to be my last shooting expedition on the station, as I was very shortly afterwards obliged to return to England to recruit my health, which was completely broken down by the hateful climate. Of all the jolly fellows met that day, only three, I believe, are now alive. Strong drink and bad climate carried poor 'Jack' off, and the others have gone principally from the same cause, whilst I am still reminded, by frequent touches of rheumatism and ague, that however strong a man may be, he cannot brave the African climate with impunity.

F. W. B.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—Autumn Allurements.

Highland glens and Yorkshire sands—Alpine passes and German spas—a stag of ten and the whirr of the blackcock—the strains of Strauss and the terrific blast of the Rigi horns—Lauterbrunnen's cascades and Chamounix's snowy peaks—we trust, gentle readers, some of these good things have been your portion since we last addressed you in these pages. A little yachting on the home circuit, a sniff of the air on a Yorkshire moor, a week in a quiet vicarage in the Midlands—these have been the short and simple pleasures of the V. D.—a brief, very brief cessation from the din of the world and the labours of pen and ink. Still he does not complain, albeit some of his time was passed in London, a place it is the fashion to anathematise in August and September, but for which much may be said in extenuation. In the first place, you have town to yourself; your club, if it is open, belongs to you; the waiters fly at your nod—the steward does you the honour to consult you on the *ménu*. Then if you have strength of mind and body to go to a theatre, you may select your stall; the Alhambra gives you breathing room—the Burlington Arcade is all your own—and your presence at Cremorne creates a certain sensation. Believe us, too, that town is never the abomination of desolation depicted in absurd colours by some of our public writers. You come suddenly on a victoria, whose occupant you thought was hundreds of miles away from Pall Mall—a pair of bright eyes smile on you from a brougham, that you imagined (it is within the verge of possibility that you hoped) were 'over the water.' The last is a painful idea, by-the-way, so we will dismiss it. What we mean is, that there are people in town in September, if you will take the trouble to look for them.

Down the river is not at all a bad place if you can't be shooting in Glen Farintosh, or spooning in Switzerland or the Black Forest. Erith, Greenhithe, and Gravesend have perhaps rather a cockney sounding in our readers' ears, but we will tell them that there are much worse places to be at, when that ornament of the T.Y.C. (how Newmarket that reads) the Precious Betsy, 64 tons register, drops her anchor off Greenhithe Pier after a cruise to the Nore, or thereabouts; time, about four bells, and the boat is lowered, and from the said pier is taken on board about a hundredweight block of Wenham and other things; and as the sun sinks westward, and Charles's Wain appears over the high hop-yards on the Kentish shore, we look down into the cabin of the P.B. and see the most pleasing preparations for dinner, while the good skipper is busy about the claret-cup, and his wife—the real commander of the Precious Betsy, we are happy to say, is trying to teach the 'Van' driver to make a salad; —do you know, to repeat our phrase, it isn't at all bad. We fear we are cockney sailors, despite serge suits and straw hats; and somehow, speaking personally, we feel a great deal more comfortable here than we did off Sheerness a few hours previously, when it appeared to us there was a very unnecessary sea, and the skipper said something about the Foreland, but was speedily checked by the commander-in-chief. No, it is pleasanter here, certainly; we have had a delightful run up, and are now going to finish the day in an equally delightful manner. Like Dr. Johnson, 'we like to dine,' and the swing lamp in the cabin is shedding its light on an exceedingly neat thing in dining-tables, with the usual accompaniments of glass and 'snowy' linen, which lady novellists are so fond of describing. The cook is a good man, and panders to our weakness

for certain cutlets *à la Précieuse Betsie*, which we will defy the whole T.Y.C. to equal, much less surpass; a bottle of dry Giesler is reposing on a small bed of Wenham by our side, and there is a great goblet of claret-cup opposite, over which the skipper keeps a rather strict supervision. The ripple of the water is soothing, so is the somewhat monotonous chant which the sailors of the Turkish ram near us are apparently turning in to; the moon is flooding the landscape now, save where the dark patches of the Ingress Abbey woods and the hill above Purfleet break the whiteness of the scene. As we sip our coffee and make plans for the morrow, it occurs to this child that such a life on the ocean wave suits him down to the ground, and that next autumn he will suggest to Mr. Baily the advisability of a month of this sort of thing, and what an admirable idea a yachting 'Van' would be, with sketches of the coast and its inhabitants, their manners and customs, done in the Driver's usual—hem—brilliant style! We are sure he will see it.

But we have to change the scene. We hear a voice you cannot hear, which says we must not stay; we see a hand, &c., &c. That abominable 'Times' newspaper wants a brief record of Warwick Races, and what for goodness only knows. Its readers will not be much edified by the record, and why it requires any racing at all is a mystery—but that by the way. So back to the din and heat of the course, the clamour of the roughs, the sweet voices of the ring. We take an affecting farewell of the Precious Betsy and her commander and crew, and trust that we shall meet again. Another twelve hours and we are on the G.W.R., gravely studying one of Mr. Samuel Merry's yellow cards, as if our existence depended upon spotting the winner of the Leamington Stakes and the other prizes that adorn the programme. We find Warwick roused from those months of slumber which the periodical recurrence of the races only disturb. The legend of Sleepy Hollow must have been written by Washington Irving after he had seen Warwick. Surely there are no cares, miseries, or rows in Warwick; no debts, difficulties, or duns. People don't hate, or love, or quarrel here, but in an equable and passionless existence pass their lives. How very nice, and how the inhabitants must hate the noble sportsmen who intrude into their sleepy streets and quiet inns, and bring the noise of the outer world to disturb their slumbers. We wonder if they hate our Samuel. They didn't oughtn't, as Mr. Wright (not 'Robert') used to say, for he has tried to do a good deal for them. That he has not succeeded at this particular meeting is doubtless owing to circumstances over which he has no control. The Warwick September has been going to the bad for the last few years, and what is to bring it back we hardly know. Mr. Merry succeeds in getting good entries, but then very little comes of them. Last year the Leamington Stakes brought out five runners; this year, with some additional inducements to a field, four; and, if we remember rightly, two or three years back there was a trio for it. The meeting certainly falls at an unfortunate time of year, when horses are pretty well run off their legs, and those who have got any are in reserve for Doncaster and Newmarket. It was never anything very wonderful as a racing gathering, the fields being generally poor, and the chief interest lying in the Leger betting, which nowadays is *nil* in comparison; so again we say, What is to be done? There are two such good meetings here in April and November, that it almost seems a pity to waste money on this. There was scarcely anybody there this time except the half-dozen racing men to be found at every meeting between Lincoln and Shrewsbury; Leamington is, or is supposed to be, a desert; and Warwickshire squires are thinking more of the stubbles and cub-hunting than good things on Warwick Common. Neither were the things good, as it happened. Sir George Chetwynd

had a run of ill-fortune on the first day almost unprecedented. Five seconds, and close ones too, were the results of so many 'certainties;' and it must have been pain and grief to Mr. Merry to have witnessed how unkindly one of his chief patrons was dealt with. What the meeting would have been without him and his horses we can hardly say; it was dull enough as it was, and with Lady Atholstone, Sugarcane, Grey Palmer, Conseil, &c., absent, it would have been dull indeed. A plucky bettor is Sir George Chetwynd, and the sweets and the bitters of racing life seem to come alike to him. We daresay he loves not losing his money more than any of us do, but he never shows it, and, like Horatio, 'fortune's buffets and rewards he takes with equal thanks.' He lost the Leamington Stakes with Grey Palmer by a neck, simply because little Chesterman, who will make an excellent jockey when he is a little older, had not the strength to get the horse out, and was done in the last few strides by Simon. The grey is a rather lumbering goer, and certainly not a boy's horse; there is no doubt he would have won with Glover or Newhouse on him. In the next race, the Welter Handicap, Sugarcane was thought a real good thing, but, after a ding-dong race, he was beaten by Rattle, after a display of riding on the part of Constable and Newhouse on which they could not be congratulated. Sir George got a turn in the wheel on the second day, when Lady Atholstone actually won a race, her first since Bath; and Chesterman, with a pair of spurs on, managed to land Grey Palmer in the County Handicap. Of course Conseil beat Uncle Tom, too, in the Welter Cup, but all these good goods had to be bought with a price, and the winner could not have taken much. Fraulein walked over for the Cup; there was very little Leger incident except Bay of Naples being knocked out, and altogether, as we have remarked, it was dull.

Well, after all the Leger is the Leger; and though it was to be contended for this year by a ragged lot, why, that made it all the more difficult to pick the winner. It was a fascinating study, from the very badness of the subject; so we all went northwards with our curiosity excited, and such wits as we were blessed withal well sharpened. The winner of the Leger,—it did look a hard thing to find. There were but few fancies. Everybody had backed something, but everybody was careful to tell you that he did not expect it to win. There was great unanimity on that point, though an exception, as regarded the backers of Gilbert, may be noted. They were very confident indeed, not to say bumptious; though, when pressed to give a reason for the hope that was in them, they could only fall back on his Ascot victory over Spinaway and the confident assertion that they knew he was a good horse. He did not go well in the market, though; and the only point in his favour was that the Newmarket touts abused him to a man. Nothing went very well, indeed; and, on our arrival at Doncaster, we found that Earl of Dartrey had secured the most favour among the so-called 'cracks.' 'Cracks!'—shades of Voltigeur, Dutchman, and West Australian forgive us for using such a term. The French division were not at all in good odour either, and what would win was more a puzzle than ever. It certainly was curious that, as the time approached for keeping the centenary of the great race, the lot to contend in it should be so bad; but though we may call spirits from the vasty deep, we know we cannot make them come, and so we had to put up with the mediocre lot that furnished horses like Earl of Dartrey, Seymour, Dreadnought, and Gilbert as favourites for the great race.

There was good promise of sport at Doncaster on paper; but still the fields were for the most part small, and business was flat, we thought, especially on the opening day. Old Blenheim came out like a giant refreshed in the Fitz-

william, looking a different horse from what he did at Goodwood, and for the second year in succession was the good thing for this event, Lucy Hawk, who it was thought might be able to stretch her neck, running a perfect wretch, never, in fact, being in the race from the time the flag fell. The Bedford Lodge stable stood Gilestone once in the Glasgow Stakes, but, we should imagine, for the last time, for he refused to struggle with the race in hand when Glendale challenged him. The consequence was a dead heat, and the deciding one was but a repetition of it, for directly his opponent got to him he shut up. Lord Falmouth has got a good horse in Farnese, and good-looking to boot; so pity 'tis that he is a roarer. The Champagne was truly a good thing for him, for King Death had trained off a little. M. de Fligny could not well reverse his running, and Lord Rosebery's high-priced one, All Heart, that he pulled out for his first appearance, was evidently backward. A good-looking horse, with a good top, and he may, and most probably will, turn out something nearly first-rate; but he has shoulders that don't look like those belonging to a Derby winner. Sir George Chetwynd's and Mr. H. Baltazzi's match between Lizzie Distin and John Day for 1,000 sovs resulted in a dead heat, and of course the match and all bets were off. The Great Yorkshire was shorn of some of its interest by the non-appearance of Aventurière, Lily Agnes, Lacy, Clonave, Town Crier, and other more or less fancied ones. On St. Leger's form in the Newmarket Handicap—the only form there was to go upon—he looked very well worth backing for this race, even in the face of Freeman, Fraulein, Louise Victoria, the turned-loose Chancellor, and the everlasting Polonaise. He was the best-looking horse there—a miniature beauty, certainly, but a perfect-shaped one, and he ran as well as he looked, for he was always in front; and though Louise Victoria looked formidable for a moment or two, he easily shook her off; and Freeman, from being 'interfered with,' i.e. bumped about a bit, which 'George' does not like, was never formidable at all. Fraulein ran well, and we have no doubt might have been much nearer than she was; but Goater, finding he could not win, judiciously did not persevere. This was overlooked on Friday in the Cup, and backers suffered in consequence; but this by the way. St. Leger's easy win of a length and a half made his chance on the morrow look very promising, and to those who had got 40 to 1 about him for the great event, that chance assumed the rosiest aspect. His size was against him; but still he had done a very good public trial; and though the stable and the market declared Seymour was much the best of the two, many followers of Bedford Lodge doubted.

The St. Leger morning witnessed the same wonderful sight that by this time ought to have ceased to be wonderful. The crowded streets—the vast procession (for it is that) starting from the railway station and having the course for its destination—the immense throng that spreads itself over the moor—the roar of many voices, and the coming and going of many trains—we know by heart by this time. Whether more people came to Doncaster than did four or five years ago is a doubtful point. Some old *habitués* thought this time there was a falling off in the attendance; others pronounced it greater than ever. For our own part, we did not perceive much difference. There was the same crowd—we felt sure of that—and whether a thousand or two more or less helped to form its whole was immaterial. The town of Doncaster is not nice on the Leger Day, whatever it may be (we do not commit ourselves to any opinion) at other times, and it was as disagreeable as usual on this occasion. The space before the Rooms was a block, and inside there were unmistakable signs that Seymour would start first favourite. Craig Millar was also on the up line; but there were disquieting rumours

about Dreadnought, whose leg had filled, it was said; at all events, something had happened, and a well-meant tip sent to the 'Van' driver from the cavalry barracks at Windsor came to nothing. Gilbert could not be said to be in very good odour, but then neither was he in bad; and the rush on Seymour at the last was tremendous. The show in the paddock was a mild one, and there is no doubt that Balfe and St. Leger were the gentlemen of the lot. Earl of Dartrey had thickened a little, but nothing could make him a good-looking horse; and Craig Millar had put on some muscle, but still there was nothing of a Leger winner about him to the eye. Balfe was trained to perfection; and the deluded ones who had professed to believe in New Holland as the best of the pair must have been highly pleased with the latter's appearance, for he lathered tremendously before Parry got on his back; and yet, twenty-four hours previously, those clever bookmakers brought him to 100 to 6! It's wonderful how they do it; but they do. St. Cyr was knocked out to 25 to 1, and his coach-horse companion Rabagas II. had actually the call of him. Gilbert, though a big, powerful-looking horse, did not seem to have improved, and his running proves how much his supporters took for granted. As we have before remarked, we never could quite understand why Gilbert was a favourite, except that, of course, it being such a bad year, anything might win. He had beaten Spinaway when there were reasons for thinking she was not herself, and on that ground his supporters declared they knew he was a good horse. It was one of those inexplicable fancies that seize hold of racing men and racing analysts, and which becomes an obstinacy not to be shaken. 'Gilbert will win the Leger; I *know* he is 'a good horse,' was constantly dinned into our ears; and when we merely asked for proof of his goodness, we were snubbed and told we knew nothing about it. The horse had been stopped in his work, in consequence of 'warbles'—he had not been tried—and it was very doubtful if Count de Lagrange much fancied him; but still his infatuated backers went on proclaiming he would win. We think, in addition to this being called 'the 'year of mediocrities,' or 'the bookmakers' year,' another name might be added—'the Gilbert hallucination year.' His followers were staunch though, we must say, for when the poor beast got leg-weary, they said he had 'broken 'down.' He certainly, when Fordham, who had the mildest opinion of his mount, pulled up, looked as if to 'rest and be thankful' was his only desire. As for the others, we did not much take stock of them, and certainly preferred the chance of Balfe and our little St. Leger to anything in the race.

It is never right we think, as a rule, to listen to what ought to have won a race, but to give all honour to the horse that first catches the Judge's eye. We are not disposed to give much honour to Craig Millar, because we think him a bad horse; but we are bound to say that he won the Leger very easily, and that though Seymour broke down, and St. Leger was knocked about, yet we doubt if the result could have been altered. Some people believed that but for these mishaps Joseph Dawson would have been first and second, which might have been the case; we can't say. St. Leger is a particularly nice little horse—a perfect beauty on a small scale—and being a little one, would naturally suffer more from a bumping than the others: Rabagas II., for instance, who if he had been knocked over at the bend would have broken no hearts but the bookmakers'. Newmarket, with its once strong team, was fain to put up with second and third honours; and the people who said Balfe wasn't in it ought to feel ashamed of themselves. And here we venture to say a word to our friends the prophets, especially those who went for Gilbert. We approach the subject with some trepidation, because a prophet is as a light on a hill, and

we feel that to question the truth and wisdom of his utterances might involve us in tribulation. But still we cannot help wondering why they selected Gilbert in preference to the horses Balfe and Earl of Dartrey, whom they had seen very nearly get the course at Ascot. It is true the Earl of Dartrey had run badly since then, and lay under the imputation of being a rogue; but it was known he was a different horse from what he was at Goodwood, and what a rogue has done once he may do again. Balfe, it was also known, had been very much knocked about in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and but for that Cannon felt sure he could have been first or second. Now, here were two horses—not first-class, doubtless, but as there was nothing first-class left in the race, that did not matter; here were two horses, we repeat, whose public form we knew something about, while all that was known about Gilbert was that he once beat Spinaway over a mile and a half. The horse ran untried, and it was a doubtful point whether he carried the confidence of Count de Lagrange. But some of our most distinguished analysts seem to have been eaten up with him, and, without any proof, declared they knew he was a good horse. When pressed to say on what they grounded their knowledge, they said somewhat mysteriously that they knew, and that was all. Now, poor Gilbert, who thus had a greatness thrust upon him which if he had been aware of would probably have much astonished him, ran a very moderate horse in the Leger, and then it was made out that he had broken down, the fact being that he pulled up leg-weary. How much better now if they had gone for the two horses we have named, the second and third in the Leger. They might have gained some credit and renown then. We do not blame them for not selecting Craig Millar, for no one could think about him; and it is said, indeed, that some of his own stable had but a poor opinion of his merits. We ventured, in our humble and amateur way, to select Balfe in the last 'Van' as the horse with the best credentials; and oh! the playful witticisms, the sarcastic pity on our imbecility with which our friends and acquaintance made merry! They none of them have had the grace to apologize since, but are most of them very busy blowing Cesarewitch trumpets, though as yet the sounds are uncertain.

There was a fine race for the Portland Plate on the off-day between Grand Flaneur, who won this race two years ago as a three-year-old, and Queen of the Bees, and the latter would probably have reversed places with the winner if she had got off as well as he did. As it was, it was a very close finish, and W. Challoner, who rode the winner, seemed very glad when it was over. Mr. Vyner's Robin, too, was only a neck behind the second; but the great favourite, Thuringian Prince, was nowhere, and as he had a good start there could be no excuse for him. Conspiracy, too, who got well away, 'cracked' at the distance, and there was a good deal of cannoning, we believe, almost inseparable from a race of this description. Queen of the Bees was backed for a good deal of money, and so was the winner, who improved much on his York form. The three-quarters of a mile some people thought would hardly suit Farnese in the 10 Sovs Sweepstakes, and the bookmakers fielded strongly; but the good-looking roarer won cleverly from All Heart, though we are not sure that the former wanted much more. Cat's Eye, the four-year-old, showed them such a clean pair of heels in the Alexandra Plate that they never saw which way he went, but Bedford Lodge did not seem to fancy him much, for he started at 10 to 1, and we believe carried very little of the stable money. The great surprise was reserved for the last day in the Cup, for which many men waited to get their money back, and by rule, unfortunately too much made and provided, only got deeper in. Marie Stuart was the favourite—not looking so well as she was at Brighton, but still she was thought

good enough, well or ill, to give 7 lbs. to Fraulein and 5 lbs. to Louise Victoria. Mr. Gomm's mare was quite out in the cold, and we believe her owner did not trust her with very much. And yet she ran much better than most people thought, or perhaps remembered, in the Yorkshire Handicap, and might have been much nearer the winner if she had been persevered with. Admiral Rous said, indeed, that she had 3 lbs. the best of the weights; but whether he proclaimed this on the house-top we are not aware; we presume he did not, or surely some would have followed so straight a tipster. Simon was started to make the running for Marie Stuart, and Fraulein laid off, the two mares biding their time until at the Red House they made their way to the front, and Marie Stuart soon after, on Simon's retreat, took up the running. But it was evident as they approached the bend that Fraulein was only waiting at the favourite, for soon after passing that spot she took the lead, and won, we are inclined to think, very easily by a length and a half. This was enough; and over the subsequent victories of Aragon, Le Friponne, and Skotzka we draw a veil. It was not a pleasant ending by any means, and we *did* hear that the settling on the following Monday was not so good as could be wished. But then, backers are not like the Tennysonian brook; they cannot 'go on 'for ever.'

We have been favoured with extracts from a diary of doings with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, which we give:—

August 10th. Cloutsham.—The opening day, and a very big field. Found near Luckham, laid on Cloutsham Ball at 4·15, and drove a big deer to sea at Porlock Weir at 5.20, having come nearly the whole way through the coverts, though at a pace that had reduced the field to a very few at the time the stag entered the water; but plenty came up before he was brought to land, and one gentleman claimed the *brush* on the strength of his performance.

August 13th. Culbone Stakes.—Found in Ashley Plantations, and drove another heavy deer to sea below Glenthorne in less than three-quarters of an hour. He went out a long way, with the whole pack swimming after him, but was brought in and killed. The field behaved very badly, heading the deer whenever he tried to come up over. It being comparatively early, the Master drew the plantations again with the pack, and soon had a brace of stags on foot. One went out over Porlock Common, and, after a good though not very straight hunting run of some three hours, was taken in the Horner water; but being a young one, he was spared.

August 17th. Cloutsham.—Blank day, and it came on so thick in the afternoon that hunting would have been impossible anyhow.

August 20th. Hawkcomb Head. Found and laid on in Ashley Plantations. Ran over the commons by the head of Chalk water to the head of Chetsford water, as if pointing for Horner. Here turned to the right, and went by Larkborough and Tom's Hill to Badgworthy water, Trout Hill, Coombe, over Badgworthy Common, Brendon Common, and by Brendon two gates to Exehead, and over Titchcoombe to the Barle at Driber, about fourteen miles over the finest part of the moor, in less than one hour and a quarter. Here he soiled, and then went up the Acland Allotment to Bray Common, turned to the right to Misworthy, down the Bottom to East Down Wood. Broke from this at the top, and went along the ridge, passing to the left of High May Church to Barton Wood, where there was a long check; and they changed on to a hind, but they presently fresh found him near the water, and raced him nearly down to Newtown Bridge, and up again almost to Hole water, a little below which they pulled him down on Withygate Farm. Distance, a good twenty miles. Time from the find, two hours and fifty minutes.

August 23rd. Wheddon Cross.—Found three deer directly in Oaktrow Wood, laid on upon the best of them near Steerts about 12·15. Scent was bad, and they changed on to a hind going up the coverts. So it was some time before they brought the line up from Mansley Bottom, and over Dunkerry to Horner. Here there was a very long check, and it seemed as if the day's sport was over, for the hounds were soon running hinds in all directions, and Arthur, in the Bottom, could not hear the holloas of those who saw a stag lie down on Dunkerry, opposite Cloutsham Ball. At last, however, he got his hounds together, and at 4·45 roused him at Aller Coombe. He went away at first as if for Luckham, then turned to the right round the hill, across Annie Coombe up to Span Gate, down into the coverts, up the Mansley Bottom, and over Dunkerry again, the same line as in the morning, almost into Horner, short of which he turned to the right to Luckham, where they pulled him down on dry land, within a field of the church, at five minutes to six.

August 27th and August 30th were on the Quantocks. A deer was killed each day, but without showing any sport.

September 3rd. Anstey Burrows.—A very heavy deer was killed near Dulverton, after about forty minutes up and down the coverts and river.

September 7th. Yard Down.—Found in East Down Wood. He went up the Bottom by Maxworthy, and over Bray Common and the Mole's Chamber Allotment, where the pack was laid on soon after one o'clock. They ran by Pinkery Pond, over the Chains, Hoar Oak water, Cheriton Ridge, Farleigh water, Brendon Common, and Badgworthy to Badgworthy water, where there was a little slow hunting. Across the water, just below the Doone's Cottages, over Mr. Snow's deer-park, Oare Common, Mill Hill, and Black Burrow to Hawkcomb Head, down the Skillets, from which he broke to the left over Porlock Common as far as the road, but backed it again to Skillets, and crossed by Lucott into Horner, where he was taken in the water just below Stoke Pero Church. Time, two hours and forty minutes from laying on. Distance, some twenty-five miles, all across the moor, one of the best runs for years.

September 10th. Mountsey Hill Gate.—Soon killed a very heavy deer near Marsh Bridge. Found again in Bradley Ham soon after four, and killed near Bury village at a quarter past nine. Mostly through covert, except when he broke away over Winsford Hill and South Hill from the Barle valley to the Exe; and the last three hours he never left Haddon. A very good day's work for the hounds.

Sept. 14th. Hawkcomb Head. Found a brace of stags in Park Wood. The first broke at the southern end and went away right among the field, as if for Skillets, but being frightened by a dog when crossing the road, he fell and broke both fore legs below the knee. Soon after another went away on the other side, and upon him the pack was laid on about half-past one. He went up over Porlock Hill to Hawkcomb Head, and by Black Burrow, the East Lynn, Mill Hill, Chalk water, Stowford Bottom, and Oare Common, to the Badgworthy water, in which we saw him lying just above the Tom's Hill fence. The hounds meanwhile had checked, so we said nothing about it, while Arthur cast the hounds back, and he was thus enabled to get a little law, and go over the hill, up Trouthill Coombe, and across a bit of the North Forest on to Brendon Common, and by Brendon two gates to Farleigh water; across Cheriton Ridge, and to Hoar Oak water, a quarter of a mile below the Oak, from which they ran him down the stream for near two miles, till they finally pulled him down in Lyn Combe Bottom, below Cheriton Mill. He was a heavy deer, and, but for a good many checks, would never have got so far.

However, between whiles they went a tidy pace, doing the twelve or thirteen miles in an hour and thirty-five minutes, and it was a very pretty run.

We have lost Sir Richard Bulkeley, one of the old school and the old generation whose ranks are now so rapidly closing in. During his long and honourable career on the Turf—we find his colours so far back as 1831—nobody was more respected than the owner of the luckless Old Calabar. For some years he sat for Anglesey; but he was more of the sportsman than the politician, though he found ample time and leisure for the cultivation of those refined tastes that made him so popular in society. He was a hunting man, too, and lived for some time, in his early days, with Sir Harry Goodriche at Melton, but we do not believe he was a bruising rider. He was a great find at the Holywell Hunt Meeting, a famous gathering some forty or fifty years ago, one of the old-fashioned county affairs kept up entirely by the county families of Cheshire, Lancashire, and Flintshire; and there Sir Richard used to run Birdcatcher, Pickpocket, and others, and the brown jacket was often to the fore. He had many trainers in his time, but finished up with Matthew Dawson at last. He had been a good gentleman jock in his day, and once beat, at Croxteth Park, that celebrated performer the late Lord Howth. Sir Richard had a particular charm of manner which few could resist, and he was courtesy personified, emphatically a sportsman and a gentleman.

The readers of 'Baily,' in common with a large circle of friends and acquaintance, heard with much regret of the death of Major Henry Leveson, better known to the world at large as 'The Old Shekarry.' A stirring and eventful life was his—a life of camps, travel, and adventure from his early days, when he entered the India Company's service, up to within the last two or three years. His first active service may be said to have been in the Crimean War, when he offered his sword to the Turkish Government, and was employed by it, first at Bucharest and then in Anatolia, where he won distinction by his excellent military survey of the country. Lord Raglan soon afterwards recognised Major Leveson's ability by appointing him to the Staff of the Turkish division, and the efficiency of that contingent was mainly due to his untiring activity and zeal. He was at the Alma; he commanded a brigade in the countermarch to the south side of Sebastopol, and he was wounded at Balaclava. In the bloody fight at Inkerman, Major Leveson had his horse killed under him by a shell, which wounded himself, and he subsequently received three bayonet wounds, one on the head, for which he had to undergo trepanning. He remained on active service all through the war, was present before Sebastopol, and took part in several engagements there. In 1866 he was at Lagos, on the west coast of Africa, where his military experience and his determined force of character were instrumental in checking the warlike outbreaks of the natives. It was here that, in an engagement with 1,200 of them, fully armed with cannon and muskets, Major Leveson received a frightful wound in his jaw, which we believe never properly healed, and was a source of great torture to him. We cannot, in the space at our command, follow Major Leveson throughout his adventurous career. Sufficient here to remark that he might be said to have finished his military life in Abyssinia, where he was engaged in raising a force against King Theodore; and that he subsequently volunteered to head a search expedition for Livingstone, but the Geographical Society, though Lord Granville recommended that Major Leveson's services should be secured, turned the cold shoulder on the gallant officer. The pen of 'The Old Shekarry' was never idle, even when his sword found occupation. 'The Forest and the Field,' 'The Hunting-Grounds 'of the Old World,' 'The Camp Fire,' 'Hints to Sportsmen,' &c., are all

well-known works; while the columns of this magazine have been enriched by many valuable papers from his practised hand. His style was light and charming; his conversational powers were high, and he was one of the most agreeable of *raconteurs*. Though he had mixed so much with all classes and degrees of men, and 'seen the world' in a fashion not given to every one to see it, Major Leveson was possessed of great simplicity of character, and his disposition was as gentle and affectionate as a woman's. He died before his time, his naturally strong constitution worn out by internal and almost perpetual hemorrhage, the result of one of the many wounds received in fighting his country's battles. Peace to him!

And touching on matters theatrical, we have of course been to see the play with the terrible name, 'The Shaughraun,' and a rattling good play it is. Nothing very novel about it, and the incidents and characters such as Mr. Boucicault has made good use of in his many Irish dramas, where escaped rebels, and interesting convicts, charming old priests, and more charming heroines, the most lovable of ne'er-do-weels, and the most villainous thing in spies, are all friends with whom we have had a long acquaintance. Mr. Boucicault's latest production boasts not the interest that attached to 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' a play in which the love-making was as important as the disloyalty; neither has he had such a story to work upon as when he gave us 'The Colleen Bawn;' but still 'The Shaughraun' is dramatic to a degree and full of effective situations, which, if not new, are as telling as if they were. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, the latter of whom, it is stated, took the part of Moya at almost a moment's notice, bear the burden and heat of the play, for the other characters, with the exception of Harry Duff, a police spy, admirably played by Mr. Sheil Barry, are but lay figures. Miss Rose Leclercq, however, deserves more than a word of praise for her delineation of Grace Ffolliott. She looked the part of the Irish young lady to perfection, and though she had little to do except to subdue with her bright eyes the mild young commander of the detachment at Ballyragget, and to charmingly coquet with him in the only love-making scene in the play, she did this very prettily indeed, like a lady, and like an Irish girl too. Miss Dalton made a very stiff Arte O'Neale, and entirely missed the one point she could have made, and Mr. David Fisher seemed hardly at home as Father Dolan. Mr. Sinclair, in the *rôle* of the villainous agent, wore the traditional white cord breeches and green coat, which, with a red wig, have been the squireen's attire from immemorial time; but beyond that, there was nothing remarkable in the personation. Conn was the life and soul of the piece. When he appeared a titter ran through the house; when he winked his eye there was a roar; when he pretended to be penitent after a jobation from Father Dolan, how we all laughed. And how ably Moya seconded him. True, she is but a mild edition of Arrah Meelish, and the author has not been kinder to her than he has been to Grace Ffolliott; but the little given her to do is done in a way that reminds us of a certain colleen bawn who stole the hearts of Londoners, we forget how many years ago. The scenery is beautiful, and Mr. Chatterton has evidently, as the phrase goes, 'spared no expense.' The revolving tower that shows us first Ffolliott's cell, from which he attempts to escape, and then the exterior walls, with himself and Conn in the act of escaping, is a triumph of scenic and mechanical art. The dialogue, action, *mise en scène*, all have a 'go' in them unmistakable. Nothing hangs fire; and though all the lovers—and here we may remark as curious that Mr. Boucicault with so many lovers has given us but a modicum of love—are united in a smugglers' cave in the last scene, we know that this, albeit slightly absurd, is in the fitness of theatrical

things, and that we should none of us be pleased if the curtain fell on any uncertainty on that point. 'The Shaughraun' is not the 'Colleen Bawn,' neither is it 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' but it is a stirring, effective drama, the success of which—and this is undoubted—shows us what a hold a few romantic though hackneyed incidents, when strung together by a master-hand, have on the playgoing mind.

But if people want to laugh they should go and see that young fellow, Charles Mathews, before he goes to India, play the part of a charmingly wicked father to a nice young man of a son. 'My Awful Dad'—could he not have found a better title?—is a two-act farce brimming over with absurdity, and when we say that one of the main incidents is the visit of a lovely client to the Temple, to consult a barrister, and Charles Mathews, as the scapegrace father, receives her in his son's wig and gown, which he has hastily donned to conceal the costume of Punch that he has just been trying on as a rehearsal for a *bal costume*, we think we have correctly described it. The veteran revels in the part; his spirits never flag from the first moment when he enters his son's chambers in evening dress, just as that sober individual has finished his breakfast, down to the time when he delivers his neat tag and brings the curtain down amidst 'loud cheers from all parts of the house.' The disreputable scrapes he gets into, his visiting acquaintance in Brompton and the Wood, the dinners he goes to at Richmond with Music Hall celebrities, and the lectures he submits to from his son with a sort of comic penitence must be seen—cannot be described. Of course, the father has all the women on his side, who declare him to be the most charming of men, while their opinion that the son is a muff is universal. We are afraid the moral of the piece would hardly do for Mr. Podsnap's 'young person,'—but then we have no 'young persons' nowadays whose morals are at all likely to be affected. That women, young and old, prefer a sinner to a saint has, if not so set down in writing, been an imputation under which the sex have long laboured. If it is not true, they have only themselves to thank for the untruth, for they have done much to strengthen the belief. But moral or no, let all of us men and women go and see the piece. As Mrs. Jarley said of her waxwork, 'Such an opportunity may never occur again.' Never mind the morals.

We do *not* mind the morals; nobody can accuse us of such conduct; but still we prefer decent-looking and capable people on the stage, and though we had thought that Opera Bouffe was stamped out, or nearly so, we find the article alive, and in some sense kicking. There was an exhibition, in the early part of last month at the Charing Cross Theatre, of men who could not sing, and semi-nude women who could not act, which fell to pieces from sheer vulgarity and incapability; but still at the Opera Comique the 'Grand Duchess' with Mdlle. D'Anka in Schneider's *rôle*, in some sort flourishes. And Mr. Fairlie opened the Globe with a dreary version of the dreary 'Brigands' of Offenbach. He has secured Miss Nelly Bromley to take the part of the Prince of Boboli, and in that he has done well. Never before has Miss Bromley looked so charming as the Prince, and her dress, or, rather, two dresses, were simply (especially the first) perfection. She sang a pretty air, too, in the last act with taste and feeling. But oh, Mr. Fairlie, where did you get and how did you dress the others? A Fal-sac-appa, all eyebrows and burnt cork, his subordinates perfectly incapable of getting any fun—to be sure, the librettist (oh, breathe not his name!) had not done much for them—out of their parts; walking ladies who did not even take the trouble to walk decently; and only Mdlle. Camille Dubois to keep Miss Bromley in countenance. In fact, it was to the latter lady we are indebted for any enjoyment

we got from the 'Brigands.' When she was on the stage we could not help but be pleased; with her exit, all the world of the 'Brigands' went with her. Now why is this? Why bring out an incomplete article? Is it because at a dull season of the year the unfortunate people left in London are suffered to be glad to put up with anything? We don't think, however, the experiment was a success. There were unmistakable signs of 'paper' when we visited the Globe, and we should think Mr. Fairlie must have repented him of his 'Brigands.' Miss Bromley has our sincere condolences. We hope to see her this winter in better company.

It is pleasant to record the unqualified success that attaches to the performance of 'Our Boys' at the Vaudeville after running over two hundred nights. At the time of its production we alluded to the meritorious character of the play, and we see no reason why, in the ordinary course of things, it should not continue to keep its place in the bills for months and months to come. Not only the excellence of the acting, but the freshness of the whole plot is a treat of no ordinary kind; and those who have not yet been present have only themselves to blame if they neglect the opportunity now offered to them of enjoying an evening's genuine entertainment.

After a short interval, during which the house has been thoroughly brightened up, the little Strand has again opened its doors, and its patrons have returned in crowds to welcome their old favourites. The novelty in the present programme is a new *folie musicale* called 'Flamingo,' being an adaptation of 'Gavant, Minard et Cie.' which has been frequently played by the French companies in London. Of the merits of this composition we shall not now stop to speak, but, as usual, with all Mrs. Swanborough brings out, the setting of the piece is of the most *recherche* description, and meets with an enthusiastic reception at each representation.

Of all the doughty deeds that have been blazoned on the scroll of English history for ages past, none stand out in bolder relief than Captain Webb's great feat of swimming across the Channel in this year of grace 1875. The task was one that called forth such pluck and endurance as could only probably be found in one man living, and every true Briton must share in the satisfaction that an English sailor has accomplished such a marvellous exploit. It is enough to say that not even—

> 'Leander, who was nightly wont
> (What maid will not the tale remember?)'

to cross the Hellespont, could boast of such a performance. Trusting to nothing but his own stout heart, the gallant Captain succeeded in crossing the 'silver streak;' and now his name is applauded throughout the length and breadth of the land. His guerdon from the British public will, no doubt, be a goodly one, as it deserves to be; but we would fain hope that his modest merit will not be allowed to seek the shade, and that some one of the statesmen who direct our destinies will see fit in their wisdom to take the hero by the hand, and place him where he may still distinguish himself in some useful capacity.

If 'Caveat Emptor,' the lawyer who wrote an amusing as well as a valuable book, entitled the 'Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse,' is still in the land of the living, and has not yet concluded his 'search,' or found the horse exactly to his mind, we can give him a hint as to where and when he may probably discover the 'very thing' to suit him. On Thursday next, the 7th inst., Mr. Tattersall will offer for sale without any reserve, at Bellhus, Essex, the seat of Sir T. B. Lennard, about thirty hunters, capable of carrying

weight from eleven up to twenty stone. The horses have been selected with great care by Sir Thomas, who is an excellent judge of horseflesh, and himself a frequent performer in the pigskin. From an inspection which a friend of ours made within the last few days, we are able to state that there are really some very valuable horses amongst them, sound, with superb action, good manners, and up to any reasonable weight. Instead of buying 'pigs in pokes,' visitors will have the opportunity of having the horses jumped over several fences before their own eyes. In addition to the hunters, a few lots of blood stock will be offered, including Annette, the dam of Lady Mostyn, one of the smartest and soundest two-year-olds of the season; the young and but little-known stallion, Fenman, who, with the exception of Young Melbourne, has probably more length and greater bone than any thoroughbred horse at the stud, and these qualifications, combined with true and easy action, will also be offered to competition with but a slight reserve price.

The following 'over' of H. Jupp's has been sent us by an esteemed hand. In his early career Jupp was a bowler, and earned his first money in that capacity in local matches in 1860 till 1862, when he first played for the County. In 1862 he was bowling at Betchworth, under Box Hill, in a match, Betchworth *v.* Brockham. Hearing, on the morning of the match, that an amateur cricketer, who had passed the summer of 1860 at Brockham Green, had taken the same cottage again, Jupp kept a place for him in the eleven, and despatched a messenger to Betchworth station to waylay him and bring him to the cricket ground.

Scene at Betchworth station.

Dramatis personæ.—Paterfamilias (surrounded by children and luggage). Drunken Billy, Jupp's messenger, a well-known character.

D. B. (*loq.*) to Pater.: I say, maite, you be'unt to go whoam; Jupp says you are to come along o' me, and go in the match; I've got your bag. (Paterfamilias follows like a tame monkey.)

Scene II.—*Betchworth cricket ground.*

Enter at gate Paterfamilias. Drunken Billy, carrying bag. Nine wickets down on Brockham side. Much cheering by the spectators, who were afraid Brockham would play one absent. Paterfamilias takes off his coat and waistcoat, picks up a bat, and goes in.

Scene III.—*At the wicket.*

Jupp runs up to drop in a nasty one. Paterfamilias, who has not touched a bat that year, sees his death, and runs in in despair. A tremendous skyer follows; ball goes with a crash through an elm-tree a long way off and falls in river. Crowd go clean mad. Ten minutes' pause. The keeper has to be found, boathouse has to be unlocked, and ball fetched back.—Ball 2. Paterfamilias again urges on his wild career, and instead of crashing through elm-tree, ball goes over elm-tree into river. Keeper, boat, &c., as before. Crowd go *clean madder*.

Jupp (*loq.*): You in the boat, you stop there and field out.

Ball No. 3.—Quick, straight shooter. Exit Paterfamilias, who is invited to drink out of a thousand pots, more or less, and who has to shake numberless hands. Paterfamilias, his score—3 balls, 12 runs, and out.

Many of our readers will remember John Markwell, an old retainer of John Scott's stable when Whitewall's days were palmy. He was a great ally of Frank Butler's, and always put the saddle on for him, not allowing any one

else to interfere with what he considered his prerogative. He died about a fortnight since at Market Deeping, from carbuncle, in his seventy-fifth year.

We were not able, when in Yorkshire, to go to the late Sir George Cholmley's sale, which we regretted, because we should have seen a remarkable show, and, as regarded prices, a remarkable sale. There were some wonderfully good-looking young horses there, and we hear Sir George Wombwell secured a very handsome one in Pollux, a three-year-old by Theobald, for which he gave 470 guineas. This was a high figure, but we are told the horse is worth it, and looks all over like taking the prizes for the best four-year-old next summer.

The accident to the Box Hill coach—an accident which no one could foresee—gave the papers, sporting and otherwise, something to talk about, and as much was made out of it, certainly, as could be manufactured. It was an unfortunate affair, but not even Mr. Cooper's coachmanship could have prevented the inevitable spill. We are only thankful that matters were no worse. Though much bruised, one broken collar-bone was the only casualty among the eleven passengers. It was stated at first that there were 'sixteen,' and that, the weather being fine, they were all outsides. Now, as Mr. Cooper has steadfastly set his face against the 'knifeboard' business, this was hard. Where would they have been, we wonder, if there had been any extras on the roof when the crash came? Mr. Cooper's escape was almost miraculous, for he was under the coach. The latter, by-the-way, was not 'smashed to pieces,' as some vivacious scribes averred. One broken window, and the bending of a step were all the injuries she received; but as she wanted painting, &c., she is now being touched up, and will soon be on the road again. Mr. Cooper is now driving one of the Tunbridge coaches, which he sent for directly the proprietors had done with them; and we may mention that Mrs. Richards, the lady who had her collar-bone broken, *came up on the coach* from Burford Bridge on the 24th of last month, so the upset has not shaken her nerves. It has been insinuated, in a letter in a weekly sporting paper, that Mr. Cooper drives dangerous horses, unfit for any other purpose. Now, we acquit the writer of malice, but he must be a very ignorant person, and know nothing about Mr. Cooper, who—we appeal fearlessly to the coaching world for confirmation—is the very last person in the world to do such a thing. Noted for his steadiness as well as his skill, the idea of William Henry Cooper driving anything vicious or dangerous would make most coaching men smile. We are happy to say that he has quite recovered from the shaking, and that the Box Hill coach leaves Hatchett's each morning at 11, and returns from Burford Bridge every afternoon at 3, and will continue to do so until further notice.

Old John Andrews, who was Master of the Cleveland Hounds for fifty years, once gave the following singular advice to a legal supporter of the hunt:—'Never you write a letter, Mr. T——; the beggar always has it to show up against you.' This to a man to whom six and eightpence was as the breath of his nostrils, was an untoward remark.

A bishop somewhere *in partibus infidelium* was once on board a big steamer in a great storm, and on the captain telling him that they were in danger, the reverend father said to his chaplain, 'Let us pray.' After a while the captain informed him that the storm was getting worse, whereupon the bishop was much troubled, but again repeated the formula, 'Let us pray.' The captain came a third time with the intelligence that there was no hope, and that they must prepare themselves for another world. '*God forbid*,' said the bishop, '*let us pray*.'

R. Harcourt Tapper

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. R. HARCOURT CAPPER.

The Master of the Craven is the latest addition to our gallery. Mr. Harcourt Capper is the only son of the Rev. D. Capper of Lyston Court, Herefordshire, and, born in 1841, completed his education at Christ Church, Oxford, where an early liking for hound and horn developed into a passion for the noble sport. Mr. Capper's first essay as an M.F.H. was in 1869, when the Herefordshire country was divided into North and South; he taking the latter division and hunting it for one season. In 1872, upon Mr. Franklin giving up the Craven country, Mr. Capper succeeded him, and though he has laboured under some disadvantages up to the present time, in having to form a good pack of hounds, he has at last succeeded, and has got together, from the best bloods—the Belvoir, Grafton, Fitzwilliam, &c.—one second to none. On first taking the Craven, Mr. Capper found only part of a pack that had been lent to the Committee, and which were sold at the end of two years to Sir Reginald Graham. The new Master spared neither trouble nor expense in getting together his present one, and has been able to show very good sport with them since his tenure of office.

Mr. Capper is well supported by the landowners and farmers, with whom he is popular. He goes well to hounds, is very keen, is a good judge of a horse, and fond of his kennel. He married, in 1861, Julia, the eldest daughter of Henry Forde, Esq., of Abbeyfield Sandbach, Cheshire, by whom he has a numerous family. Mr. Capper, who formerly held a Captain's commission in the Herefordshire Volunteers, is a Deputy Lieutenant for that county, and a J.P. for Gloucestershire, Durham, and Northumberland.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

For some time past it has become apparent that a thorough revision and subsequent reconstruction of the laws of racing were urgently needed, and that it was incumbent upon the supreme Council of the Turf to set their house in order, garnishing it more in accordance with the spirit of the times, and relaxing the Median conservatism of its policy. No system of legislation can be finite or unalterable, and circumstances are continually springing up to modify old ideas and customs, and to break the barriers which lie on either side of the beaten track. Hence, by frequent alterations, codes and digests become mere patchwork systems, and utterly beyond recognition by their original framers and founders. It is better, then, that the entire edifice should be demolished, its foundations renewed, and the old material worked in with the new, so that the fabric should be restored at length to its original completeness. Accordingly, when it was unanimously decided by a large and very influential assemblage of the Jockey Club that the time had arrived for the work of revision to commence, their determination commanded the hearty approval of that large body of our countrymen of sporting proclivities having at heart the best interests of the Turf, whose applause found an echo in the hearts of the million who cling warmly to what some writer has designated 'the pastime of a great 'and free people.' Nor was satisfaction at the announcement of impending measures of reform in any degree lessened by the further intimation of the work having been placed in the hands of the Stewards of the Club, who, by reason of their position and experience, were clearly the men best qualified to carry out the scheme 'to be submitted to the Club at one of their earliest meetings 'next year.' We have greater faith in a small practical working body representing the august assemblage of the Turf Senate than in that multitude of counsellors which too often distracts, confounds, and retards, marring the smooth course of calm deliberation, and, with the best possible intentions, indulging in all sorts of vagaries and conceits. Almost every one has his pet hobby to air, and legislation, consequently, is wearily protracted, if the attempt to reduce it to shape be not altogether abandoned as a hopeless task. The Stewards will enter upon their arduous undertaking with the best wishes of the racing world for a happy consummation of their labours, and during the recess a good opportunity will be afforded for dispassionate consideration of topics which lose half their importance when attempted to be handled during the bustle and whirl of the racing season.

A number of minor alterations will suggest themselves at once to the merest casual student of racing law, but these petty reforms and small matters of detail need not be specified here. The rule with regard to the nomination of foreign horses cannot be too

strictly framed, as, in these days of so-called 'international sport,' many opportunities might present themselves to the crafty and designing of foisting upon us old lamps for new, and of ringing the changes by means of constant transmigrations and transfigurations of horses of the 'Trout' class. It is also very highly desirable that the whole subject of 'Fraudulent Entries' should be placed in a clearer light than that by which we now read the 18th rule and its riders. At present its construction is not so intelligible as it might be made, and though it may not be possible to drive the proverbial coach and six through it, there is considerable doubt as to the exact interpretation it should bear. Some distinction should be drawn between fraudulent entry and false description, for at present they are hopelessly jumbled together by the wording of the rule, and the latter source of perpetual disqualification cannot be said invariably to include the former.

As regards the *vexata quæstio* of nominations becoming void through the death of a subscriber, we must confess that, having viewed it in every possible aspect, we can come to no other conclusion upon it, than that the safest and wisest course to adopt is embodied in the maxim *quieta ne movere*. We fully admit the hardships attendant upon purchasers of animals liable to disqualification through the death of their original owners; but then, on the other hand, we are countered by the reasonable objection entertained by 'executors, administrators, and assigns' to accept the burden of responsibility attaching to matters of business, which cannot be settled with the same ease and despatch as the affairs of most persons after their decease. Imagine the incubus of the proverbial 'pyramid of forfeits' upon the breasts of those succeeding to such heritages of woe as a string of deeply engaged racehorses, especially in the case of heirs or successors who may chance to entertain widely different views as to the sport of kings from the dear departed. Would it be considered out of the way to suggest that some such sort of transaction as a 'fine' should take place between vendor and purchaser at the time of sale to enfranchise the latter with full power over his newly-acquired property, and that the particulars of such a transaction should be duly registered, and a small sum paid, let us say, to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund? One effect of the relaxation of the present rule as regards the voidance of nominations would be to deter large breeders who sell at Doncaster from making posterity responsible for long strings of Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, produce stakes, and other nominations; and although this risk might be obviated by postponing the date of entries for the above races until October, there are many reasons for retaining the old rule of closing lists of subscribers in July; not the least among them being that the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* sentiment which prompts owners to engage their youngsters so deeply, is too apt to grow cold in proportion as greater opportunities are allowed for ascertaining their merits by the enlargement of the time for sending in their nominations to Messrs. Weatherby. On the other hand, let it be fully understood that in no manner do we underrate the difficul-

ties, perplexities, and annoyances attendant upon the present practice of voidance; and we fully sympathise with Lord Rosebery in his efforts to abate a grievance of which we have had more than one instance of late years. The consideration of his Lordship's proposal, made previously to the 'revision' being undertaken by his colleagues in the Jockey Club, must necessarily form a subject for anxious deliberation among the Stewards delegated to advise and report upon a new code of racing law. There are so many arguments of 'abstract 'justice' to be advanced by both those anxious to retain and those willing to repeal the existing rule, that we do not wonder that the same number of the Calendar which records the result of the debate at Newmarket announces the election of Sir Samuel Martin as an honorary member of the august body of the Supreme Council of the Turf. The 'judicial mind' will clearly be required in the solution of more than one question affecting the future prosperity of racing; but this particular *nodus* strikes us as one which will involve still more hopeless entanglement the moment we attempt to unravel it, while it defies the precipitate action of a Gordius. We have encountered many, like ourselves deeply interested in the question, who have marched with forlorn hopes round the fortifications of 'the position' without finding any negotiable key to the stronghold short of the absolute destruction they would hesitate to compass. And we venture to predict that the Admiral and his assessors, however smooth they may find the sailing up to Rule 24, are likely enough to involve themselves in such a fog as led to the loss of the 'Vanguard,' and with much the same chance of a collision in the mid-channel of their 'revision' labours.

As closely connected with nominations, the nomenclature of our coursers of high pedigree must necessarily engross attention during such a discussion on the new code as seems likely to engage the triumvirs during the racing recess. With the 'Field,' in its denunciation of the many shortcomings of owners in omitting to name their horses, in repeating worn-out ones, and in conferring absurd and inappropriate titles, recently fulminated in a very timely article, we entirely agree, and much real good may be expected to result from the adoption of a few simple rules and regulations, whereby confusion may be rendered less confounded than at present. It cannot, of course, be dictated to owners what appellations they shall confer upon the animals destined to carry their colours, for the classical taste of the lower grades of Turf society cannot be expected to be of the same refined order as that which suggested names to a Derby, or which, in these present days, abides with Falmouth, Peel, and Strafford in their sponsorial capacities. And although such outrageously eccentric fancies of former times as 'Bloody Buttocks,' and 'Here-I-go-with-my-eye-out,' do not find expression in our day even among the *canaille* of the Turf, we have many examples of low taste and vulgarity which we can neither suppress nor reprove. But if the predilections of owners in naming their horses are bound to be respected, the Jockey Club can, at any rate, reasonably insist,

firstly, that a name of some sort should be given before the racer's entrance into public life; and, secondly, that names shall not be repeated until all danger of confusion in the 'Stud Book' shall be considered at an end. In any case of identity of nomenclature, the French rule should be adopted, of compelling a suffix of II. or III., as the case may be, after the repeated name. It would save much breath, and trouble in writing and printing, if foals were named and registered soon after birth; or at any rate, the christening ceremony should not be deferred until after their yearling days, when engagements have to be made. Since the death of Lord Glasgow, and the retirement of Mr. Merry, we have had fewer owners delighting in the 'great unnamed;' and many breeders, following the example of Mr. Cookson, have tried their hands in conferring 'winning names' upon their yearlings. For many years none of the nameless tribe have succeeded in pulling off any of the great three-year-old events, though one or two have been provokingly near, and some, like Favonius, have only saved their bacon by a few days. This, of itself, should deter owners from courting ill-fortune with Bribery and Make-shift colts, which nothing but indolence or perversity prevents them from converting into Savernakes and Pell Mells, before they are sent forth to win their spurs in earnest. Lastly, the name of a horse, conferred and registered, should be absolutely unchangeable at the caprice of even a new owner—a regulation likely to prevent the many misconceptions certain to arise from a practice too common among pariahs of the Turf, and calculated to upset some of those well-laid but nefarious schemes of 'ringing the changes' which crop up now and again in the practice of racing. The only exception to the proposed rule should be in the case (likely enough to occur with some frequency) of two owners having hit upon the same name for their foals or yearlings, when seniority in registration of colours should determine the affair. While so many coverts teeming with classical, mythological, and other appellations remain to be drawn, there can be no sort of excuse for owners in search of something appropriate repeating names familiar as household words, and calling some suburban crock after the title of some potent and noble seigneur of the Turf in days gone by.

The practice, now so sadly on the increase, of assuming fictitious names, is an evil which must be endured, so long as expediency demands a strict incognito on the part of certain participators in racing pursuits. The great unknowns and little-knowns of the Turf are at present under some sort of supervision, having to qualify for the use of the privilege (?) by certain payments; but here we think the same rule should apply as to horses, and that persons racing under assumed names should be compelled to retain the same pseudonym under which they originally elected to register their colours. Persons who are continually sailing under different flags (we are, of course, referring to bearers of assumed names) are justly looked upon as piratical cruisers; and the chameleon-like process can only be adopted for the purpose of mystification or deception, of which unde-

sirable qualities we have enough and to spare in other departments of the racing game. Some few years since, a most fortunate sportsman, either through a morbid dread of identification with the Turf, or for the purpose of blinking handicappers and the public, owned, from time to time, horses running in the name of half a dozen individuals of the 'Mrs. 'Arris' type, with different colours in each case; and we have remarked certain individuals who change their *nom de course* with each year as it comes round, and indulge in a corresponding variety of caps and jackets. It is curious, by-the-way, how many hangers-on of petty meetings, who own, perhaps, one leg of a suburban plater, register colours which are never sported at all, and how large a proportion of these petti-fogging gentry are not content with 'first colours,' but must need register second sets in the Calendar.

Passing on to forfeits and the Forfeit List, we find nothing to attract special attention until we arrive at the 35th rule, where we must call a halt, firstly, for the purpose of animadverting upon its construction when taken in connection with Rule 70, and, secondly, with the object of exposing certain hardships resulting from its application in practice. As they stand at present, these two rules cannot be read side by side without their contradictions becoming apparent; in fact, the first, as has been well remarked, 'com-'pletely overrides' the second, an occurrence not unfrequent in patchwork legislation, when regulations are framed to meet certain contingencies, without due regard being had to the spirit and scope of the entire code of which they form a part. Their aim and object are clearly apparent, but in terms they contradict one another; and the best remedy would seem to be to amplify Rule 35 so as to embrace all possible views of the question, and to expunge Rule 70 altogether from the list. By all means let a statute of limitations stand in the way of those who may be termed professional obstructives, but let the time within which the objection may be made be clearly defined in all cases. The notorious Ptarmigan case has been cited as inflicting peculiar hardships, the recurrence of which should be obviated by the use of language as clear as possible; but here we touch upon hitherto forbidden ground, having overstepped the boundary-line between racing and betting, which the common sense of most has proclaimed inseparable, but which the Jockey Club has seen fit to divorce by No. 10 of its 'Rules and Orders.' We are not entirely without hope, however, that, in the face of existing difficulties, and while the revision is on hand, the delegates of the Club may be induced to consider the policy and propriety of once more uniting these really inseparable interests under their rule, as arbiters of the destinies of the Turf. It is highly anomalous that Sport, so intimately connected with Speculation, should, nevertheless, be divided from her twin-sister in many cases of dispute, and that two distinct tribunals should be required to adjudicate upon the merits of certain causes arising out of racing and betting. We are quite certain that adequately experienced

arbitrators could be found among the ranks of members of the Jockey Club to command confidence and respect among all classes —men of high integrity, unblemished honour, and endowed with judicial capacity of sufficient calibre to pronounce judgment in ordinary cases, such as are brought under the cognisance of the Committee of Tattersall's. We have nothing to urge against that painstaking body, either as regards its constitution or the general fairness of its decisions, but it cannot be expected to sit permanently, and vexatious delays not unfrequently occur in cases demanding immediate solution. On the other hand, if betting were transferred to Jockey Club jurisdiction, there would be no difficulty in finding at any of the frequently recurring important meetings of the season a quorum of their Committee appointed to adjudicate upon betting disputes, who might determine the case upon the spot, without any necessity for disturbing the harmony of settling day, through dissentients refusing to liquidate.

Only lately it appears to have become apparent to those holding high positions in the betting world, as members of Tattersall's and the principal London Clubs, that something must be done to make the company in special inclosures, for which an extra fee is charged, more select than recent experiences have proved these 'high places' to be. If we understand the proposition aright, it is for members of the ring to obtain their diplomas of respectability and solvency from the Jockey Club, or rather from a 'licensing' Committee of that body; and further, that some distinguishing badge should be worn by those certified as entitled to bet within the jurisdiction of the authorities. We have no hesitation in asserting that the separate ring established at all our important meetings for 'members of 'Tattersall's only' is a lamentable delusion in many cases, and that it contains an undesirable sprinkling of goats among the sheep. This undesirable state of affairs arises (in most cases, we are willing to believe,) from carelessness on the part of officials; but those interested in the financial success of meetings too often wink at such irregularities, and cannot find it in their hearts to turn away good money. Outsiders there always will be to minister to the wants of clients in a small line of business; but there is no reason why they, too, should not receive certificates, and thus the evils of welshing would be materially lessened, if not entirely removed. The betting ring is so intimately bound up with the Turf, that its recognition, and consequent regulation, should not be omitted in any scheme of Turf reform, and a favourable opportunity now presents itself for, as they say in public offices, 'remodelling the department.' Half the supposed evils of betting would disappear under proper organisation of its machinery; but the hole-and-corner system, under which it is at present followed in too many cases, imparts a needless air of mystery to proceedings merely partaking (in their natural state) of the character of ordinary business.

The labours of those to whom the task of revision has been entrusted will be lightened by the consideration that a great work of

utility will be accomplished through their application to the allotted task. It will not be the light and easy business that so many *dilettanti* reformers would have us to believe; and even when the scheme has been perfected to the utmost ability of 'Friends in Council,' it will have to encounter successively the ordeals of criticism by colleagues in the Turf parliament and of public opinion. Necessities for reconstruction of racing law arise but seldom; but when the time is ripe for action, the subject must be handled with all the nicety that skill, judgment, and experience can supply. We need not fear the adoption of extreme measures, nor the introduction of any of those radical changes which convulse for a time the society upon which they are intended to operate. There is still a solid substratum of conservatism underlying the ground upon which the ploughshare of reform is to be set at work, and we trust that it may be said of the scheme, when presented for final ratification to the Jockey Club, that

> 'Tis not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well ripened fruit of long delay.'

Ghosts of former occupants of the old-world stands on Newmarket Heath might flee in dismay during their search after ancient landmarks of the days when 'specials' were unknown, and when no plebeian influence intruded itself upon the aristocratic seclusion of the fathers of the Turf. But recent reforms, more in accordance with the spirit of the times, betoken that *auspicium melioris ævi* which opens the gates of sport to its humble votaries without abating the dignity of its supreme arbitrators; and we hail the present movement as one likely to confer lasting benefits upon a pursuit which must engross the sympathies and affections of our hours of leisure for all time.

AMPHION.

FROM KNAVESMIRE TO PENHILL.

UNSATIATED by many weeks of turf wandering, commencing on a course from which Rosebery Topping seems on a clear day little more than rifle-shot distance, and ending at the Rowley Mile finish, with shouts of 'Munden' in the air, the writer of these veracious lines availed himself of three blank days to make a long-deferred pilgrimage to that far Yorkshire district whose every hillside and hamlet bears a name chronicled in racing history. Not unpleasant was it, for once in a way, to tread the platform at King's Cross unsolicited for probable starters and likely winners, and with no care as to whether Mr. Griffin, the sporting reporter of the 'Morning Mercury,' would arrive in good time to occupy the seat fiercely defended on his behalf, or, according to his scandalous custom, saunter leisurely into the station as the wheels of the engine made their first revolution. It was not unpleasant to recline on a cushion, and know that you would not presently be asked to give it up for conversion

into a Bluff or Napoleon table. The talk of an opposite neighbour, too, strongly as it smacked of rewarmed 'Saturday Review,' was, at any rate, better hearing than those incessant cries of 'I was a fool to 'come in on two eights!' 'Yes!' 'Taken a pool at last!' that weary the ears of racebound travellers. Smooth and speedy is the journey to that dear old minster city on the Ouse, in whose clean, narrow streets life seems to be dozed away as in another Sleepy Hollow, save at 'York August' or assize times. A long, refreshing sleep, an awakening made strange by the soundless streets, a delightful Yorkshire breakfast in the comfortable coffee-room at 'Harker's' (whose visitors' book holds the names of half-travelling America), and a furtive inspection of the Sunday-clothed crowds making their way to those seven or eight and twenty churches that are not more than sufficient for the requirements of so decorous a population. And what pretty girls help to make up the congregations! Surely five minutes' gaze from a York window on Sunday morning must be fatal to the peace of mind of bachelor or widower who has not yet reached his sixtieth year. So at least thinks the writer as he looks out from his corner of vantage, and so, too, he thinks as, making his way through the thoroughfares, again well-nigh silent, he seeks in vain for the barber, whose absence has ofttimes before caused him woe and perturbation of spirit. Yet to be written are the sorrows of the unfortunate unable to shave himself. What recollections are aroused of vain searches for the man of razor and basin at Saltburn, of weary waitings for the peripatetic sud creator at Singleton, of the shame of an unshorn chin so far overpowering modesty as to render welcome the offices of the waiter at a refreshment booth on Ascot Heath, even though they were tendered on the course itself in broad sunlight, and in the midst of an attentive throng of list men, welshers, and all the dingy camp followers of the great Turf army. Procured at much trouble and cost, the longed-for man is at length presented. He maintains, not unworthily, the traditions of his calling, although if equally fluent of tongue with the babbling Bagdad shaver of 'Arabian Nights' renown, he does not go the length of 'singing the song, and dancing the dance of Zantout.' Sport of all kinds, but especially horse-racing, is beloved of the craft throughout Britain, and most of all in Yorkshire. It is no surprise, then, when, after commencing cautiously with allusions to the historical associations of old Ebor, and working gradually up to its neighbourhood, he at last leads the discourse to Fairfield, and, finding that a key-note is touched, boldly winds up with a leading question about Cœruleus's chance for the Cambridgeshire. The walk to Knavesmire a couple of hours later, made familiar by many a pleasant stroll on Convivial, and Prince of Wales's, and Gimcrack days, seems incomplete without the rattle of fly wheels, the call of card sellers, and constant salutations from the race-goers of the Riding. The big pasture itself contrasts strangely with the Knavesmire last seen five weeks before, when people were straining their eyes to find whether Thunder could lessen the advantage that his erratic starting had given to Spin-

away and Lily Agnes. Bleak is the look-out from the battered two-mile post, and even the grazing cattle and horses seem tucked up and depressed by the chill October morning. The only human beings in sight are a rustic beauty, seated under the trees, with the dreadfully conscious air that tells of an expected 'young man,' and a great, hulking yokel nursing a child, all red cloak and squalls. The Woodside, against whose dark foliage the yellow jacket of Rufford, Lord Falmouth's black and white, and Mr, Houldsworth's time-honoured green and gold, but lately showed out so bright and distinct, is fast losing its leaves; and as we tread the ground where Springfield paced to and fro ere summoned to settle Twine the Plaiden, and other Gimcrack candidates, the grand stand hitherto associated with all that is most lively and agreeable, is now unpleasantly suggestive of a mausoleum in its cold and bare stateliness. The weighing-room door, thronged when last seen with dapper steed controllers, is close locked, and there is a melancholy void in the reporters' gallery, whence its industrious occupants, favoured by position, are sometimes wont to bet a welcome last day's 'fiver' if their practised eyes have marked some incident unnoticed by the crowd below. Most forsaken of all seem the benches at the lower end of the inclosure, where little coteries of queer sporting Yorkshire characters are wont to take their seats on the sunny August race afternoons, and, moistening their throats in the course of half-hourly visits to the neighbouring refreshment counter, smoke, and chaff, and talk horse most pleasantly until the card is worked through. Some rough-looking fellows saunter past the back of the building, with varmint attendants at their heels, slouching along with the gait that seems almost peculiar to dogs of dishonest vocation out for Sunday-morning exercise, and presently two of them join battle, and snarl, and bite, and roll over in the mud, to the dull approval of their owners, whose sole comment on the fray, delivered with the broadest North Riding drawl, is that, 'Them pair's had a set-to 'before.' Far pleasanter is the sight of the thrushes hanging in cages from the wall of the dwelling portion of the Stand, although they gaze so wistfully with bright eyes, and brush spotted breasts so eagerly against the prison bars, that temptation rises strong to release the pretty captives, and send them to rapturous hours of snail-hunting in the Scarcroft hedge bottoms.

The sun still hides behind ominously dark clouds, and a brisk stretch to the end of the T.Y.C. and back is more becoming than the laggard pace of our lounge as yet. It will take us, besides, over ground teeming with associations to one who has studied the Turf history of Knavesmire very zealously, and can ponder at any time in a happy day-dream, when treading with solitary footsteps the grass of a northern racecourse. There is an attraction about the far back records of the York Meeting that somehow seems lacking even in the chronicles of early racing on Newmarket Heath. Perhaps this feeling is one unshared by others, and has its origin in youthful impressions and early heard tales of Yorkshire racing notabilities, two-legged and equine. But, without throwing down any gauntlet

on behalf of the northern Turf, it is reasonable to suppose that the fact of the great county being for a long time the chief nursery of thoroughbred stock, and its wolds and moors particularly suitable for the creation of horse-training establishments, caused such wide-spread and deeply-rooted interest in Turf matters, that chronicles, both oral and written, of horses and men taking part in the sport were handed down with an exactness and zeal never quite reached south of the Trent. Hence it happens that the sayings and doings of notabilities in old Yorkshire racing days come down to us with a vividness and colour that attract much more than the details of south-country racing at a similar period. These have not been so generally preserved, or, at any rate, have not found such loving historians to unearth and record them; and the bare details of the 'Racing Calendar' are alone left to commemorate races in Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Sussex, and Surrey, of which north-country enthusiasm would have retained some interesting particulars. So, at least, thinks one whose love for the noblest of sports has led him to a cheerless autumn walk on Knavesmire, which, if it cannot boast, like 'Clifton and Rawcliffe ings,' that the Queen of England sent a horse to run and win on its smooth sward, has yet been patronised by all the great and famous admirers of the thoroughbred since that August day of 1731, when it was first used as a racecourse, and Lord Lonsdale's Monkey, 'by his Lordship's Bay Arabian,' carried off the King's Plate. Though the Dukes of Ancaster and Bridgewater (whose 'garter blue' was one of the earliest declared of the colours of the riders) are forgotten, and a Duke of Devonshire of the present day would hardly care to be known as the owner of Atlas, by Babram, who was beaten once, and once only, in a York Great Subscription, and by a Royal Plate victory at Huntingdon, had previously fired Thomas Holcroft with a desire for stable life, it is surprising how many names written in the earliest chronicles of York Meetings are still known in connection with the same pursuit. Our ancestors of some hundred and fifteen years back did not confine themselves strictly to the legitimate business; for on the very day after the Atlas above mentioned, ridden by Matchem Timms, was defeated by Careless and John Tow, Knavesmire visitors were treated to a sight of 'the famous Mr. Johnson' riding one mile standing upright on horseback, for one hundred guineas, and accomplishing his task well within the allotted three minutes. This was about the Gimcrack era, when that grey liliputian was running four-mile races under big weights, and establishing the fame still annually recorded amongst good York men when the cloth is cleared, and glasses ream with generous juice of French-grown grapes. Then came the days when it was considered a wonderful thing that a field of fourteen three-year-olds should contest the Stand Plate at a meeting when Atalanta was in one of her tantrums, and by bolting and falling with John Kirton, caused direful news to be carried down Yarm way. Next we have Mrs. Goodrich and Mrs. Wentworth engaged match-making; and a year later, at the Spring Meeting,

Knavesmire is degraded to circus-pitch by a mile match between two steeds unknown to fame, carrying thirty stone each! By dozens of such landmarks as these does the student of York race-lore find his way down to the memorable era of Traveller and Creeper, whose story was told thirteen years after by Sam Chifney himself, in that eccentric volume published at five pounds, and so on to those glorious days when Darlington and Fitzwilliam, Gascoigne, Standish, and Vane were the names of note amongst owners who ran horses at York, with Singleton and Shepherd, Jackson, Field, and Billy Pierse to ride them; and Sylvio House had good cause to be proud of its Cockfighter and Hambletonian.

But the deepest of dreamers returns from Slumberland under an application of water, and a gentle drizzle of cold rain suggests a hurried retreat to St. Helen's Square. Then come pleasant hours of talk with sages, from whose lips flow treasures of racing anecdote, promptly transferred to note-books, and not to be disclosed either to threat or persuasion until the stipulated time shall have elapsed. More hours of festive wassail—more hours of sleep, untroubled by nightmares shaped like goblin printers in search of 'copy,' or gigantic lawyers' letters. An interview with another barber, who rejoices in the news borne by a Boulogne-posted letter that his Duke of Parma half sovereign is 'on' at a goodly price; and then, when the morning is very young, we bow adieu to Mr. Oates, and glide easily out of York station, with the engine heading to the north.

In a twinkling the iron horse carries us into a district whose every mile is pregnant with racing reminiscences. Hardly a station, or village, or farmstead that has not been dragged into use when the time came for naming highbred colt or filly. Past Tollerton first of all, with Dishforth out on the left, and still farther away Staveley, with a name, at least, that carries Leger recollections. Past Alne, with the Myton country beyond. Past Pilmoor Junction, with the knowledge that a little to the right is Thormanby, renowned in Derby annals, whence the rook or heron, winging its way to Newburgh Park, may haply call at Oulston. On to Thirsk, a name of note when Mr. Bell's geranium red was to the fore, and people found, season after season, what an unpalatable fruit was Winesour. Here we catch the long sweep of the Hambletons, with their rugged slopes, grey, jutting rocks, and odd-shaped patches of cloud floating above the steepest points. Many a tale has been told of terrible winter drives through the snow, and of hardly more comfortable spring pilgrimages to the training ground, when the mists that now ride fleecily over cliff and scar were replaced by rain-charged clouds pouring down torrents, against which coat and mackintosh were as suits of gossamer. Past Otterington, so suggestive of the 100 to 1 Doncaster hero of 1812, when Belleisle asked Manella to wipe out her Derby disgrace, and achieve a feat of which none were destined to boast until the Oaks and Leger laurels fell to the flying Queen of Trumps. On to Northallerton, with a course and grand stand that are sights of amazement to south-country Turfites, who wot

not of the cracks of old that the Cup was wont to gather, or that, in rounding one of those turns, a dislocated fetlock joint brought Tomboy's racing life to a memorable end.

The main line and Northallerton, with its Standard Hill memories, left behind, the journey lies through a country truly typical of the North Riding, and a host of recollections, sweetly bitter, come crowding up as the forenoon sun breaks out and shines on narrow fields, and hedge-rows that seem so stunted to eyes long accustomed to south-country luxuriance of growth. The little trim-built stations stand at short intervals, and the train service being unfrequent during the day, we linger at each of them. First reached is Ainderby, and, as the strong-lunged porter shouts the name, a breath seems borne from Doncaster town moor that tells how Velocipede's fatal trial marred his Leger chance, or speaks, mayhap, of the one overthrow of Queen of Trumps. Through a series of pastures and stubbles, untenanted save by rooks and lapwings, on to Scruton, and thence to Leeming Lane, quite business-like and important with its Vale of Mowbray Brewery. On to Bedale, of Henry Peirse renown, when the straw and white jacket was in its bravest days, and folks sat up half the night in posthouse parlours to learn with opposite emotions that Ebor had headed Blacklock on the post, or Borodino taken the conceit out of Reveller. Time was when the quiet little village-town was known to the country-side as Bēdale; but things have changed since railways penetrated the quiet valley, and flaring advertisement boards of corn flour and meat fibrine cakes usurped the place of honeysuckle hedges, and lo! with the advance of civilisation the very name of the place has changed, and 'Bĕdāle!' is the announcement that salutes one astonished passenger as the train slowly 'scroops' into the station. Quaint nomenclature is the characteristic of the district, and presently we stop at Crakehall, that sounds like the address appended to a fictitious letter in some musty sporting magazine of a century back, and then drone on to Newton-le-Willows, and gaze on the trim fences and bush-fringed dells, and the pretty church in the valley, or crane from the carriage-window to catch a back glimpse of the magnificent stretch of landscape ending in the now hazy Hambletons. Then to Finghall, and through the charmingly wooded approach to Constable Burton, with the sun creeping into the thickets, and lighting up here and there little patches of mossy turf, where the first-fallen leaves of autumn already lie. Next, standing out bold and sharp in the glorious October atmosphere, distant rugged steeps rise into view, and there are first symptoms of the Dales-land in low, loosely-piled stone walls, of such unsubstantial build that it might well be thought the first rude mountain wind of winter would lay them prostrate. Finally, when Spennithorne is left behind, there comes a burst of grand hill scenery, and a glimpse of one brown-backed ridge in particular, familiar in long bygone days, that tells us Leyburn is reached, and that Middleham Moor is close at hand at last.

Like some small city of the dead is Leyburn, as at this Monday

noontide we leave its cabless station, and mount the hill leading to the Bolton Arms. Agreeable is the sight of the spacious coffee-room, with its curiously carved presses and old-fashioned engravings (Swinton, with a young scion of Ellerdale in the foreground, the only modern one), and ready-spread luncheon table. Still more pleasant is the peep from the staircase window on to the cheerful little garden, with its yet ungathered apple crop, and thence over timbered slopes to where the silver sparkle of the river may be caught at intervals, and up again to grand old Penhill, his deep brown and purple surrounded by a few floating misty clouds, as he lies, like some mighty giant, stretched full length at his ease, and puffing off the last whiffs of an afternoon pipe! There must be no lingering, however, with much ground to be traversed in a short autumn afternoon, and in a very few minutes we stride down the muddy road to Middleham with a step to which the tonic of Wensleydale air seems already to have imparted elasticity. Like an entrance to some castle-keep of old is the approach to the suspension bridge over the bank-full Yore, with its pike haunts and greyling reaches; and if the warder is for a moment off duty, the breach of discipline is soon repaired by a ruddy-faced lassie, who fiercely pursues our delinquent footsteps with a shrill cry of 'You've a penny to pay, please!' Here, at length, is Middleham, more sleepy and silent even than the sister town; for not a lounger is to be seen at the portal of the famous White Swan, whose walls have held such magnates of the Turf; and a solitary workman, who desists from his occupation to gaze at the stranger, is sole guardian of the street. Good fortune has granted us the most genial of companions for the projected walk across the Low Moor. With an instinctive knowledge of our craze for all connected with Yorkshire racing, he first leads the way to a neighbouring garden, where a stone tablet, built into the wall, bears the following record of a memorable day in Doncaster annals:—

This stone
was erected by
R. Rodes Milnes, Esq.,
to commemorate the
Honesty and Skill of
JAMES CROFT,
as the trainer of
The Honble. E. Petre's Theodore,
Mr. Gascoigne's mare Violet,
The Duke of Leeds' grey colt,
Mr. Gascoigne's chestnut colt,
beating 19 others
for the St. Leger Stakes,
1822.
73 subscribers.

No small feat was it certainly to send four horses to the St. Leger starting-post, and see them finish as above, and very prompt must Mr.

Milnes have been in offering his tribute of admiration, for it was not long after Jackson had screwed the 200 to 1 chance first home that the grey colt became Professor, and the chestnut Corinthian. The tale goes that the jéalousy of a successor to Croft's premises, not so fortunate in St. Leger essays as his predecessor, relegated the table from the place of honour it first held in the stable-yard to the obscurity in which it now hides from the observation of all save some curious 'pilgrim of love' for Turf relics. Fortified by the assurance that the Draconian laws of Newmarket are not enforced at Middleham, and that horse-watchers, professional and amateur, may tread the training ground at all times without let or hindrance, our feet rest at last on that Low Moor over whose turf such hosts of four-footed heroes and heroines have been taught the way they should go. The short, crisp grass, the hillocks and hollows, and frequent scraps of grey rock projecting from the grass, remind at once of the neighbouring and rival moor at Richmond. But the comparison does not extend further, and for beauty of scenery the palm perhaps rests with the Middleham training ground. Well repaid is the heaving of chest that follows a sharp burst from the gate, by the first sight of Witton Fell, and the long-spreading Coverdale moors, with Braithwaite Hall, beloved of 'The 'Druid,' nestling in the trees at their foot. Pleasant reminiscences are preserved in the district of the visits of that charming writer, and occasion may here be made to remark that none but those who with kindred likings have traversed the paths trodden by him years before, can know with what admirable thoroughness his work was done, and how scanty is the reward of the gleaner who seeks for missed riches of Turf story in fields over which Mr. Dixon had passed, note-book in hand.

Already have the sharp cares of life begun for some half-dozen yearlings, old acquaintances of the Doncaster sale paddock, that meet us as we breast the 'Cam' that has known the beginning of many thousand good mile-and-a-quarter gallops, and so sound of breath and limb is our leader that it requires the spur of enthusiasm to keep on terms with him at all. With the addition, too, of a roaring wind blowing in our teeth, it is no wonder that a 'check on 'Cross Bank' has an agreeable significance totally at variance with the meaning given to the phrase by local jesters. The scene is charming as we pause right willingly to take breath. A mile and a half away to the right, as the crow flies, stretches the terraced height of Leyburn Shawl, and higher up the valley Bolton Hall peeps from the trees that carry the eye on still farther to Bolton Castle, and so to the grand expanse of Wensleydale, with its sweetly-timbered bottoms and bowl-like slope of hills, whose tops look dim and blunted in the gathering grey of the afternoon. But more interesting to our eyes than all the beauties of crag and thicket that the dale can show are the dip and rise of that 'Nailer's' gallop that has found out the soft place in many an expected flyer; and we feel that the great object of a long journey has been obtained

when Ashgill and Tupgill are pointed out, sheltering beneath the skirt of the moor.

No more interesting epoch was there in the modern Turf history of Middleham Moor than from 1845 to a dozen years later, and during that period the deeds of the horses trained by Thomas Dawson and Fobert were the talk of the North Riding, and such talk it was the delight of the writer to hear. Those were the brave days when Lightning and Trueboy, Aristotle, and the gallant old Inheritress carried the broad blue and white striped jacket that has never been quite successfully imitated by those who adopted the colour after Mr. Meiklam's death. Inheritress had become an enormous pet with the north-country folks, when, after serving an apprenticeship in Selling Plates, she suddenly bloomed into a most honest stayer and weight-carrier. Nowhere was she a greater favourite than at Richmond, and there, for four successive years, she was invincible in the chief handicap, although when she attempted to win the Gold Cup on the second day, defeat invariably awaited her. It was just before one of these annual Cup failures, when she tried to give 2 st. 9lbs. to Cranebrook, that the person who has now bored the readers of 'Baily' through several pages stood behind the Richmond Grand Stand, watching a little group of horses being saddled for the Stewards' Handicap. He was enjoying the sight amazingly, although from time to time the thought *would* recur that it was Thursday afternoon and no half-holiday—that still he was not at school—and that such a time as to-morrow must inevitably arrive. Old Trueboy was being put to rights, with Templeman waiting for the leg up, and Tommy Lye craning forward on his hack to look at 'Our old horse?' 'Why, I didn't know he was here!' Mr. Sackville Fox's straw and white jacket was carried by Psalmsinger; George Oates was on Driffield, in William Scott's yellow and blue cap; Sir John Gerard's Curiosity carried the very same colours that we nowadays see on Harmonides; and riding Hopeful, a bay Tomboy filly, at five stone, was a little boy in a chocolate jacket—and the little boy's name was John Howe Osborne. He had made his *début* in the saddle only a fortnight before, when he rode Miss Castling (who broke down) in the Wilton Cup at Radcliffe; and at the time the writer first set eyes on him, the now famous John Osborne was known to very few race-goers, even by name. As his portrait—a very admirable one, let us tell those to whom he is personally unknown—appears in the present number of 'Baily's Magazine,' it may not be amiss to mention here that he was born on the 7th of January, 1833, at Georey Lane House, in Bretby parish, Derbyshire. He cannot therefore be quite claimed as a countyman by his Yorkshire admirers. One of the first great hits that brought him into note was on Bon-mot for the Liverpool Cup of 1849, when he wore the pink jacket at 5st., and upset a tremendous favourite in Essedarius; but previous to that his father's stable had supplied him with mounts in several of the great handicaps, and he had dared the perils of the Chester Cup a year before on the grey Lady Hylda. It

has sometimes been whispered that in that very race might have been founded the fortune of Ashgill—a task it was left for The Black Doctor to accomplish—had not John Osborne the elder thought so little of Brandyface's chance, that when a capital place in the front rank had been drawn for his turned-loose four-year-old, he consented to give it up to Sir Robert Clifton, who thought he could win the race with Giselle. With the disadvantage of a 'back seat' almost throughout, Brandyface finished close up with the first three, whilst his fancied companion, Lady Hylda, was nowhere; and in the following week, at Shrewsbury, he showed, by running away from Inheritress, that, in all probability, the exchange of places lost him the Chester Cup. Five stone seemed to be a lucky weight with 'Johnny' in his early days, and Pity the Blind carried no more when in the hands of the hope of Ashgill, he beat Westow for the Gold Cup at Newton, in 1849, after a race of desperate severity. The horse—who was far from a flyer—got his name owing to a stable lad striking him and destroying the sight of one eye when he was a yearling; and almost his only backer at Newton was an adherent of the stable, who was worked up to such a pitch of irritation by Pedley's incessant challenge of 'I'll bet against—Pity the Blind' (with a drop of the voice to the tone of a whining mendicant), that at last he made at the owner of Cossack, and 'shot him' to win a hundred. The doings of The Black Doctor above mentioned; of Merry Bird, the constant neck-and-neck opponent of Evadne; of Exact and Lambton, speedily took young John up to the top of the tree amongst light-weights, and he was soon promoted to 8st. 7lb. honours, riding four winners out of five at about that weight in the course of a great Ashgill afternoon at Catterick Bridge in 1852. A year later he was on a 6 to 1 chance for the Derby, when Honywood—maligned as an impostor, but really a horse of high class—failed to get a place to West Australian; and from those days forth he rose steadily to the very top of his profession, and has earned a reputation, not alone for ability in the saddle, but for integrity and worth both in public and private life, of which any man might justly be proud.

The afternoon is waning so fast as we take leave of Ashgill, with its 'Chinese roses,' as our forefathers called them, still blooming fresh and fair on the front of the house, and catching the last glance of warmth from the dying October sun, little more than a peep can be caught of Tupgill, to which the fame of Tom Dawson will always cling, Thorngill, and Brecongill, John Osborne's present home. At a pace that sets some one's town-thickened blood in a glow, we drop down the hillside and cross the stile that brings us into Coverham Lane. Just in front stands the Lady Bab, with its queer washed-out sign-picture of mare and jockey, sadly in want of a little touching up at the hands of the local Herring. Oddly enough, some uncertainty appears to exist as to the doings or ownership of the animal from which the roadside public-house derives its name, and the landlord professes total ignorance on

a point that the 'Calendar' seems to explain as readily as does the 'Stud Book' of 1821. Coverham churchyard demands a few minutes' halt; for there, under the shadow of the grey tower, is the peaceful grave of the father of the present Osborne family, close by the flower-planted resting-place of his son-in-law, Henry Grimshaw. The clack of a neighbouring mill explains the local paradox as to standing in Coverham graveyard and failing to hear its church-bells ring, and a trickling little hill-beck dances merrily down to the Cover, with its lovely trout-holding water running off bold and black after flood, calling up delightful thoughts in the angler's mind of warm 'droppy' days in May and June, when the wind is in the west and the fish well on feed. So, as the twilight sets in, through lane and park-like moor-edge back to Middleham town, with a pause to rouse its castle echo; and then the doors of the Bolton Arms open to us again, and an orange-coloured envelope announces that the briefest of brief holidays must be still further curtailed.

Ere the clock-hands have done their journey twice it is decreed that we shall be back again in humming London streets; and yet we must tread the High Moor and stand at the foot of Penhill, come what may. This involves early rising, but in the fine hill air of Wensleydale he were sluggish indeed who listened long to the wooing of his couch. The charioteer who is to be the companion of our steep drive comes a little late to the trysting, and, pending his arrival, a short stroll through the town conveys more than ever the impression that it is tenantless. The shops are closed, the very windows are deserted, and not a sound, save of a lumbering cart in the distance, interrupts our perusal of gratuitous wall literature, in the shape of a list of persons who have taken out dog licences and shooting certificates. It is a morning for overcoats, for all its golden promise of an hour back, and the sun and light-rain combination produces a rainbow great and gorgeous, a glowing arch between Bellerby and Redmire. Fairly installed by the side of 'Dick,' most civil and obliging of Jehus, we rattle away through the fast-falling shower past the base of the Shawl, beloved of picnicing excursionists, and over the rough road leading to primitive Wensley. Here again fingers itch for a thirteen-foot 'Bowness' as the swirling Yore is crossed, and presently we encounter a little string of some half a dozen sheeted beauties *en route* for the railway station and for Scotland. Our gossip is of men and of horses, of scanty grouse and plenteous pheasants; and when now and again it would be barbarous to ask our panting steed to climb the steep hills with something beyond jockey-weight behind, a half-mile stretch is good for cramped legs, and the bird's-eye tastes sweeter than usual when inhaled to the accompaniment of a chaffinch's chirrup or the whistle of a startled blackbird. There will be sad hearts amongst the feathered parents in Bellerby heather to-night, judging from the gun-cases in the 'four-wheeler' that comes rattling down the road, to the discomfiture of the labouring animal between our shafts, and that long-suffering creature steps out with an almost human air of relief when the moor-gate swings on its

hinges, and the rain-torn road is once more exchanged for turf. But the burden of the day is not yet passed, and there is a rough path to be traversed as the road once more takes us between stone walls, with a view of a distant line of horses walking to exercise and climbing the rocky rise in single file, like a train of mules mounting some Spanish sierra. But the morning's errand does not include any supervision of the smooth-coated creatures careering in the distance; and although it is impossible to resist a long look as Lily Agnes and Apology commence their two-mile journey, we are well content to shelter from the now raging wind under the lee of the stables used in stress of weather, and look upon a scene as picturesque as any to be met with in broad England. A sparrowhawk, emerging from the wood like a flash, shoots sharply across the edge of the moor, and doubles down to the valley again, and could the grand hill in front be transferred a couple of hundred miles farther north, a still nobler member of the family might be soaring in air on the look-out for breakfast. With the scars and gullies in his brown flanks now sharply brought out, the climb of Penhill no longer appears the easy task it seemed in Leyburn market-place an hour ago, and the mist cap that then enveloped his head has been lifted off in compliment to the genial morning sun. At our back, covering the whole face of a precipitous descent, rustle a multitude of trees deeply bowed and bent by the fierce blast of many a winter storm, and already so bare of foliage as to permit now and then a peep of the greater part of lovely Wensleydale. Opposite, on a parallel height, stretch long tracts of moorland, with Redmire, Preston, and half a dozen other villages, whose names are known in Turf story, standing out white and distinct amidst belts and plantations of a different shade of green to the bright grass of the pasture land, that in its turn darkens gradually to a deeper hue until it merges in the sombre tint of the moors. Where so little leafy protection exists it is extraordinary to find bird-life strongly represented in the bent and stunted wood beside us; but chaffinches, tits, and wrens are there in plenty, and it is easy now to understand why Sir Nisus winged his flight across so promising a hunting-ground ere trying his luck amidst the frightened small birds in the bottoms. Our horse's head is once more turned Middlehamwards as the last of the morning exercisers begin their gallop. Close by the spurs of Penhill the sheep are feeding, scarce distinguishable from scattered masses of rock, and so toothsome to one is the short grass that it is only by a last-moment plunge and swerve that it escapes the feet of the speeding thoroughbreds. This is the final glimpse caught of the famous training ground as we trot away to Leyburn, braced up and exhilarated by the keen October air, and wondering no longer why the dalesmen are stalwart and brawny of body, and clear in eye and brain. A glance at Brecongill down in the hollow on the left, another at the dahlias in the Aggle-thorpe gardens, and then comes a perilous descent of a fearfully narrow rocky lane, where a mistake would involve a prickly bed in a holly hedge on one side, or a long flight into 'Mr. Thomas's' breed-

ing paddocks on the other. But our precious person is perfectly safe under the careful steering of 'Dick,' who beguiles the way by many a story of hairbreadth escapes in dark winter nights' drives, and is truly graphic in his description of a summer's thunderstorm: 'One moment so dark that it was impossible to see the mare's ears, 'and then so bright for seconds together with lightning that you 'could have found a pin.'

With little time to spare the station-yard is reached, nearly blocked with struggling sheep; and, full of delight with Middleham moor, and Middleham air, and the kindly Middleham faces and voices, we turn and take a longing gaze at Penhill, just as a few cloudlets begin to hang about the giant's head, in token that he is once more absorbed in his afternoon's pipe. S.

THE SPORTING GENT.

WHAT a beast the Sporting Gent is! Let us all get him down and jump upon him. The sporting gent must not be confounded with the cockney sportsman, who often is a very good fellow, and perfects himself in some sport by assiduity and attention, and by bringing a business mind to acquire a knowledge of sports of flood or field, some of which he not unfrequently supports most liberally and unostentatiously. But beware of ever touching a sporting gent's money, drinking his wine, or putting your legs under his table, or a horse in his stable. You are sure to experience rudeness in some way or another if you accept what passes as his hospitality; and if you touch his money for any public purpose, the sporting gent will look on you as a man under a deep obligation to him, and will be always interfering and upsetting your arrangements. A sporting gent is admirably defined by the old description of a 'gent' as the third part of a gentleman.

The real sportsman is one who is equally anxious for the enjoyment of his fellow-men who follow any sport as for his own. He prefers that all should do well in the cricket field, the hunting field, the shooting party, on any grand day, than that he should specially distinguish himself and monopolize the glory. Of course, a man likes to ride, shoot, play cricket or anything else well; but a sportsman does not care about his own being the only prominent name.

Now for the proclivities of our friend the sporting gent. He generally has money of his own, or is the son of a millionaire and will have money of his own, and takes pretty good care to let you know it; and he takes precious good care to spend every halfpenny of it on himself or in show. The sole object of his life is to be *the* man everywhere, and his whole conversation is about things which he has done and scenes which he has mixed in, in all of which he

records his own exploits. If he happens to have any property, he is always tenacious beyond every one else about his shooting or his fishing, as the case may be; and woe be to the unfortunate rustic who crosses a single inch of his boundary with a gun in his hand, or to any dog which strays into one of his fields, or to any wretched little boy who takes so much as a minnow out of his stream.

You can tell the limit of his estate by the numerous boards warning trespassers of the terrors of the law, and by the notices of 'No 'thoroughfare,' as he wants all the world to understand that the property is his, and his alone. It is almost impossible to say in what position he is most odious, whether in driving to covert in a flash dog-cart, or by the covert-side with a shilling cigar in his mouth and a silver flask in his hand. His whole appearance says money. 'Look 'at me,' his dress and trappings seem to say, 'and see how much 'we cost. No deception, gentlemen; coat, waistcoat, and breeches 'from the first London maker; new patent bit, new patent mar-'tingal from London, only advertised for the first time in last week's '"Bell."'

'Look at me!' the horse seems to say. 'I am Bumper, by 'No Heeltaps, out of Sister to Logwood.' Somehow the sporting gent makes a cad of his horse, though the horse, who was originally a gentleman, seems to sigh and say, 'Gentlemen, I wish I had a 'real sportsman on my back.'

There are two classes of sporting gents, some who know every one in the hunt, or who talk to every one, and this class are found in the neighbourhood of London or other large cities; and sporting gents who go far a-field and try to know every one without effect, and whose acquaintance terminates with a low stamp of farmers, the vet., and the boots and barmaids of taverns. As a youngster, I was a good deal in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and frequently saw, and on state occasions was out with, Mr. Assheton Smith's hounds, and possibly there never was a man who hated a sporting gent like Mr. Smith. No doubt people had to put up with a good deal of temper from a very irritable man, who lived for fox-hunting, and whose whole heart was in it, as any one might inadvertently be in the way; but they forgave a rough word from a man who kept three packs of hounds and hunted six days a week at his own expense; but it was a bad day for a sporting gent, who, with *malice prepense*, got too far when the hounds were drawing. Then it was that the old Squire (which title, by-the-by, has been much soiled by the sporting gent) uplifted his testimony and sent his huntsman to him. 'Carter! Carter!' to his huntsman, 'who is that "*tailor*" in the gorse? Go and drive 'him out.' And then the Squire would continue his address to the 'tailor.'

Readers of 'Baily' may not be sorry to hear that old Carter is still at this date (November) alive and well, over eighty-two years of age. It is seldom that a man who was huntsman to three Masters—the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Grantly Berkeley, and Mr. Assheton Smith—ever appeared at the covert-side as he did, in his hunting costume, at the

meet on his eighty-second birthday. He lives at Milton Lillburne, in Wilts, not very far from Tedworth, the scene of his glory; and on his sitting-room wall hangs a frame with a five-pound note in it which the Prince of Wales, when a very young man, gave him when he hunted with Mr. Assheton Smith. Old Carter told me his impression of the 'sporting gent,' and many stories of little fits of temper exhibited by Mr. Assheton Smith if the dreaded individual dared to give a view holloa or open his mouth. Well! it was all *brutum fulmen*, in aid of the cause; but a mouthful at second-hand, after a lapse of many years, would look ugly in print. A story used to be told of a foreigner who was anxious to see *La chasse* going to the Tedworth meet, and, being late, he arrived just after the fox had broke covert, and was on the wrong side, when, to the horror of Mr. Smith, his huntsmen, and whip, they saw Mr. Frogs riding straight at the fox, and heard him setting up an unearthly blast on a French horn.

But to return to the sporting gent. Oh heavens! what a bad thing it is when he hunts in a place where many others of the same kindred assemble, and when he is hand-and-glove with the huntsman and whip; the friendship being purchased by a five-pound note given very ostentatiously at Christmas, and a record of which charity is kept by the S. G. (we will cut his name short) remarking to everyone, 'I say, old fellow, I have just given old Jack and Bill a fiver 'each; you go and do the same.'

It is to the S. G. in such hunts that we are indebted for descriptions of runs told much in this style:

'We met at Goggle's farm, when that prince of good fellows, 'Farmer Broadbeans, produced tankards of home-brewed' [N.B. No. 1. —The fact was that two or three S. G.'s went and sponged on the farm], 'and I was delighted to see "T'ould Squire" who has, I am 'happy to say, recovered from his fit of gout, well upright in 'the pigskin, accompanied by his pretty niece, Miss Madge, who 'looked "all there." Will threw his hounds into Buggins's mead 'covert, and in a few minutes the whimpering of Bird's-eye and Violet 'told us that a straight-backed was at home.' [N.B.—The fact was the S. G. had never in his life spoken to 'T'ould Squire' as he called him, nor did he know who the lady was till that morning, or that the old country gentleman had the gout; nor did he know one hound from another.] Then follows a long description of the run, which he describes as 'a clinking fifty minutes, with blood at the 'finish,' and tells how 'I was fortunate enough to top the last 'fences in good company;' and then come the names of his brother S. G.'s. Now, does any rational being suppose that the good-natured farmer who showed his hospitality, or the gentleman who came out with a young lady for a gallop, could see their names in print with anything but disgust?

If any one wishes to read a graphic description of a lawn meet, let him take down his 'Vanity Fair,' and read poor Thackeray's account of the meet of Sir Huddeston Fuddleston's hounds at Queen's

Crawley. What could not that man write? And who is there left who can do it as well?

The S. G. afloat, is even worse than the S. G. ashore. Not viewing matters with a Puritanical eye, it is usually the custom in the yachting world, at Cowes and similar places, to observe Sunday as a rest for the crew, but not so with the S. G.'s. When the boats are coming ashore from other yachts with the ladies and gentlemen *en route* for church, the S. G.'s have the awning rigged, and are conspicuously having a champagne breakfast, just as on a Sunday ashore they will have out a four-in-hand, and blow the horn in passing through some country village as the people are coming out of church.

Oh champagne! how many sins are committed in your name. You are a noble wine, grown to make girls' eyes sparkle at ball or picnic; but you have done much harm through the S. G.'s. You were not intended for hard-working cricketers and hard-working boatmen on the top of their beer; but the S. G.'s too frequently delight in making their flatterers and admirers drunk, whereas the money which it cost would have done their families good. How odious the S. G. looks, on his way home from the races, when the drag stops to change horses, and a half-drunken groom comes out from amongst the plates and hampers in the inside, with the silver-necked bottles, and the silver cups, and the S. G.'s refresh themselves openly in the road, and relate how this *begins the twelfth dozen.*

The S. G.'s shooting party is a caution. You may shoot as well as you please, but not a feather will ever accompany you home. The bag goes to Leadenhall Market. A relative of mine, who is a very good shot, was on a visit to a very rich S. G. in Scotland, and at breakfast he received a letter which called him home, much against his will. He was a philosopher, with very little money, but a real sportsman. His argument was this: 'The living is good, the 'shooting is good, and the beds are comfortable, and if a rich cad 'owns all these comforts, I think Providence intended some one else 'to enjoy them.' On his telling his host that he must go, the S. G. remarked, 'You can't, my dear fellow, till I get another gun from 'London. You average from thirty to forty brace a day, besides 'hares and sundries, and I get three and sixpence a brace for the 'grouse in Leadenhall Market, *so you are worth five pounds a* '*day.*' After this candid confession my friend had the presence of mind to refuse his invitation the following season, taking very good care that the fact should come to his host's ears, that if he wanted his guest as a keeper, he should expect keeper's wages.

I knew the reverse case to this some years ago. It was as follows:—A gentleman of good birth and education had 'plunged' heavily in racing, and it was a case of total ruin. His estates were sold, and he was homeless and penniless. A millionaire bought one of his estates, and in settling the purchase took him aside, and expressed very feelingly that it was a drawback to the possession

knowing that the late owner was ruined, and put it to him to say if he could help him in any way, and offered him the head-keeper's house, which was a very pretty one, for his wife and himself rent free, until something turned up.

'Let me live there altogether,' was the reply; 'and give me three 'hundred a year, and I will find you in keepers and be head-keeper 'myself.'

The bargain was made, and admirably it turned out. The new owner had a most charming neighbour in his head-keeper, who was a polished gentleman and thorough sportsman, and Dives was enabled to put the man who was ruined at his ease without any semblance of obligation.

The S. G. on a cricket ground, especially if he plays, is perhaps at his worst. Even if he can play a little, it never enters his head that he is one of a band of brothers, and that success entirely depends on laying aside self and playing for his side. It never occurs to him that his place of going in is when he is told by the captain, but it does occur to him very frequently, if his dignity is offended, to join with a lot of malcontents, and to promote discord, and form parish cliques. Then if he plays in the country on a public ground, he gratifies his vanity by driving up in a flashy dog-cart, arrayed with much cap and jacket, and the chances are that he has a special tent, and his everlasting champagne-cup is going all day. It is all 'Jack,' and 'Tom,' and 'Harry,' with the players; and perhaps he never is more thoroughly 'full-blown' than on the greensward.

Heaven help the eleven if he is ever captain! It simply means 'self.' If a match is decided on the first innings, his first idea is to help himself and his friends to a second innings much in this way: 'Charley, will you come in with me? and Harry and Jack,' his own friends and S. G.'s, 'you follow.' It never occurs to him to consider whether A., and B., and C., who have been unfortunate in the first innings, and who are good players, ought not to retrieve their luck; or if a volunteer, who perhaps has travelled twenty miles, ought in courtesy to be put in early. No; S. G. and the other S. G.'s are kings of the position.

Ad rem to champagne, its use and abuse; *nihil ad rem* to the S.G.

Readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' the chances are that before you eat your Christmas dinner every one of you will feel the sensation of a bit of whipcord being tied tight across your nose—of a hedgehog in your throat—a shivery shakery oh! oh! feeling, with a barrel organ out of tune playing in your bones—a head like molten lead, and feet like icebergs. Make up your mind that you are in for an influenza cold. Now, *don't* put your feet in hot water, *don't* tallow your nose, *don't* send for the doctor, but get a pint of good champagne, put it into a silver tankard (if you have one), jump into bed, put the pint down like a man, have an extra blanket on your bed, think of something which pleases you most, say your prayers (in bed on this occasion only), and go to sleep; and if your constitution is

sound, you are more likely to wake up *minus* your cold than with it. At all events, you have done your duty like a man, and 'bad luck 'to the rest,' as Paddy says.

I do not want to follow the S. G. to any public places of amusement beyond remarking that the reckless exhibition of the female figures at some of the theatres and the vulgarity of the music halls are mostly entirely due to him and his class, and that he has most thoroughly succeeded with money and influence in driving the old playgoers away. Those who remember the old ballet when the *pas de quatre* in which Taglioni, Cerito, Lucille Grahn, and Carlotta Grisi took part was brought out at the old Opera in the Haymarket, must remember what the poetry of motion was, and must remember the time when indelicacy on the stage was impossible. Then the ballet was as important as the opera, and, fortunately, now the opera is the whole attraction, and beyond a little incidental dancing in some scenes, the ballet is dead at the Opera, and if introduced is not so *prononcé* as the burlesque costume which draws the multitude.

The S. G. in the army is too melancholy a picture to contemplate. He did exist in the heavy cavalry formerly, but the competitive examination has swamped him. I once saw two military S. G.'s at Evans's, and one remarked, 'I saw your old groom the other day, 'and I went up and slapped him on the back, and called him '"Sam! you old villain!"' The S. G. interspersed the anecdote with adjectives which a well-bred sweep would reject. This exhausted their conversation. The immortal Paddy Green, who was evidently intended to be staggered by the brilliant wit of the two S. G.'s, paid no attention, but commenced, as was his wont, an imaginary quarrel with Herr Von Jöel about the cigars in a polyglot running fire of imitations of every language under the sun.

Now, let us take the S. G. into middle age. Probably he has married and settled, and has to take an active part in the commercial firms in which, as a cadet, paterfamilias winked at his early extravagances, and liked him to be 'a gentleman?' Paterfamilias's wind is getting short, and paterfamilias is mortal, and S. G. must look after the concern, to keep it going. Speak up, you clerks in the establishment who feel the new hand of power; tell how narrowly postage stamps and receipt stamps are counted (a very proper system in a large establishment)—how many of you who have never robbed the firm of a pin are suspected—how your minutes of going out and returning are counted—how averse he of all the partners is to giving you a holiday on any special event! Speak out, you minor dealers with the firm who, from untoward circumstances, have been a little in arrear, how much mercy the S. G. has shown you, and let us show him in his real character as a vulgar, selfish man! Here is your hero who would stand his champagne wholesale on any public occasion when the fact would get into the papers, whose god was himself, and here he is, as regards any kindly feeling, an utter failure. Probably he makes money, has a good suburban residence,

where, as he goes in for hothouses, and grows grapes an inch in diameter, probably he becomes a distinguished financier and company manager, and offers you his left hand if he can get anything out of you by being what he calls civil. He talks about his sporting days, and does not too closely adhere to truth. He probably in time has a son as big or a bigger snob than he was—for choice, a bigger snob, as with his father's mind and money he goes to some of the public schools or universities, and disseminates the *dollar-worship* theory, plus tuft-hunting; and the result of the family having existed merely means that, having acquired money, they have tried to be English sportsmen without the sportsman's heart and the sportsman's open hand, and are not likely to improve.

Just contrast with the S. G. the cockney sportsman. He is a rare good fellow very often. Two stout middle-aged men in a punt are a sight for the gods, particularly if, as I have seen them, they wear aprons, to keep their clothes clean.

'Arry out with the 'ounds is perfectly harmless and very amusing. A city clerk in nautical costume at Ramsgate, with a telescope under his arm, talking of jibs and tacks, and spanker-booms, does no one any harm. Some of the cockney sportsmen are about the best in the world, especially those who catch trout in the Thames, and who hire shooting near London. They are good paymasters, as a rule, have the best of everything in the shape of sporting gear, and make their sport the study of all their leisure time.

The sporting publican is generally a great nuisance. You never can go in for a glass of beer without being asked 'How the winner 'suits you at Doncaster or Epsom?' and being told that Oxford can't win, as No. 3 'has no catch,' and No. 5 is 'a passenger, sir, 'nothing but a passenger,' or that 'the Oxford ship does not 'carry them;' or you are asked 'How are you going to the 'races?' just as if you lost cast by not going year after year to see the same thing done over and over again. He tells you how young So-and-so was having a bout last night and stood every one what they liked to drink; and how old Joe, the ostler, was so blind drunk that he fell down the cellar stairs and broke his leg; and what rare fun it was.

Can any one conceive the possibility of passing a week with Corinthian Tom and Hawthorn Jerry and being alive at the end? They are not quite the stamp of the S. G. whom I have in my eye, as my S. G. has a position, through money, in the country, and according to his lights tries to be what he thinks a gentleman.

I have an original edition of 'Tom and Jerry' which I picked up at a bookstall for a guinea. With all its impossibility and all its faults, it is the best record, thanks to George Cruikshank, of the dress of the period extant.

A real sportsman talks little about the sport except when he meets an enthusiast like himself, but he talks not a little to experts in whatever branch he takes up. Age is no barrier against acquiring some new sport. I know of three different cases of middle-aged

men taking to new pursuits and doing really well. They all were well over the fifties. One took to shooting, a second to hunting, and the third to racquets. They were each of them quite ignorant of what they undertook. The shooter, after six months' drilling under an old keeper, became a very fine shot, and learned every secret about the habits and haunts of game. The hunting man gave the huntsmen a good present to start with, and confessed his ignorance of the sport, and was very soon quite at home at the covert-side, and became very popular in the county. And the racquet player, who had been a good cricketer, became a rare good one in a four, and a tough one to beat single-handed.

Every real sportsman is too pleased to impart his knowledge to any one, young or old; but the old-fashioned English sportsmen are getting rarer than they were. Too many of them have burnt the candle at both ends, and lost by their property, and have made way for millionaires, and do what their keepers tell them.

Battues and driving have superseded dogs and all necessity for a knowledge of the haunts and habits of game, and hundreds of men who shoot straight would be utterly lost if put down in a strange country with a brace of dogs and a gun. The world is so much smaller that every bit of land is preserved by rich men who can afford it. The jovial days when the parson, or the parson's son, could roam over the manor or the marshes with his gun, and when an old squire would ask you to stay for a couple of days and shoot, are things of the past since the poulterers and gamekeepers formed combinations. It is the same with the rivers; much of the best water gets into the hands of London clubs. Money is king, and all obey. A very large number of professional cricketers care a precious deal more about the almighty dollar than the sport, and very many so-called sportsmen care more for their names in the papers than the pursuit, be it what it may. But if the sporting gent is the most odious animal on the face of the earth, the real old-fashioned English sportsman is the king of men.

F. G.

November, 1875.

'OUR VAN.'

The Invoice.—October Outcomes.

On the moors and in the copses—on purple heather and brown stubble—in the beauty of an autumn morning, when the cockers are dashing into the plantation, and the long tails are rising rapidly—in the joyous excitement of the first ten minutes with a stout cub—in the unharbouring of a 'warrantable' stag, who gets away over an open on which there are neither roads, fences, nor fields—in the more quiet enjoyment of days spent on the banks of the Dee, the Usk, or the Severn—here be some of the October outcomes that make glad the hearts of sportsmen. And this year they have had but little to complain of. If the skies have not been always 'flushed with gold,' and if oftener than was desirable 'fair and bright the rivers ran,' it has been a

grand month, take it for all in all. A grand month, not only for sportsmen, but for pleasure-seekers and brain-weary workers, sauntering lazily homewards through Alpine passes and German forests, dallying a few days in Paris while the Elysian Fields are still elysian and the Wood bears traces of summer. And though the wind at Scarborough was a trifle keen, and, occasionally, 'the night rack come rolling up ragged and brown' on Whitby sands, the air of Yorkshire did seem to as 'nimbly and sweetly recommend 'itself unto the gentle senses' of Bayswater and Bloomsbury as did that around Macbeth's castle to poor King Duncan, for the inhabitants of those fashionable localities lingered there longer than their wont. In town, too, it wasn't bad, for clubs were filling, familiar faces looked out of Arthur's windows, there was plenty of whist at the 'Park,' and the Arlington in the afternoon and at night was a small Tattersall's, with this difference, that the book-makers were amateurs. So let us hope October has left behind pleasant memories.

Those who went to the Alexandra Palace on the 1st of October, upon the occasion of the Show of Metropolitan Cabs and Cab-horses, could not fail to be struck with the excellence of the animals exhibited, and brought away, we trust, better notions of 'cabby' than they took with them. We were aware that cab proprietors have frequently, of late, given as much as sixty pounds a piece for their horses, which is a good deal more than the average price of teamsters; but in Class I., which only required that the horses should have been worked in the public streets for six months, there were many that would have commanded a much higher figure. There was a brown mare, belonging to Mr. George Bishop of Taunton Mews, Dorset Square, that our readers may often have seen standing at the door of the Raleigh Club, and that looked fast enough even for the youngest members of that society. Before leaving the show-yard, she was sold for a hundred guineas, and was cheap at the money. Then again, there was a compact, thoroughbred, chestnut horse, by Knight of the Crescent, whose driver told us, and we can well believe him, that he had taken a fare, last summer, from the Rag to Sandown Park, a distance of fifteen miles, in one hour and ten minutes. And there were many more in the same class that would not have disgraced any gentleman's carriage. In the classes which required that the horses should have been in regular work as cab-horses for a number of years there were many useful animals, of which we spotted Mr. Dove's bay gelding and Mr. Walter White's grey gelding in particular. The latter had been in constant work in the streets for more than eight years, and during that time had gone many long journeys; last summer he had been driven down to Hastings in one day, a nice little trot of seventy-five miles. But the greatest wonder was a bay mare, aged twenty-four years, the property of Mrs. Farmer. Her late husband had bought this mare, eighteen years ago, from one Barney Cook, a well-known, 'coper' of those days. The mare had worked for ten years in a 'shofle' (a hansom), and subsequently in a 'growler' (a four-wheeler), and had never been sick or sorry a single day. At the most moderate computation, this good servant of the public could not have travelled less than 130,000 miles upon the London stones; Nature, however, had provided her with a set of legs and feet that defied the utmost that hard roads or fast driving could accomplish. Her fore legs are just so much bent as to take the strain from the back sinews, and look like lasting for ever; her hoofs strong and tough, with a sufficiency of frog, which has not been allowed to be cut away to nothing by an ignorant blacksmith. If any of the readers of 'Our Van' have the curiosity to see the widow's

mare, they can do so any day on the rank of the Charing Cross Railway Station, where she is ready to take them anywhere they want to go.

And those who went to the Lyceum Theatre on the first representation of 'Macbeth,' took away with them, we hope, impressions which the next morning criticisms failed to dispel. So much ink has been shed over Mr. Irving's performance that we almost hesitate to add our modicum, but a feeling that we shall dip our pen in a more rosy fluid than some of the professional critics, and, at all events, not weary our readers by vain repetitions, induces us to give them our humble opinion. With one or two exceptions—but they are notable ones—Mr. Irving's Macbeth has been unanimously declared by the press to be not the Macbeth of Shakspere; a sweeping condemnation, given with much authority, but which, however, has fallen somewhat flatly, since the public have not endorsed it, the Lyceum being crowded nightly with an attentive, and, as far as can be judged by outward signs, an appreciative audience, who listen to the actor's novel interpretation with unflagging interest. For novel it is, and, as ought to have been expected of him after his Hamlet, Mr. Irving has flung tradition to the winds and worked out his own conception from the first scene to the last. We ought not surely to wonder at this. The thought and intellect that gave us the Hamlet of last year could not, by any possibility, have given us now the Macbeth of tradition, the brave, bloodthirsty soldier, infirm of purpose, and swayed by the stronger mind of his wife; but yet, his first crime accomplished, ready to steep yet further his soul in blood while a foe remained in his path. Such a Macbeth would hardly appeal to the keen imagination of Mr. Irving, and he has, by careful and loving study, given us a picture of the usurper, which we venture to think (*pace* the critics) comes nearer to the reality than any we have yet seen. Dr. Johnson said that, grand as was the action of this play, 'it had no nice 'discriminations of character'—a description curious to read in these latter times, and one that makes us doubtful if the great lexicographer was able to appreciate the great poet. But let that pass. Succeeding critics have indeed rather o'erstepped the mark in an opposite direction, and the theories as to the real character of Macbeth have been puzzling and contradictory. Hallam declared the play to be 'the most sublime and impressive drama which the 'world has ever beheld,' and certainly in the weird and mystic influence of the witches there is much that recalls the gloomy spirit of Greek tragedy. The Macbeth of Mr. Irving, if we understand rightly his interpretation, shows us the picture of a man naturally brave, but of a morbid temperament, easily acted upon by superstitious fears—ready to plan murder, but not to execute it—of a highly sensitive organisation, a prey to moral cowardice, and from the moment he encounters the witches to that in which he finds he has been befooled by them, entirely under the influence of their spells. It is to Mr. Irving's view of the moral cowardice of Macbeth that the chief objection has been made, and we freely admit that we think, in the execution of his conception, he has much exaggerated that fear. This may be owing to a fault in the execution (we do not say it is), a lack of physical power to carry out the conception, errors of elocution, mannerisms, wrong emphasis, &c., but there is no doubt that the scene which should have been so powerful an one—the banquet—affected the audience the least. We could see, or we fancied we saw, what the actor meant, but he failed to show his meaning palpably. Something there was confused, hurried, imperfect, and, speaking personally, we felt relieved when the scene was over. But with that said, we have no words but those of delight and admiration for Mr. Irving's performance. That here and there the curious intonations of voice which were apparent in 'Hamlet'

jarred painfully on the ear we admit, but they did not detract from the beauty and dignity of the impersonation. It was in the last act that the actor excelled himself. When Macbeth finds his final hope has failed him—when he discovers that the juggling fiends have paltered with him in a double sense—then he frees himself from their influence, and the native courage of the man possesses him wholly. Nothing can be finer than Mr. Irving's acting when he is brought to bay face to face with his enemy, and the way in which he grasps his two-handed sword and rushes on Macduff is a thing to see and to remember. We cannot refrain, in concluding this brief and imperfect notice of a great intellectual performance, which every one should see, from quoting the words of a writer, who, under the signature of 'Timon,' enriches the columns of a newspaper, where his brilliant theatrical criticisms—if he will permit us to say so—seem somewhat hidden:—'Putting aside, however, all comparisons, it is 'difficult to say too much of Mr. Irving's grand and thrilling acting in this 'last act. I have never before seen in any man's face such a graphic repre-'sentation of doomed despair. He is face to face with his destiny at last; 'he has found out the falsehood of the unholy prophecies on which he built 'so much; his hesitations and his fears are done with for ever, and he dies 'with his harness on his back, striking and hacking at his enemy with the 'courage of despair if you will, but with the splendid despair of, with all his 'crimes, a man and a soldier. The picture of Macbeth, with his dark, hunted 'eyes glaring out of his pale, determined face, as, with his sword clutched in 'both his failing hands, and his long, grizzled hair streaming to the wind, he 'receives Macduff's fatal thrust, still lingers before my eyes as the most striking, 'most impressive stage picture I have ever seen.' We endorse every word of this.

At the Haymarket there is entertainment of another description in one of Mr. Byron's sparkling comedies, running over with fun and repartee, and both so much like wit that we can hardly tell the difference. 'Married in Haste' is, gauged by its popularity, promising in this respect to rival 'Our Boys,' one of the best comedies its author has yet written. We should hesitate to affirm this, but at all events it is one of the most amusing; and into the character of the heroine, Ethel Grainger, who marries in haste, Mr. Byron has flung an amount of interest which we do not remember in any of his previous female characters. There is nothing out of the common in the sketch of the young wife neglected, and, as she thinks, wronged, by her husband. It has been done fifty times, but Mr. Byron has thrown in some very delicate touches, and he has been most fortunate in finding an actress who does the part justice. We confess we did not know Miss Carlotta Addison, who has just joined the Haymarket ranks, had so much in her. We have been accustomed to associate that young lady with a pleasing appearance, and a rather hard, monotonous manner, of which she did not appear capable of divesting herself. But she has made a great stride, and one on which we congratulate herself and the stage. In the scene where the young wife determines to leave her husband's roof, Miss Addison, in her delivery of an impassioned speech, in which she shows her love smarting under the sense of ill-treatment and wrong, completely took possession of the audience, and was deservedly applauded. In fact, as her character is the best in the play, so does Miss Addison fairly take the honours. Of course Mr. Byron has fitted himself with a part that suits him to the letter, that of Mr. Gibson Greene—to quote the bill, 'a mature Man-about-'Town,' who is a good-natured cynic, with an immense faculty for repartee and saying good things. He helps everybody out of their scrapes, and, in conjunction with a crabbed old uncle with a passion for old china, who turns out

in the last scene to be a most amiable person, brings happiness and reconciliation to husband and wife. Mr. Charles Warner plays the truant husband, but we never saw him to less advantage. This gentleman made a decided hit in Young Dornton in 'The Road to Ruin,' at the Vaudeville; but in 'Married in Haste' he is the most namby-pamby of walking gentlemen, ridiculously dressed, with a fatuous smile on his countenance when he is not cross or melancholy. Mr. Hermann Vezin, as the old uncle, gave us quite a picture in dress, make-up, and manner of an eccentric gentleman whose unprepossessing exterior conceals a warm heart beneath it; and the other characters were adequately filled.

And now, Newmarket ho! to make our fortune over Cesarewitches, and Cambridgeshires, and Middle Parks, to pick up gold and silver on that rich Tom Tiddler's ground, and at least to enjoy some good racing, if we do not return laden with the spoils of the Egyptians. Never had Newmarket had such a week in the matter of spoiling the strangers within its gates, as the Second October proved. Love or money are generally supposed able to procure most things in this life, but they could not procure beds on the eve of the Cesarewitch. Perhaps love never did that at Newmarket, for the place is unfavourable, we should say, to tender developments, and its idiosyncrasy (at race-times) averse to the warm affections. Never had there been such a demand, however, known as now, and one thing was quite clear, that whatever fortune the strangers experienced, Newmarket would 'realise,' and handsomely too. The Rutland was full to its garrets, as some unfortunates condemned to those sky parlours found to their bewailing, and the amount of sustenance, both of solids and fluids, consumed on the Cesarewitch day was past calculation. It was a glorious week's racing certainly, and pity 'twas that the slightest suspicion of 'almighty cuteness' should have rested thereon and left ever so faint a shadow. But let us begin at the beginning, when the special, whose departure from town the obliging G. E. R. had put back half an hour, landed us in capital time for breakfast and the first day's racing, the latter, sooth to say, not being worth very much, two of the overnight events having failed to fill. The Cesarewitch Trial, too, was a failure in point of entries, and in the Post Sweepstakes Twine the Plaiden had it all her own way, though she did beat Zee only by a head; but then Fordham was on her, and there are heads and heads. What a good horse Mr. Baltazzi secured in John Day was further shown in the 100*l.* Plate, and though Carthusian stuck to him gamely, he won very easily. Who or what made Beaconsfield a favourite for the Cesarewitch was one of those Turf mysteries whose solution must, perhaps, be looked for in the innermost recesses of the Victoria Club. The stable had not backed him—they knew his form too well—and for the matter of that so did the public, for there was the book to tell them. But somebody set the ball a rolling, and at one time we think 12 to 1 was taken about the biggest brute—assuredly he was about the ugliest—that ever looked through a bridle. Beaconsfield was in fact the 'coming horse' at one time, and the infatuated early birds who had taken 30 to 1 about him, or even longer odds, chuckled audibly. He was pulled out to-day for the Cesarewitch Trial, a four-year-old, carrying 7 st. 10 lbs., and receiving from La Coureuse 19 lbs. Of course he was favourite, as, if he had any pretensions to win the great event, he ought to have been, but the figure he cut in the race was bad as bad could be, he being beaten before they had got halfway across the flat. La Coureuse looked all over a winner, coming down the Bushes hill, but she seemed to shut up all of a sudden as Velveteen and herself came out of the Abingdon bottom, and Mr. Savile's horse won in a canter at the finish. Electra, in the Scurry Nursery,

was one of those good things upon which the money might be safely dashed down, and dashed down it was, Lady Mostyn, the top-weight, having very few friends, and in fact Sir William Milner's Chiquita being the only other one backed. Electra, who had been highly tried at Epsom, only carried 6 st. 9 lb., and was receiving 2 st. from Brigg Boy, beat him and the rest with the greatest ease; and a walk over of Farnese for the October Produce brought an uneventful day to a close.

More seasonable weather for a Cesarewitch day could not be desired than that which greeted us on the 12th, and ever memorable will that race prove. It is now a matter of history that the largest field, bar one, which ever contested the Cesarewitch was hopelessly disposed of by an animal that, to use a racing phrase, could not have lost unless he tumbled down, and, under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the public have had some questions to ask about the antecedents of the winner. Well, then, the colt by The Duke out of Palm, happily named Duke of Parma, and a half-brother of the Two Thousand winner, Vauban, was sold last year out of the Danebury stable as an incorrigible selling-plater, when he was bought by Prince Soltykoff, and committed to Blanton's care at Newmarket. This year, after running Carnelion to a head at 17 lbs. over the Rowley Mile, he won a handicap over six furlongs with 7 st. 3 lbs. on his back, which it will be well to remember when dealing with his subsequent performances. His next appearance was at Epsom, where, with 7 st. 4 lbs., he was nowhere for the Cup won by Modena, and on this occasion he was unbacked. Rumours, however, of the Duke's private form were now current, and when the horse was seen to be handicapped in the Goodwood Stakes with over 7 st. on his back, the forestallers stepped in, but were disappointed of a run for their money. So far, so good; but now comes the sensational part of the whole proceeding. Yarmouth may be, and no doubt is, a most charming watering-place, but its races have not, so far, attained the classic notoriety which attaches to Newmarket or Ascot; in fact, it is not too much to say that it is patronised by a class of cattle that cannot win elsewhere, and that when we see a member of the Jockey Club running a horse there, we are driven to the conclusion either that the animal is hopelessly bad, or that the race chosen is a moral certainty for him. It appears from the betting that the latter conclusion was arrived at when the Duke of Parma made his *début* on Yarmouth Sands, for, if report be true, even the Admiral himself had his money on the *good thing* whose running and defeat are now matters of history. Whether the Admiral followed suit when the Duke was pulled out for the Great Eastern Counties Handicap, we do not know; if so, he must have been on at a good price, as the betting quoted at the start was 20 to 1. Meantime, however, immediately after the Yarmouth running, the weights for the Cesarewitch appeared, and it is no secret that the Admiral, who had previously handicapped the Duke at a reasonable weight, at once lowered his impost to 5 st. 10 lbs.!! *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.* Had the horse belonged to, say ——, but no, we will *not* say more. For the future the Duke of Parma and Tibthorpe will be together memorable as horses that were miraculously improved by the sea-breezes prevalent on the east and south of our island, and we shall be wearied by the oft-repeated stories of the *clever coup* that was landed on those occasions; but after all we know it *must have been* the sea-breezes that did it, or else, why, as a wag asked us, should Charley Blanton, on the day of the great race, have ordered shrimps for his tea?

It is a curious story altogether. The 'happy thought' that induced Prince Soltykoff to take his horse to Yarmouth just at the time when our great handicapper was about to give to the world the two masterpieces of his art,

was most opportune. The defeat of the Duke there, and subsequently in the Great Eastern, must have been, doubtless, a great grief to both the Prince and his clever trainer. But, it is the truest of remarks, how little we know what is in store for us. The trio who returned so sadly from their trip to the seaside, might have been addressed—supposing the divine gift of prophecy still to exist among us, and not to be entirely confined to the sporting newspapers—in the words with which the good Acestes, at a period of grief and difficulty, sought to encourage the companions of Æneas—

'Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
Mittite. *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*'

The day of the great match hardly brought the crowd we expected to see, and the Jockey Club would have done wisely, we think, in not postponing the Middle Park until Wednesday. But as commercial principles have come into force at Newmarket, each day must, we suppose, have its attraction, and it would not do to give the public too much for their money all at once. So, like a skilful manager, who, if he has one good piece that draws, does not mind what rubbish he gives us as a *lever de rideau*, the match was thought good enough to draw on the Wednesday. There was truly not much else, and except that Hardrada, who had been highly tried with Morocco, carried 'the 'spots' to victory in a Nursery over the Ditch Mile, the sport was poor. Hardrada, who had only run once before, and unsuccessfully, at Stockton, in the Welter Plate, for which Enoch rather fancied him, was plunged on here to an unlimited extent, nothing else being backed, as far as we could make out; and the horse coming away from the slips, landed an extremely good thing by any number of lengths. Wigwam turned out to be anything but good in the Selling Welter, for which he did not get particularly well off; but Bardolph beat Mousquetaire very easily in the 10 Sov. Sweepstakes, and did the stable a turn. There had been a sale of Lord Aylesford's horses during the forenoon, and this had made a little diversion from the one topic of conversation, the match, Galopin *v.* Lowlander, which was to decide the point whether the Derby winner was the great horse his admirers declared him to be, or not. We confess that we were ourselves somewhat sceptical on this point, and, looking at the Derby field, could not quite make up our mind that he was a first-class horse. The three-year-olds had been so confessedly moderate this year, that the horse which had beaten them all, though he had done it ever so easily, came to be regarded with suspicion by a great many good judges. Still, there is a certain halo round a Derby winner: he can't be a very bad horse; and an old racing man, and good judge, said to us in the Birdcage a few minutes before the hour for the match, seeing we were inclined to back Lowlander, 'Remember, it is a Derby winner 'against a handicap horse, good as the latter may be.' How right he was, and what a Daniel he proved! 'Lowlander was a clipper, no doubt, but he 'has never met a Galopin,' said the partisans of the green jacket. 'Nor has 'Galopin ever met a Lowlander,' retorted the violet and white hoops division. There was much to be said on both sides, but we are bound to admit the green jackets were in the majority, and, as the event proved, had judgment and right on their side. To the great disappointment of the crowds, who rushed into the Birdcage half an hour before the match was set, in hopes of filling their eyes with a sight of the two heroes, neither put in an appearance. Galopin does not possess the best of tempers, and it would not do to have him ruffled to-day; and we suppose the Lowlander party (by-the-way, the name of the horse clearly ought to be Highlander) did not care to lose a point

with him either; so only horsemen who could gallop to the Ditch stables and come back brought us any news, and that was that both (of course) were looking 'splendid.' When did a horse before a great event ever look otherwise? We have known him look very differently afterwards (when he got beat), but that is by the way. There was, of course, a lot of wagering, and at one time it looked as if Lowlander would have a slight call, or, at all events, that it would be even betting; but at the last, on Admiral Rous expressing such a decided opinion on the young one's chance, coupled with the certainty that the old horse had failed to answer the question which, through Balfe, Blanton had put him, backers were very eager to lay 6 to 4. Galopin was fidgetty at the post, after his wont, but the pair got away very level with each other, Lowlander gradually forging ahead after they had gone a little way. It was the opinion of many people we know, that the latter could have won at half a mile or three-quarters; but that, with every wish to believe, we cannot, nor do we think Fordham would agree either. Galopin could have won, it is our opinion, at any part of the race; and as we were of the number of those who did not quite believe him to be the great horse we now know that he is (*vide* his subsequent playing with Craig Millar in the Newmarket Derby), why, of course we hastened into the Birdcage to greet him, as Morris, with Prince Bathyany at the horse's head, rode into that inclosure. We took off our hat to him gladly, hailing him as the best horse of his year should be hailed, and mentally apologising for our previous doubts as to his character. The cheering was loud and enthusiastic, and there is no doubt that the owner shared the ovation with his horse. No need here to offer a tribute of praise and admiration to Prince Bathyany, for that has been already done in the pages of the 'Van.' Besides, it is very humiliating to think that we are bound to offer it. Nothing, to the view of outsiders, who judge the Turf by the laws and codes current in the world, can be more nauseating than to hear and see a man praised for simply doing what is right. And yet that is what we see so often done, that we have come to look upon a straightforward character in the racing world as a man who ought to have the (racing) Victoria Cross, and be held up to his fellows as a wonder and an example. At least we can read the congratulatory pæans on the conduct of Lord This and Mr. That in no other way. These persons neither corrupt their jockeys, rope their horses, nor run them out of their course; therefore, three cheers, my lords and gentlemen, if you please, for the honourable, upright, straightforward, &c., &c. Is not this very dreadful and very damning? A man, be he noble or commoner, simply does his duty, and he is greeted with a greeting that elevates him to the skies. What more bitter satire on racing could the worst enemy of that noble sport devise?

A Middle Park day, which somehow lacked the go of past anniversaries. Perhaps it was the rain, perhaps it was the New Stand, perhaps it was the mud and general discomfort, but whatever it was, despite the good racing, and there is no doubt it was very good, the day was not an enjoyable one. Petrarch had a good deal to do with it, we think (fancy Petrarch being *a son* of Laura, by-the-way; racing men should really read up mediæval history, or buy a biographical dictionary or something); for nobody backed him except a peculiarly knowing Birmingham gentleman, who, the more he was told 'not to touch him,' so much the more he did. But we are anticipating. Well, the day was wet, and the ground all round the New Stand was poached to that extent that walking was a misery. The rain held up fortunately just before the great race of the day, enabling us to take stock of the thirty candidates in comparative comfort. Previous to this, though, there were one or two ex-

citing affairs, and the way in which Harmonides beat a good field in the Cambridgeshire Trial made him look something like a wholesome outsider for the real race. The Fyfield stable put the money down on a wretch called Pascarel, a Blair Athol, who had never done anything yet, nor does he seem likely to do anything in the future, seeing he was never in this hunt at all. As some people professed to believe that Twine the Plaiden only just got home on the previous Monday, in her race with Zee, bookmakers only asked for 5 to 4 on Mr. Bowes's filly in the Bretby, and 'George' rewarded them by allowing her to canter in this time, somewhat to the disgust of plungers who, the fielding being so strong, had been rather afraid to dash it down on the good thing. Lord Falmouth gave us a great treat in the Newmarket Oaks, for which he ran both Spinaway and Ladylove, 5 to 4 on the former, and any odds against the latter. It was looked upon as a match between Spinaway and Tartine, and as Lord Falmouth's filly had to give 7 lbs. to Tartine, who ran very well for some way in the Cesarewitch, it looked a hard task for her. If anything else was backed, it was Stray Shot, and you might have had 20 to 1 about Ladylove, if you had been so inclined. But no one was inclined, we believe; and yet some of us remembered that Matthew Dawson very much fancied she would win the Goodwood Cup; and when the Cesarewitch weights came, was it not declared that she had spoilt the handicap? She made her former friends, who had deserted her now, feel very uncomfortable to-day. She made the running, and when they came in sight had only Tartine and the favourite near her. Tartine was probably none the better for her Cesarewitch race, and Spinaway soon disposed of her; but, to the horror of the latter's backers, Archer was seen to be riding her, and it looked odds on Ladylove. For a few moments it was very doubtful if Spinaway could get up, but she ran wonderfully game, and managed to head her stable companion in the last stride or two. It was a splendid finish, and as no declaration was made, Archer and Chaloner fought out their battle to the end. Then, in the Post Sweepstakes, backers were forgetful of that improved and improving horse Skylark (pity almost that Lord Falmouth did not keep him for the Middle Park), and laid odds on Twine the Plaiden. She, however, was beaten in the Abingdon bottom, and Skylark beat King Death by three lengths.

Thirty runners for the Middle Park Plate was a big field indeed, and 'I 'wonder whether there's a good horse among them,' said a well-known owner to us as we entered the Birdcage. The question was asked in rather a doubting tone, but the result of the race must have convinced him that there were. Plenty of good-looking ones, too, there was, no doubt, and the favourite, Lollypop, who had come into notice in the previous forty-eight hours, on the strength of his trial with Town Crier, was undoubtedly as handsome a topped colt as any Middle Park has yet shown us. Madeira, a beautiful filly, from Tom Brown's stable, Petrarch from Findon, Felterlock from Heath House, Blandford from Bedford Lodge, with La Seine, Richelieu, Caballero, M. de Fligny, King Puffin, Correggio, &c., had all good looks to recommend them, and, unless we are greatly deceived, have something yet better than that recommendation behind them. Lollypop was an extraordinary favourite, somewhat of a false one, indeed, for though the Duke of Hamilton and Woolcot were sanguine to almost the verge of certainty, the racing public ought to have hesitated before they took 2 to 1, and in some instances that came to our knowledge 6 to 4, in a field of thirty runners, too, about a horse who had met Town Crier at 10 lbs. The trial, as it appears to us, was asking the latter to win the Middle Park Plate last year with 7 st. 12 lbs., for which he would not have had a 20 to 1 chance. But, however, there was a furore

to get on Lollypop, which his good looks strengthened, no doubt; and, except the Mineral colt and Blandford, scarcely anything else was backed. Petrarch was, there is no doubt, known by his stable to be a very good horse; but, unfortunately for them, he had been under Mr. Mannington's care, had been a little hurried in his preparation, and was coughing. We believe neither his owner, the gentleman who races under the name of Spencer, or William Goater had a sixpence on the horse, and only Mr. Gomm, who has registered a vow that he will back all relations of Fraulein, whether they run sick or well, on three legs or four, profitted by Petrarch's win. By-the-way, a friend of ours, before whose judgment, in the matter of a handicap or a petticoat, we prostrate ourselves, calls the winner 'the well-named' Petrarch. Whatever relations there were between the great Italian sonneteer and Laura, they were certainly not those of mother and son, therefore we fail to see the fitness of the name. It is a specimen of that curious Turf nomenclature begotten of the dearth of invention characteristic of all Englishmen, and especially characteristic of racing men. Not very well up, the generality of them, in classics or history, they have a confused notion that some names have an affinity to each other, and think they are rather clever when they jumble them together in the 'Stud Book.' Mr. John Foy has, or had, a horse called St. Peter. If ever that illustrious animal, unless he has been prevented from so doing, should beget a son, will some one call him Judas Iscariot, we wonder? We do not see, on the Petrarch principle, why they should not. But to resume. Mr. Christopher was nearly doing the trick this year that he did last, only in a quieter sort of way. Madeira had been tried with Strathavon, and, to our thinking, a more reliable trial than Lollypop's with Town Crier, and she ran very nearly up to it; for Mordan did not of course persevere with her when he found Petrarch was sailing away with the lead. A more bloodlike or beautiful animal there was not in the paddock than Madeira; and here we are reminded, to return to the subject of nomenclature, that there is a sire called Madeira, a fact that will lead perhaps hereafter to no end of confusion, but sufficient unto the day. Well, the highly (?) tried Lollypop ran very badly, and Petrarch, as it is known, ran away with the race. Lollypop may do better, and we hope he will, for he is good-looking enough for anything, though when he came to be stripped, he was found out to be rather deficient in his middle piece, and he did not look so well when he walked away from you as when you met him. But he is too good-looking a one to be entirely worthless. The Duke of Hamilton was, we take it, deceived by the trial, and Lollypop will run well yet. As for the Derby, the bookmakers want to make out it is over for Petrarch, but there is Skylark to beat my gentle Italian; and so, so much for the Middle Park.

The Friday's racing saw a colt not on the cards win the Prendergast Stakes—Kaleidoscope—an awkward customer when he is in the humour; but the races of the day were the Newmarket Derby and the Queen's Plate, and we need not bother ourselves or our readers with remarks on any others. For the first-named there was a remarkable field, and Galopin met Craig Millar, Balfe, St. Leger, and Picnic. Of course Galopin and Craig Millar carried penalties, and the way Galopin carried his was something to remember. He played with his horses—could have left them whenever he liked, but he chose to wait until they got to the Red Post, and then he bad them good-bye. He won in the commonest of canters, and, in our humble opinion, deserved a much greater ovation than that he received in the Great Match. The Queen's Plate lay between Louise Victoria and—not Lily Agnes, Bertram, or Dictateur, but—Figaro II., of all animals; one of those French 'surprises' which our neighbours get up for us now and then. It was a near

thing as they came up the hill at the finish, and Mr. Cartwright's mare only won by a head.

The season having returned when fox-hunters like to know something of the prospects of sport in countries in which they take a present or a past interest, we are glad to have received the following from an old fox-hunter:—

The Cambridgeshire take the field, as last year, with that first-class sportsman Charles Lindsell at the head of affairs, and Bailey as huntsman, and same whippers-in. A very clever entry, so that it is not too much to say they are a most efficient, '*industrious*' pack. Everything working quite satisfactorily as to coverts, and foxes are pretty equally distributed in them, and sufficiently numerous. They have had some excellent mornings' cub-hunting, and plenty of blood, as it is not very easy for a cub to escape the energetic working of 'Charles Lindsell' and his pack.

The Oakley arrangements are satisfactory. Mr. Arkwright continues Master, but will, in some measure, reduce his labours, by not binding himself to go all the long distances, and by hunting one pack. A good entry, the dog hounds very clever, hunt well supported, and everything tends towards a season's sport.

The Puckeridge. Great change is made. Old Parry, as he is called, reverentially retires, and Captain Gosling becomes Master; he is a good sportsman and a good rider, a thorough gentleman; in fact, the right man in the right place. Alfred Hedges resigns, and his successor is reported a good man. Of course Master and man succeed to a good pack of hounds.

The Hertfordshire. Great changes, although in some measure, and, it is thought, in a great measure, it is as you '*was*,' as Lord Dacre is at the head of a Committee now formed. Another serious change and sad misfortune almost occurred in the summer; for 'Bob Ward,' not so famed as a whip as a horseman, managed to let his horse run away with him in his antique dog-cart, and, although Bob is allowed to be as hard 'as nails,' he did not prove to be as hard as 'bricks,' therefore a wall he dashed against had the best of it; but to be serious, he was really very badly hurt and shaken, and even now can hardly put his horse out of a walk without feeling some effects of the accident.

The Fitzwilliam are in good force, and 'Carter' quite up to the mark, and very proud of the finest entry of 'dog' hounds that ever were seen at Milton, perhaps anywhere. The Honourable Charles, as he is called, seems to enjoy his Mastership.

The Pytchley. Great sport is anticipated, as Lord Spencer is doing the thing first-rate and good. Judges say that Goodall is handling the hounds and killing his cubs in good style. May matrimony not interfere!

The cub-hunting in Hampshire has been very successful; with the Hambledon Mr. Walter Long, who is this season hunting the hounds all four days himself, has managed to kill eight brace of cubs; the coverts, owing to the wet summer, are so thick, and the grass so long, that it is almost impracticable for hounds to get through, and the cubs are excessively strong; the country seems to be better off for foxes than for some seasons past. It shows Mr. W. Long is very popular with all parties. There is every prospect of a good season, for the hounds are in good form, and Mr. Long is indefatigable, no day too hard for him, and he is always with his hounds whatever the country may be.

The Hursley have had their share of sport; one day a very good forty-five minutes and another eighteen minutes, running into the cub in the open, two young hounds distinguishing themselves most particularly. If anybody will have a good pack of hounds, it is Colonel Nicoll, for he spares no expense or

trouble to obtain a good pack. His servants are well horsed and his country is well provided with foxes, thanks to his management.

The H.H. have, as usual, been doing very well. Mr. Deacon is a thorough master of his business, and understands cub-hunting most thoroughly, allowing the hounds to do the work themselves, and leaving them alone to account for their fox. The hounds were never in better condition than they are this year.

From the New Forest come reports of busy cub-hunting, though the scent has been bad, the weather warm, and the coverts unusually thick; still the hounds have had a fair share of blood and sport. On the 21st they had a capital gallop over the open forest and killed; and when Sir Reginald Graham was in the act of throwing the fox to the hounds, a young one jumped up and bit him severely through the hand, which has since been attended with great pain and anxiety. At the time of the mishap, Sir Reginald is said to have merely remarked to one of his men, 'How nice of the little bitch to be so 'keen!' This sounds as if he was keen enough himself.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Walter Lyndon, a well-known Birmingham gentleman who had for some years been connected with the Turf, and will be best remembered by the present generation as the owner of Frivolity. He had trained in various stables, and Aldcroft rode his first winner, Corin, in Thomas Dawson's stable, at Wolverhampton in 1853. A few years later Mr. Lyndon had a horse or two with brother Joe, and in '59 he won a Newmarket Nursery with Curlew. In the following year, when Joseph Dawson became private trainer to Lord Stamford, Mr. Lyndon had his horses at John Dawson's, and from '64 to '66 he transferred them to Wadlow's. When, however, Joseph Dawson became a public trainer once more, the deceased gentleman returned to 'the family,' and it was from the Bedford Lodge stables that he landed his great *coup*, the Middle Park Plate, with Frivolity, whom he purchased as a yearling at Sir Tatton Sykes's sale for 500*l*. Latterly his colours have not been often seen, though Area Belle has carried them twice to victory this year. Mr. Lyndon had a host of friends. Hospitable to a degree, never so pleased as when his house and table were full, 'The Henburys' was a great centre in the social circle around him. His end cannot but be considered as most painful. Watched and tended with all the loving care and affection that long years of intimacy called for and warranted, it was not destined that he should quit the scene amidst the surrounding of his home. His rapidly failing health was patent to every one, and he had been warned, we believe, by his medical attendants that they could not answer for his being summoned at any hour. Mr. Lyndon persisted, however (the persistence, indeed, was part of his disease) in going to the First October, and he was found dead in his bed at Newmarket on the Saturday morning of that week.

It is with extreme regret we have to allude to the serious illness of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, the writer of 'Noble Science,' and the contributor of many articles to 'Baily.' We, and we are sure all sportsmen, as well as his numerous friends, most anxiously look forward for his recovery.

The 'Daily News' is, as we know, so accurate in all matters connected with sport, that we accept in its integrity a paragraph of that journal on the 18th ult., saying that Her Majesty's Staghounds were hunting in the neighbourhood of Windsor for the purpose of 'flooding' the animals in question. We knew, of course, that the Thames was much swollen by the late rains, but we hardly pictured to ourselves Goodall, Edrupt, & Co., cheering on the young entry into the turbid waters of the royal stream!

We have been asked to insert the following riddle. It is new to us,

but may not be to our readers; perhaps some of them may be able to solve it:—

She walked on earth,
She talked on earth,
Rebuking human sin.
She is not on earth,
She is not in heaven,
And never can get in.

Three fishermen—they might have been ticket-of-leave men, they might have been parsons, they might have been missionaries (long odds against that fact)—were going 'a-angling,' as Izaac Walton would have said. We knew the three fishermen well. A happy thought struck them, which was, if they caught the express at 4 o'clock, they would get two hours' daylight that night. They were a mile from London Bridge Station, and their spirits were high. One of them hailed a crawler, and said 'Cabby, three bob to catch the '4 o'clock express.' Down jumped Cabby and opened the door, as three shillings for a short mile does not come every day. Poor fellow! good luck overcame him; suddenly becoming a millionaire (*pro tem.*) finished him, for presently he tapped hard at the window, and the three insides opened it. 'I say, gents,' said Cabby, 'here's a go. I'm going to have a fit!' and down he fell on the box, fortunately not going into the road. The disappointed fishermen behaved like good Samaritans, had Cabby mended by a chemist, and gave him his full fare.

It would seem that at Newmarket jockeys undergo a 'preparation' as well as the horses they ride. That of a 'popular light-weight,' on the eve of a certain race, was what the sporting journalists would have called 'strong;' it was also peculiar. It consisted of a sound thrashing, two blue pills, and a dose of salts. As the young gentleman rode the winner the next day, the horse must have had a deal in hand.

A valued contributor to 'Baily,' Mr. Gale, last month mentioned the contest at Worcester between Spring and Langan. Apropos, a correspondent sends us the following:—A number of archæologists were dining at the Star and Garter at Worcester, when one of them happened to quote some verses about 'Worcester fight,' meaning, of course, the Royalist and Parliamentarian battle of Worcester. Quoth the venerable waiter behind the chairman, 'Would you like to see the ground, sir? I can show you, for I was there.' 'Impossible!' cried the archæologists in chorus. 'Impossible or not,' replied the white-chokered one, 'it's true. They fought down there on a 'platform 20 feet square, Lord Coventry was umpire, and I lost a tenner by 'backing the Irishman.'

'Better late than never.' And so thought the Executive of the Sandown Park Club when they determined to give their many members their long-promised polo meeting, which circumstances beyond their control prevented them from having before.

Friday and Saturday, the 22nd and 23rd of last month, most unfortunately turned out about as wet and unpleasant days as have happened in even this not too dry a year; and, with the usual bad luck in weather that has hitherto attended all fixtures of the Sandown Park Club, down came the rain in an incessant pour, and entirely prevented the attendance of those visitors who were expected, and for whose comforts and enjoyments the General Manager of the Club, Mr. Whittaker Burke, had made every arrangement in his power; and there is no doubt, had the weather been good, there would have been a large attendance.

Polo players, however, are not easily daunted by weather, especially the military teams, who put in a good appearance and played admirably.

The 12th Lancers carried off the principal prize of 50*l.*, beating the team of the Household Brigade, who contested every inch of the ground most strenuously, but lost two goals in the hour they played.

After a rest of about half an hour the gallant 12th again engaged with the fresh team of the 5th Lancers, and, notwithstanding their ponies were getting tired, and the ground, from the continued incessant rain, was cut up and heavy, they managed to score four goals within the hour appointed, thus gallantly winning the first prize a little after five; and as it was now too dark, the play ceased for the day.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, under their able leader, Mr. Charles Godfrey, did their best to enliven the scene; and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts had most sumptuous lunches laid out in the members' and public tents, but, alas! there was scarcely any one to partake of either.

SCENE—Big Woodland. TIME—Monday morning, 6 A.M.

HUNTSMAN (*loq.*) I suppose you heard, sir, about yesterday?

PARSON. No! About what?

HUNTSMAN. Why, sir, Mr. —— had a preacher down yesterday. A wonderful sight of people there was under the trees by the kennels, to be sure.

PARSON. Well, Jack, something new, you know; sure to bring people together.

HUNTSMAN. Ah! sir, thinks I to myself, 'If I had that 'ere chap's voice, 'how I'd make these here woods ring to-morrow morning!'

We are very sorry that Admiral Rous should have listened to the advice of so many friends before publishing his Autumn Handicaps. In future might we not suggest that he should rely on his own judgment, as when unassisted by gossips his handicaps are perfect. Witness Ascot Stakes, 1875.

The result of the Cambridgeshire, to which we can only briefly allude, has not been a very gratifying one. Of course it was pleasing to Mr. Mannington and the friends and supporters of the stable who backed Sutton, and we do not for a moment grudge them their win. We cannot expect Mr. Mannington, of whom we desire to speak with every respect and liking, to quarrel with the very nice bread-and-butter which Admiral Rous gave him, but, in the interest of the Turf at large, the handicapping of Sutton at the ridiculous impost of 5 st. 13 lbs. is certainly deserving of censure and remark. We have so often occasion to wonder at and admire the admirable judgment displayed by the Admiral in his handicaps at Newmarket and elsewhere, that perhaps we ought not to make too much of one of those errors that everybody is more or less liable to. But the importance of the two races, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, also makes more important the error which the handicapper made in both. He might have been deceived, though he ought not to have been, by the running of Duke of Parma, but there was 'the book' to show him what Sutton had been. He was a very fair two-year-old, and because he had been under veterinary treatment and long in retirement, Admiral Rous chose to look upon his pretensions in the most contemptuous light. The result must have been galling to him in the extreme. As did Duke of Parma in the Cesarewitch, so did Sutton in the Cambridgeshire—he ran away with the race, and the two great handicaps of the year have been literally thrown away. But out of evil may come good. Our handicapping system has received a heavy blow, and we have great hopes that the days of 'turned loose' ones are rapidly coming to an end. We earnestly commend the subject of limitation as to weight in handicaps to the Committee of the Jockey Club, who in the coming winter will take in hand the revision of the Laws of Racing.

1875.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN, WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Her Majesty's (*Windsor, Slough*)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke	Frank Goodall	Richard Edrupt H. Hewson William Bartlett	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
Angerstein's, Mr. W. (*Thetford, East Harding, Wymondham*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Angerstein	John Hickman	G. Havard R. Reynolds	Wecting Park, Brandon, Norfolk
Berkhampstead (*Berkhampstead, Tring*)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne John Rawle	Berkhampstead Common, Herts
Colchester (*Colchester*)	Various	Messrs. Boyhurst & Lugar	Mr. W. F. Lugar	Vacant.	East Hill, Colchester
Devon and Somerset (*Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Winsford, Exford, Porlock, and Lynton*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bisset	Arthur Heal	George Fewings	Rhyll, near Dulverton, Somerset
Easingwold (*Easingwold*)	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty	Mr. Dixon Batty	Mr. T. Flawith Mr. Thomas Cass	The Lund, Easingwold
Nevill's, Mr. Thomas (*Winchester, Alresford*)	Wed.	Mr. T. Nevill	Thos. Lock	Henry Lee W. Douse	Chilland House, near Winchester
Petre's, Hon. H. (*Ingatestone, Chelmsford*)	Tues. & Sat.	Hon. H. Petre	Master	Jack Collier	Westlands, Ingatestone, Essex
Rothschild's, Baron (*Leighton Buzzard*)	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild	Frederick Cox	Mark Howcott.	Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard
Surrey (*Croydon, Red Hill*)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. W. M. Robinson	J. Bentley	Thomas Ding	Smitham Bottom, near Coulsdon
Ward's, Mr. A.		Mr. A. Ward	Vacant.		West Farleigh, Maidstone
Watson's, Mr. Farnell (*Horsham, Dorking*)	Mon. & Fri. in one week, & Thur. in the other	Mr. Farnell Watson	Mr. Farnell Watson, Jun.	J. Thwaits G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking
Waveney (*Halesworth, Harleston*)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Chas. Chaston	Master	W. Blake F. Blake	Mendham, Harleston, Norfolk
Wolverton's, Lord (*Blandford*)	Three days a fortnight	Lord Wolverton	Master	J. Boreham G. Cox	Ranston House, Blandford

IRELAND.

LIMERICK (*Croome, Kilmarnock*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Gubbins	The Master	Denis Hogan M. Cregan	Bruree House, co. Limerick
ROSCOMMON (*Castlerea, Tulsk, Roscommon*)	Tues. & Fri.	Captain M. J. Balfe	Master	John Mason M. Cream	South Park, Castlerea, Roscommon
WARD UNION (*Dublin, Dunboyne*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Brindley	James Brindley	Ashbourne, co. Meath

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

ALBRIGHTON (*Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton*)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey Mr. E. Vaughan	John Todd	John Scott Henry Shipway	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ALNWICK AND COQUETDALE (*Alnwick, Belford Wooler*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Browne	Richard Lyon	S. Morgan Thomas Pedley	Green Rig, Bilton, and Bremish Eglingham
ATHERSTONE (*Tamworth, Rugby*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley	George Castleman	Sam Hayes William Jones	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADSWORTH (*Pontefract, Doncaster*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Hope Barton	Thos. Morgan, K.H.	R. Hepworth C. Denton	Badsworth, near Pontefract
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF (*Malmesbury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Sodbury*)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	R. Vincent Walter Barnard	Badminton, Chippenham
B. C. C. H. (*Denbigh, St. Asaph*)	Tues. & Fri.	Colonel Wynne Captain Conway	Masters	Henry Wells, K.H. L. Jones	Coed Coch, near Abergele
BEDALE (*Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John B. Booth	Alfred Thatcher	Robert Walker B. Spence	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIR HUNT (*Grantham, Melton Mowbray*)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland	Frank Gillard	Alfred Orbell W. Peck	Belvoir Castle, Grantham
BERKELEY (*Cheltenham, Gloucester*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge	W. Backhouse	Ben Barlow R. White	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD (*Rickmansworth, Watford*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Longman	John Comins	C. Shepherd W. Cattle	Chorleywood, Rickmansworth
BERKSHIRE, OLD (*Abingdon, Farringdon*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Craven Mr. T. Duffield	John Treadwell	James Hewgill Eli Skinner	New House, Abingdon
BERKS (SOUTH) (*Reading*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves	Richard Roake	H. Grant John Louch	World's End, Reading

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Bicester. . . . . (*Banbury, Bicester, Buckingham*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Master	R. Stovin, K.H. . . Tom Garratt	Stratton Audley, near Bicester, Oxon
Bilsdale . . . . . (*Helmsley, Stokesley*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. N. Spink . .	Master	Robert Dowson . .	Trencherfed
Blackmoor Vale . . . (*Sherborne, Henstridge Ash*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	John Press . . .	T. Jordan . . . . John Comins, Jun.	Charlton Horethorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
Blankney . . . . . (*Lincoln, Sleaford*)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Edward Chaplin	Henry Dawkins	John Goddard. . . W. Boxall	Blankney, near Lincoln
Blencathra . . . . (*Keswick*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Crosier .	John Porter . .	. .	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Keswick
Border Union . . . . (*Longton, Langholm*)	No day fixed.	Mr. W. Routledge .	J. Kennedy, K.H. .	. .	Crook, Bewcastle, Cumberland
Braes of Derwent . . (*Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shotley Bridge*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Major J. A. Cowen .	Siddle Dixon, Jun. .	E. Brown	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on-Tyne
Bramham Moor . . . (*Boston Spa, Tadcaster*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox .	E. G. Kingsbury .	Henry White . . . G. Cottrill	Bramham Park, near Tadcaster
Broadbury . . . . . (*Holsworth, Bideford*)	Tues. & Fri.	Lord A. Hill . .	John Chub . . .	Richard Greenfield .	Benidon, Holsworthy, Devon
Brocklesby . . . . (*Brigg, Caistor, Great Grimsby, Market Raisen, Limber*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	. .	Nimrod Long . .	William Burton . . Fred Watson	Brocklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire
Burstow, The . . . . (*Red Hill, Edenbridge*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. H. Kelsey . .	Mr. Gerard Hoare .	John Killick . . .	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
Burton, The . . . . (*Lincoln*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale . .	William Hawtin . . E. Burton	Reepham, Lincoln
Cambridgeshire . . . (*Huntingdon, Cambridge*)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell .	John Bailey . . .	Jem Bartlett . . . G. Beale	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
Cattistock . . . . . (*Dorchester*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Codrington	Will Bowers . .	T. Samson . . . . A. Rogers	Evershot, Dorchester
Cheshire . . . . . (*Northwich*)	Six days a week	Mr. H. R. Corbett .	John Jones . . .	Charles Maiden . . W. Wilson	Forest Kennels, near Northwich
Cleveland . . . . . (*Redcar*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen	Richard Sherwood .	J. Trevick	Warrenby, Redcar, Yorkshire

CONISTON . . . . . (*Windermere*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. J. R. Bridson .	John Hilton. . .	. .		Sawrey, Windermere
CORNWALL, NORTH . . . (*Bodmin*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Pollard . .	G. Greenaway . .	. .		St. Breward, Bodmin
CORYTON'S, MR. . . . (*Liskeard*)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. W. Coryton. .	Master	J. Higman		Bittleford, near Saltash
COTSWOLD . . . . . (*Cheltenham*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. A. H. Sumner .	Charles Traviss . .	Joe Overton . . . J. Atkinson		Cotswold, Cheltenham
COTSWOLD, NORTH . . . (*Broadway, Evesham*)	Tues. & Sat. .	Mr. Algernon Rushout	Master	C. Carter . . . . Joe Archer		Broadway, Evesham
COVENTRY'S, EARL OF . (*Pershore, Worcester*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Tu. Th. & S.	Earl of Coventry .	Robert Price . .	Will Jones . . . . Frank Turton		Croome, Severn Stoke
COTTESMORE . . . . (*Oakham, Rutland, Melton Mowbray*)	Five days a week	Earl of Lonsdale .	John West . . .	William Neal . . . Jas. Goddard		Barleythorpe, Oakham
CRADOCK'S, MR. . . . . (*Croft Spa, and Darlington*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. Cradock . .	Tom Champion . .	Tom Harrison . . . John Maker		Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
CRAVEN . . . . . (*Hungerford, Newbury*)	Mon. Wed. Sat. & bye-day	Mr. R. Harcourt Capper	George Orbell . .	W. Povey . . . . W. Shepherd		Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM . (*Cuckfield, Horsham, and Handcross*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader . .	James Budd . . .		Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
CUMBERLAND . . . . (*Carlisle, Penrith*)	Two days a week	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.	Major Wybergh. .	T. Watson		Rochill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
DARTMOOR . . . . . (*Ivybridge, Plymouth*) .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. A. Monro . .	William Boxall . .	Robert Lightfoot . . F. Nicolls		Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DEVON, SOUTH . . . . (*Newton Abbot, Torquay, Teignmouth*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Thos. Westlake	Master	W. Derges		Oakford, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbott
DORSET, EAST . . . . (*Blandford, Shaftesbury*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	Thomas Dyer . .	Joseph Moss . . . Stephen Goodall		Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, SOUTH . . . . (*Dorchester, Wareham*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe .	A. E. Friend . .	Levi Sheppard . . . J. Davis		Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
D. LVERTON	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. Froude Bellew .	Master	C. Stevens		Rhyll
DURHAM, SOUTH. . . . (*Stockton, Darlington*)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. John Harvey .	Wm. Claxon. . .	J. Beavans . . . . C. Hawkes		Hardwick, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, NORTH . . . (*Durham, Newcastle*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony Maynard	H. Haverson . .	W. Hawksley . . . G. Stevenson		Newton Hall, Durham
ESKDALE. . . . . (*Scarboro', Whitby*)	. .	Mr. H. H. Rastall .	J. Carr	G. Carr		Ruswarp, Whitby
ESSEX . . . . . (*Ongar, Harlow*)	Mon, Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright	Stephen Dobson .	R. Yeo . . . . . Fred Firr		Harlow, Essex

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips	Kennels.
Essex, Union (*Brentwood*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White	Master	Joe Bailey Joe Sorrel, Junior	Great Burstead, Billericay
Essex, East (*Witham, Braintree, Halstead*)	Tues. Fri. & Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White	Richard Russell	Joe Sorrel	Black Notley, Braintree
Essex and Suffolk* (*Colchester*)	Tues. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master	W. Gibbs A. Smith	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
Exmoor (*Porlock, Linton*)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Abraham Phelps	Nicholas Snow	Daniel North Jem Steer	Porlock and Oare
F. B. H. (*Truro, Helston*)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage		Truro and Helstone
Fitzwilliam's, Earl (*Rotherham, Wentworth*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam	Master Joseph Orbell, K.H.	James Roffey G. Marphin	Wentworth, Rotherham
Garth's, Mr. (*Reading, Wokingham*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth	Charles Brackley	Thomas Austen Henry Povey	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
Glamorgan (*Cardiff, Bridgend*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. M. Talbot	Master	W. Cross, K.H. J. Shephard	Llanlough, Cowbridge
Grafton's, Duke of (*Towcester, Buckingham, Brackley, Stoney Stratford*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton	Frank Beers	T. Smith Edward Cole	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
Grove (*Retford, Bawtry, Doncaster*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan	J. Hollidge M. Whiting	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (*Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon	Master	Richard Turner Albert Guy	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
Hambledon (*Bishop's Waltham*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	A. Mandeville, K.H. Walter Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
Haydon (*Haydon Bridge*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. B. Ord	Tom Cowing	A. Cowing J. Dickinson, Jun.	Bardon Mill
Herefordshire, S. (*Hereford, Ross*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. Lewis	Master	J. Hollings, K.H. C. Jones	Abbey Dore, Hereford
Herefordshire, N. (*Hereford, Leominster, Bromiford*)	Mon. Thur & Sat.	Mr. Fred. Platt	George Kennett	Stephen Smith W. Dent	White Cross, Hereford

HERTFORDSHIRE (*Luton, St. Albans*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Lord Dacre Col. Somerset Capt. Young	Charles Ward	C. Harris E. Abel	Kensbourne Green, Luton
HEYTHROP* (*Chipping Norton*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey.	John Hazelton	John Jones W. Drayton E. Reeves	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
HOLDERNESS (*Beverley*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. James Hall.	George Ash	David Dalby W. Gray	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HURSLEY (*Winchester, Southampton*)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	T. Imms	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH (*Croft Spa, Darlington*)	Tues. & Sat.	Major Godman	George Dodds	Will Brice Charles Tocock	Hurworth, near Darlington
ISLE OF WIGHT (*Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Grimes Harvey	George Jones	Charles Jones W. Manners	Marvell, near Newport, I. W.
JOHNSTONE'S, SIR H. (*Scarborough, Malton, Pickering*)	5 days a fortnight	Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P.	Mr. J. Hill Chas. Barwick, K.H.	William Cross	Snainton, Yorkshire
KENT, EAST (*Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone*)	Mon. Wed. & ri.	The Earl of Guilford	Master	John Hills, K.H. R. Pryor J. Benyan	Walderslare Park, Dover
KENT, WEST* (*Farningham, Sevenoaks. Tunbridge Wells*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	George Bollen	John Pitts Joseph Bacon	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
LEAMON'S, MR. (*Tavistock*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Leamon	Master	Mr. T. M. Leamon	Willestrew Park, Lamerton, Tavistock
LECONFIELD'S, LORD. (*Petworth*)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leconfield.	Charles Sheppard	Tom Cranston Alfred Smith	Petworth Park
LEDBURY (*Ledbury, Malvern*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell	Master	T. Dawson, K.H. W. Haines	Ledbury
LLANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW (*Newport, Chepstow, Usk*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Lawrence. Mr. Chas. E. Lewis	Evan Williams	W. Tame T. Walters	Llangibby and Crick, near Chepstow
LUDLOW (*Ludlow, Tenbury*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wicksted	The Master.	William Lockey, K.H. H. Bevan	Onibury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
MAESGWYNNE (*Llanboidy*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell	John Rees	H. Griffiths T. Davies	Maesgwynne, Whitland. S. Wales
MEYNELL, THE (*Burton-on-Trent, Derby*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark. Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P.	Charles Leedham	Richard Summers J. Tasker	Sudbury, Derby
MIDDLETON'S, LORD (*Malton, Scarborough*)	Mon. Tues. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Middleton	W. Blakeborough	F. Goodall George Frost, Junior	Birdsall, near Malton

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Milton . . . . . (*Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Oundle, Huntingdon*)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam	George Carter . .	F. Payne . . . . W. Shepperd	Milton, near Peterborough
Monmouthshire . . . (*Abergavenny, Monmouth*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	The Master . . .	Samuel Roberts, K.H. Sidney Herbert	The Spitty, Abergavenny
Morpeth . . . . . (*Morpeth*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Cookson .	Mark Robinson, K.H.	John Ranco . . .	Newminster, Morpeth
Musters, Mr. . . . . (*Nottingham, Newark, Bingham*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. J. Chaworth Musters	G. Shepherd . .	G. Edwards . . . C. Atkinson	Ainslie Park, Linby, and Wiverton Hall, Bingham
New Forest . . . . (*Southampton, Christchurch*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.	Master	Charles Hawtin . . J. Reynolds James Tasker	Lyndhurst, Hants
Norfolk, West . . . (*Swaffham, Lynn*)	Three days a week	Mr. A. Hamond .	Robert Clayden . .	H. Brown . . . . Edward Woodcock	Gt. Massingham, Rougham
Oakley, The . . . . (*Bedford*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Arkwright	Tom Whitemore .	R. Masterman . . . R. Collington	Milton Ernest, Bedford
Oxfordshire, South . . (*Thame, Oxford*)	Mon. & Fri. .	Earl of Macclesfield	Master	G. Morgan, K.H. . . C. Lowman	Shirburn Castle, Tetsworth
Pembrokeshire . . . (*Haverfordwest*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen .	Master	Cornelius Williams .	Haverfordwest and Priskilly Forest
Pembrokeshire, South . (*Pembroke, Tenby, Narberth*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. Henry Leach .	George Griffiths .	Thomas Palmer . .	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
Penllergare . . . . (*Swansea*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	David Bevan . .	W. Rosser	Penllergare, Swansea
Portsmouth's, Earl of . (*Eggesford*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth .	C. Littleworth . .	George Shepard . . T. Dowdeswell	Eggesford, N. Devon
Puckeridge . . . . . (*Bishop Stortford, Buntingford*)	Mon. Wed. Sat. occasionally Fri.	Mr. R. Gosling . .	Robert Allen . .	Matthew Cook . . . George Goddard	Albury, near Ware, Herts
Pytchley . . . . . (*Northampton, Market Harboro', Rugby*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl Spencer, K.G..	Wm. Goodall . .	Tom Goddard . . . Charles Isaacs	Brixworth, Northampton
Pytchley, North . . . (*Thrapston, Kettering, Oundle Market, Harboro'*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. L. Watson .	Fred. Percival . .	Robert Pickard . . Fred Enever	Brigstock Kennels, Thrapston

QUORN . . . . . (*Leicester, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray*)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat. sometimes Thurs.	Mr. J. Coupland .	Tom Firr . . .	George Gilson . . . W. Wells	Quorndon, Loughboro
RADNOR'S, EARL OF . . (*Salisbury*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor . .	John Dale . . .	Anthony J. Dale . . Bill Crutcher	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNORSH. & W. HEREFORD (*Kington*)	Mon. & Fri. .	Colonel Price . .	Master	W. Price	Lyons Hall, Kington
ROLLE'S, HON. MARK . . (*Torrington, Bideford, Barnstaple*)	Mon. & Thur.	Hon. Mark Rolle .	Charles Norris . .	E. Haynes	Stevenstone, Torrington, N. Devon
RUFFORD . . . . . (*Newark, Southwell, Mansfield*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Chas. A. Egerton	Fred Gosden . .	H. Pacey . . . . E. Brooker	Rufford, Abbey Ollerton, Notts
SHREWSBURY . . . . (*Church Stretton, Wem*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. M. Hutton Harrop	Henry Jennings .	W. Woodley . . . R. Jarvis	Condover, Shrewsbury
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH. . . (*Shrewsbury*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Viscount Hill . .	Master . . .	H. Judd, K.H.. . . W. Pender	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brockhurst, Salop
SINNINGTON . . . . . (*Pickering, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Ellerby . .	John Parker. . .	G. Morris . . . . Thos Horseman	Kirby Moorside
SOMERSET, WEST . . . (*Dunster, Williton*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell .	Henry Sebright .	James Woodley . . J. Burge	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Taunton, Somerset
SOUTHDOWN . . . . . (*Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. & alter. Th.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield	George Champion .	H. Parker . . . . Robert Whadsley	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHWOLD . . . . . (*Horncastle, Louth, Spilsby*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	A Committee . .	Dan Berkshire . .	E. Bartlett . . . . Henry Smith	Belchford, Horncastle
STAFF COLLEGE HUNT . .	Mon. & Thur.	Captain Leir . .	The Master . . .	Hon. W. Elliott . .	Staff College, Farnboro'
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH . . (*Stafford, Stoke-upon-Trent*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickens .	Tom Ridley . . . C. Curtis	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . (*Lichfield*)	Tues. & Fri.	Major J. M. Browne	Master	J. Boore, K.H.. . . James Davis	Moat Bank, Lichfield
STAINTON DALE. . . . (*Whitby, Scarborough*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Allenson .	G. Jackson . . .	. .	Stainton Dale, near Scarborough
SUFFOLK* . . . . . (*Bury St. Edmund's*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	. .	Ben Morgan	T. Newman . . . Sam Frost	Bury St. Edmund's
SURREY, OLD . . . . (*Croydon, Godstone, Westerham*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Samuel Hills . .	T. Johnsen. . . . Jem Cook	Garston Hall, Coulsdon

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Surrey Union (*Guildford, Leatherhead*)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Francis Scott	George Summers	John Beet	West Clandon, Guildford
Sussex, East (*Hastings*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Frewen	Master	W. Smith D. Jordan	Northiam, Rye, Sussex
Tailby's, Mr. (*Leicester, Market Harboro', Kilworth*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	Master	Richard Christian, K.H. William Grant W. Morley	Skeffington, Leicester
Tedworth, The (*Andover, Marlboro'*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee	John Fricker	G. Sears John Bevins	Tedworth, Marlboro'
Tickham (*Faversham, Sittingbourne*)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Rigden	Tom Drayton	Joe Ford W. Norman	Tickham, Sittingbourne
Tiverton (*Tiverton, Wellington*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer	Mr. W. P. Collier	R. Holmden, K.H.	Holcombe, near Wellington, Somerset
Tivy Side (*Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandyssil*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell	Master	Thomas Lewis, K.H.	Noyadd Trefawr, Llandyssil, S. Wales
Tredegar's, Lord (*Newport*)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Tredegar	Master	C. Barrett C. Barrett, Jun.	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth
Tynedale (*Hexham and Stamfordham, Belsay*)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. G. Fenwick	Nicholas Cornish	R. Thompson William Ambler	Stagshawe, near Hexham
Ullswater (*Penrith*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. W. Marshall	A. Pattinson	J. Watson	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
United Pack (*Bishop's Castle*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris.	T. Speakes	Cheney, Longville, Salop
Vale of Gwili (*Carmarthen*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	E. Jones	Owen Davis	Llangwilly
Vale of White Horse (*Cirencester*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon	Robert Worrall	T. Perry F. Holland	Oakley Park, Cirencester
Vine, The (*Basingstoke, Overton, Kingsclere, Whitchurch*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	James Stracy	Tom Beeson G. Woodman	Overton, Hants
Warwickshire (*Warwick, Leamington, Banbury, Stratford-on-Avon*)	Four days a week	Mr. H. Spencer Lucy	Charles Orvis	T. Nevard R. Smethurst	Kineton, Warwickshire

WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH . . (*Leamington, Rugby*)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant .	W. Wheatley . .	John Press, Junior . W. Dale	Milverton, near Leamington
WESTERN . . . . . (*Penzance*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. T. B. Bolitho . Mr. T. R. Bolitho Mr. R. F. Bolitho, Jr.	J. W. Thompson .	W. Nute	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall
WHADDON CHASE . . . (*Bletchley, Winslow, Stoney Stratford, Leighton Buzzard, Buckingham*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	Master . . . . E. Bentley, K.H.	W. Turrell . . . . G. Sears	Whaddon, near Stoney Stratford
WHEATLAND . . . . (*Bridgnorth*)	Tues. & Fri. .	A Committee . .	Jas. Alexander . .	Vacant.	Littlemoor Ridden, Bridgnorth
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH . (*Warminster*)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett .	Eber Long . . .	Charles Woodley . . Mark Gerush	Greenhill, near Warminster
WORCESTERSHIRE . . . (*Worcester, Malvern*)	Mon. & Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. F. Ames . .	Thomas Carr . .	C. Howard. . . . T. Carr, Jun.	Fern Hall Heath, Worcester
WYNN'S, SIR W. . . . . (*Oswestry, Wrexham, Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Chester*)	Four days a week	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne . . Master	T. Smith . . . . J. Blowers	Wynnstay, Ruabon
YORK AND AINSTY . . . (*York*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel Fairfax . .	Goddard Morgan, K.H.	C. Haggar	Acomb, near York

SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH . (*Duse*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Calder .	Robert Wright . .	Jacob Mortan . . . W. McGibbon	Keilleemains, Edrom, Berwickshire
BERWICKSHIRE . . . . (*Coldstream*)	Mon. Tu. Fri. & Sat.	Sir John Marjoribanks	Peter Whitecross .	G. Rose. . . . . T. Newman	Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire
BUCCLEUCH, DUKE OF . . (*Melrose and Kelso*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch .	William Shore . .	James Baily . . . J. Peake	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESSHIRE . . . . (*Lockerbie*)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone .	Joseph Graham . .	John Roberts . . . W. Buck	Leafield, by Lockerbie
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF . . (*Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock*)	Five days a week	Earl of Eglinton .	George Cox . . .	G. Cox, Jun. . . . G. Palmer	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE . . . . . (*Cupar*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Anstruther Thomson	Thos. Hastings, K.H.	Fred Whitehall . .	Harleswynd
Ditto, West District . .	. .	Sir Arthur Halket .	. .	John Shepherd . . J. Monkhouse	Pitferrane
FORFARSHIRE . . . . (*Forfar*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegy	Master	G. Rae, K.H. . . . R. Mellowes	Lour, Forfar
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (*Glasgow*)	Tues. & Sat. .	Col. Carrick Buchanan	Philip Bishop . .	J. Simmons. . . . J. Woodley	Houston, Renfrewshire
LOTHIANS . . . . . (*Edinburgh*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope .	John Atkinson . .	Joseph Fitr. . . . Richard Watson	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh

FOXHOUNDS (IRELAND).

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Baldwin's, Mr. Godfrey (*Bandon, co. Cork*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin	Richard Gallivan	Michael Walsh	Brookfield Bandon, Cork
Carlow and Island (*Carlow*)	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	Michael Conner E. Bryan	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
Curraghmore (*Carrick-on-Suir, Waterford*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	D. Ryan A. Wilson	Curragh, Portlaw
Duhallow (*Mallow, Doneraile*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Captain Leader	P. Dalton	C. Burns J. Walsh	Doneraile, co. Cork
Galway County (*Athenry*)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Persse	Master	Joseph Turpin, K.H. George Browne	Moyode, near Athenry
Kildare* (*Naas*)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. A. Mansfield	Will Freeman	Charles Burdett	Jigginstown Naas
Kilkenny* (*Kilkenny*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. W. Briscoe	John Tidd	W. Quin	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
Limerick (*Limerick*)	Three days a week	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master John Kennedy, K.H.	W. Connolly	Carass, near Croom
Louth (*Dunleer*)	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	Master	Henry Hardy, K.H. John Corrin	Lissrenny, Ardee
Meath (*Navan, Kells*)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. Newcome Waller	J. McBride	John Bishop H. Reynolds H. Rees	Nugentstown, Kells
Muskerry	Five days a fortnight	Capt. R. T. Rye	Master Capt. Woodley	P. Welsh J. Herlehy	Rye Court, co. Cork
Ormond and King's Co. (*Roscrea, Nenagh, Borrisokane*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Huntingdon	Master	John Smith John Fitzgerald D. Cody	Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's Co.
Queen's County (*Stradbally, Maryborough*)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. R. G. Cosby	W. Snaith	T. McAlister G. Roseblade	Stradbally Hall, Queen's County
South Union (*Kinsale*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	Master	D. Mullane John Aherne	Oatlands, Kinsale
Tipperary (*Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel*)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. B. F. Going	James Maiden	Patrick Considine T. Keeven	Fethard, co. Tipperary
United Hunt (*Cork, Middleton*)	Three days a week	Mr. Thos. G. Gubbins	John Mason	J. Wallace	Castle Martyr, co. Cork

WESTMEATH* (*Mullingar*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & occasion. bye-day	A Committee		W. Mathews W. Fulton	Callen, Mullingar
WEXFORD (*Enniscorthy*)	Three days a week	Mr. D. V. Beatty	Master	Philip Morissy. John Morissy	Borodale, Enniscorthy

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (*Carno*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams	Thomas Owen	J. Williams	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASPULL* (*Wigan*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby		Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. (*Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master Chas. Eynstone, K.H.	Mr. E. Robson. W. Bowly	Besselsleigh, Abingdon, Berks
BIGGLESWADE (*Biggleswade*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master	G. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BOUGHEY'S, SIR THOMAS, Bart (*Newport, Shropshire*)	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughey, Bt.	James Willes, K.H.	Walter S. Corey	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALE* (*Bradford*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Thompson	Stephen Shepherd	W. Shepherd	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRIGHTON (*Brighton*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master	Thomas Phillips, K.H. C. Bewes	Brighton
BROOKSIDE* (*Brighton, Lewes*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard	Master	John Funnell	Rottingdean
BURNHAM* (*Weston-super-Mare*)	Tues. Fri. & bye-day	A Committee	J. Binning		Burnham, Somerset
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST* (*Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet	J. Shaw	R. Green	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON (*Carnarvon, Bangor*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward	O. Summers, K.H.		Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
CORBETT'S, SIR V. M. (*Shrewsbury*)		Sir V. M. Corbett	Master	W. Davis	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
COTLEY (*Chard*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Eames	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COWBRIDGE* (*Cowbridge*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy	Edwin Usher	F. Archer	Llandough, Castle
CRAVEN (*Shipton*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Henderson	John Tobin		Holme Bridge, Gargrave
DART VALE (*Totnes, Ashburton*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce		Staverton, Totnes, Devon

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Dears, Mr. James. . . (*Winchester*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Dear . . .	Master	Tom Wilding . . .	Winchester
Dove Valley . . . . (*Uttoxeter*)	Mon. & Fri. .	W. Frederick Cotton	Master	John Thirlly . . . Anthony Hordern	Rocester, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
Eastbourne . . . . (*Eastbourne, Lewes, Hailsham*)	Mon. & Fri. .	A Committee . .	James Hume . .	A Lad	Old Town, Eastbourne
Fowey . . . . . (*Lostwithiel*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Olver . . .	— Netherton . .	. .	Lantyan, St. Sampson's, Par Station, Cornwall
Fulford	Five days a fortnight	Mr. E. S. Clarke .	Master	C. Carnell, K.H. . .	Fulford, near Exeter
Gilbert's, Mr. T. . . .	. .	Mr. T. Gilbert . .	Master	. .	Swinford Lodge, Rugby
Harvey's, Sir Robert B. . (*Slough, Staines, Windsor*)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Robert B. Harvey	G. Farr	John Brown . . .	Langley Park, Slough
High Peak . . . . . (*Bakewell, Wirksworth, Buxton*)	Tues. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Nesfield . .	Master . . . . E. George	T. Coup	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
Holcombe . . . . . (*Ramsbottom*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. Ashworth .	John Jackson . .	. .	Holcombe, Manchester
Idris Side* . . . . . (*Dolgelly*)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. E. Walker . .	Lewis Rowlands .	. .	Dolgunissa, Dolgelly
Jones's, Major D. . . . (*Llandovery*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major D. Jones .	Master	W. Harris	Danyrallt, Llandovery
Lyme . . . . . (*Disley, Stockport*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	R. Fairclough . .	Mark Fullerton . .	Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire
Marshall's, Mr. C. . . (*Liskeard, Bodmin*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Master	Mr. L. C. Marshall .	Hendergrove, St. Clear, Liskeard, Cornwall
Mattocks, Mr. . . . . (*Taunton & Wellington*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. Robert Mattock	Master	James Rice . . .	Lowton, Wellington
Montgomery, North . . (*Llanfyllin*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. R. H. Starkey . Mr. W. A. Pughe .	John Owen . . .	Evan Pugh . . .	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
Nant Eos . . . . . (*Aberystwith*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Colonel Powell . .	E. Baker . . .	T. Evans	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
Netton . . . . . (*Salisbury, Wilton*)	Three days a week	Earl of Pembroke .	Master	Hon. S. Herbert . . Mr. W. Flower	Wilton, Salisbury

NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD	Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb . . .	S. Dixon . . .	J. Johnson . . .	Kenton, Northumberland
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK . (*Yarmouth*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Edward Garrett	Master . . .	John Mitchell . . .	Clippesby, South House, Norwich
OLDHAM	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall . .	W. Jackson . . .	W. Holford . . .	Foxdenton, Manchester
OXENHOLME*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson .	R. Jackson . . .	. .	High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PENDLE FOREST . . . . (*Blackburn, Clitheroe*)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. S. Aspinall .	F. Davis. . . .	G. Horton	Huntroyde, Burnley
PENISTONE	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	W. Bramall . . .	J. Mitchell . . .	Plumpton, near Penistone
PORLOCK AND EXMOOR, THE* (*Linton and Lynmouth*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Phelps . . .	Mr. Snow . . .	Dan North . . . . Jem Steer	Porlock and Oare
PRYSE'S, MR. . . . . (*Llanybyther, Llandyssil*)	Mon. Th. Sat. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master	Thomas Rees . . .	Bwlchlychan, Llanybyther, S. Wales
RADNORSHIRE . . . . (*Landrindod, Rhayader*)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	John Jones . . .	. .	Bryntirion Rhayader, Radnorshire
ROMNEY MARSH . . . . (*New Romney, Hythe*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master	T. F. Hinds . . .	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
SADDLEWORTH . . . . (*Greenfield, Oldham, Lees*)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent .	Master and Allen Schofield, Greenfield	J. T. Schofield . . .	Trencherfed
SHRUBB'S, MR.*	Mon. & Fri..	Mr. C. Peyto Shrubb	Master	W. Dowden . . .	Vicar's Hill Lodge, Lymington, Hants
SILVERTON* . . . . . (*Exeter, Tiverton*)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. T. Webber . .	Master	John Pitts	Greenslinch, near Broom
SOUTHPOOL . . . . . (*Kingsbridge, Devon*)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. A. P. Hallifax .	J. Collings . . .	. .	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLUMB* . . . . (*St. Columb, Newquay*)	Tues. & Sat..	Mr. John Searle .	J. Flaminck . .	R. Solomon . . .	Treguslick, St. Columb, Cornwall
TAUNTON VALE . . . (*Taunton*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Patton . .	Master . . .	S. Brice. . . . . W. Turle	Stoke St. Mary, Taunton, Somerset
THANET . . . . . (*Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Cotton . .	Mr. John White .	James White . . .	Brooksend, near Margate
TORQUAY* . . . . . (*Torquay*)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. R. Gee . . .	A. Gregory . . .	. .	Shiphay, Collaton, Devon
TRAFFORD . . . . . (*Manchester*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts . .	— Gale	Trafford Park, Manchester
TUGWELL'S, MR. W. E. . . (*Devizes*)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Tugwell .	Master	J. Rowe . . . . E. Goddard	Devizes

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Vale of Lume . . . . (*High Bentham*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	W. Pencastle . .	. .	Bentham, Yorks.
V. C. H. . . . . (*Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell*)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. F. Birch. .	Charles Pierce . .	. .	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
Wells . . . . . (*Wells*)	Tues. & Fri..	Capt. J. W. Yeeles .	Master	John Cox	Coxley, near Wells
West Street . . . . (*Sandwich, Deal, Dover*)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl Granville . } Mr.M. B.Thompson }	Mr. M. B. Thompson	W. Stockwell, K.H. W. Woodward	Cold Blow, Walmer
Whitby . . . . . (*Whitby*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. E. W. Chapman	John Stonehouse .	F. Moorcock . . .	Poplar Row, Whitby
Whitehaven . . . . (*Egremont, Calderbridge*)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson .	Henry Cass . . .	. .	Minehouse, near Whitehaven
Windermere . . . . (*Bowness*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock . } Major Ridehaigh }	T. Chapman. . .	. .	Bowness, Windermere
Wirrall* . . . . . (*Birkenhead, Bebington, Hooton*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court. .	G. Turner . . .	H. Shepperd . . .	Hooton, Cheshire
Worthing . . . . . (*Worthing, Arundel*)	Wed. & Sat.	Major Gaisford . .	C. Champion . .	T. Senior	Findon, Sussex
Yates, Mr. F. . . . . (*Alresford*)	. .	Mr. F. Yates . .	Master	Mr. A. Yates . . . Mr. T. Yates	Bishop Sutton, Alresford, Hants
Ystrad Mynach* . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds . .	Charles Wooten . .	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, [Mon.
Ayrshire . . . . . (*Ayr*)	Wed. & Sat..	Mr. Robert Ewen .	Master	Richard Cummins. .	Ewenfield, Ayr

HARRIERS (IRELAND).

Allenstown	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. J. N. Waller .	Master	John Kinnan . . .	Allenstown, Navan
Auburn* . . . . . (*Athlone*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master	J. Brogan . . . . J. Lyons	Auburn Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath
Booth's, Sir R. G.* . . (*Lissadell, Sligo*)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.	Richard Holmden .	Andrew Pray . . .	Lissadell, co. Sligo
Bellinter . . . . . (*Navan*)	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston .	Master	J. Suter . . . . . Patrick Bradley	Bellinter, Navan
Castle Connell* . . . (*Castle Connell*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch. .	Master	Maurice Doyle . .	Castle Connell, Limerick

CASTLEFREKE* (*Clonakilty*)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery	Mr. R. Stourds	A. Sullivan	Castlefreke, Clonakilty, co. Cork
CHADWICK'S, MR.* (*Arra Vale*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Chadwick	Master	C. Chadwick	Ballinard, Tipperary
CLONMEL (*Carrick-on-Suir, Cahir, Cashel*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. O. Springfield	The Master	Mr. R. Butler D. Corcoran, K.H.	Kilshellan Street, Clonmel
CORK* (*Cork*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns	Patrick Moloney	Blackpool, Cork
DERRY (*Londonderry*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. D. Watt	J. Deniece		Glendermott Hill, Derry
DUFFERIN* (*Comber*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. B. Houston	P. Byrne	J. Mon	Comber, co. Down
FERMANAGH (*Enniskillen*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. N. M. Archdale	Master	W. Robinson	Dunbar, near Enniskillen
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (*Naas*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roe Michael Boyle	Kerdiffstown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVEAGH* (*Banbridge*)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	Martin Quirk		Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILDARE (*Kildare, Monasterevan*)	Tues. & Fri. and a bye-day	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	One of the Master's sons	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLULTAGH* (*Lisburn, Antrim*)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners	W. Cunningham	John Rea	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (*Bandon, Kinsale*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LECALE (*Downpatrick*)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde	J. Rudwick	R. Mitchell	Seaforde, co. Down
MCCLINTOCK'S, MAJOR* (*Omagh*)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McClintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Omagh, co. Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR.* (*Thurles and Cashel*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henebay	Springfield, Holycross
MEATH UNION*	2 days a week	Mr. Philip Blake	Master		Ladyrath, Navan, co. Meath
MONAGHAN, THE* (*Monaghan*)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lord Rossmore	H. McElroy	Paul Duffy J. Richardson	Camla, near Monaghan
NEWRY (*Newry*)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoey	Master	Pat Rice	Duncashlone

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—*continued.*

Name of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
Newbridge . . . . . (*Newbridge*)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee . .	John Culleton . .	. .	Newbridge
Pollok's, Mr. . . . . (*Ballinasloe*)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok . .	Master	J. Galway, K.H. . .	Lismany, Ballinasloe
Rockenham* . . . . . (*Cork City*)	Variable . .	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry . .	None	Rockenham, co. Cork
Route . . . . . (*Portrush*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Lecky, Jun.	P. Hackett . . .	. .	Ballyangry, Coleraine
Royal Cork Yacht Club* (*Queenstown*)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan . .	John Mulcahy . .	Capt. Holmes . . . Luke Egan	Ballynoe, co. Cork
Stacpoole's, Mr. . . . (*Limerick*)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpoole	Master	P. Cunningham . .	Eden Vale, Ennis
Stronge's, Sir J. . . (*Tynan, Caledon, Armagh*)	..	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	Joseph Gardner .	G. M'Arce	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
Warburton's, Mr. . . . (*Portarlington*)	..	Mr. R. Warburton .	G. Mulhall . . .	Richard Kenny . .	The Copse, Garrylinch, Portarlington
Wicklow . . . . . (*Rathdrum*)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. W. Comerford .	George Shepherd .	. .	Glassnargot Rathdrum, Wicklow

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